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J 62.

TAYLOR INSTITUTION.

BEQUEATHED

VERSITY

H, M. A.

LEGE.

SELECT and REMARKABLE EPITAPHS

ON

ILLUSTRIOUS and OTHER PERSONS,

IN

SEVERAL PARTS of EUROPE.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS

Of such as are in

LATIN and Foreign LANGUAGES.

AND

Compendious Accounts of the DECEASED,

Their LIVES and WORKS.

By JOHN HACKETT,

Late Commoner of BALIOL-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Play'r,
That ſtrutts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a Tale
Told by an Idiot, full of Sound and Fury,
Signifying nothing.———

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

Printed for T. OSBORNE, and J. SHIPTON, in GRAY's-INN.

M.DCC.LVII.

TO

His EXCELLENCY

BARON *HASLANG*,

This Volume is humbly inſcribed, by

His Excellency's

Moſt Obedient,

and moſt Devoted Servant,

JOHN HACKETT.

A COLLECTION OF EPITAPHS.

FAREWELL! * thou Child of my Right Hand and Joy;
My Sin was too much Hope of thee, lov'd Boy.
Seven Years th'wert lent to me, and I thee pay,
Exacted by thy Fate, on the juſt Day.
O! could I loſe all Father, now; for why
Will Man lament the State he ſhould envy?
To have ſo ſoon ſcap'd World's and Fleſh's Rage,
And if no other Miſery, yet Age.
Reſt in ſoft Peace; and aſkt, ſay, Here doth lie
Ben Jonſon his beſt Piece of Poetry.

BEN JONSON.

* The Expreſſion here wants Explanation. *Thou Child of my Right Hand* ſhews us his Son's Name was *Benjamin*; that Word being uſually taken as a Com-

pound of two *Hebrew* Words, which imply that Meaning. But ſome modern Commentators more juſtly interpret the Word *Benjamin* to ſignify *the Son of Days*, or *old Age*. *Benjamin* was the youngeſt Son, and probably born when his Father was advanced in Years.

Warwick.

Here lies the Body of
Fulk Greville,
Servant to Queen *Elizabeth*, Counſellor to King *James*
and Friend to Sir *Philip Sydney*.

Sir *Fulk Greville*, Lord *Brook*, was born in 1554, the ſame Year with Sir *Philip Sydney*. He had his Education at both the Univerſities; and at his Return from his Travels, he was introduced to Court, employed by Queen *Elizabeth*, and became one of her Favourites. By King *James* he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Privy Counſellor, one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber, and a Peer. Neglecting to prefer one *Haywood*, who had long been his Servant, the Fellow was ſo bold as to expoſtulate with him on that Head; and receiving a ſevere Anſwer, he took it ſo ill, that, waiting an Opportunity, he ſtabbed him in the Back in *Brooke-Houſe*, in *Holborn*; and then went into the next Room and ſtabbed himſelf. He wrote a Tragedy, called *Alaham*, and another called *Gorboduc*; alſo a *Treatiſe on Human Learning*, a *Treatiſe of War*, an *Inquiſition on Fame and Honour*; *Two Letters in Proſe*, *and* 109 *Sonnets*, called *Cælica*, &c. &c. All his Works were printed together in *Folio*, in 1633.

St. Patrick's

St. Patrick's, Dublin.

Hic infra ſitum eſt Corpus
Frederici Ducis de *Schomberg*,
Ad *Budindam* occiſi, A. D. 1690.
Decanus et *Capitulum* maximopere
Etiam atque etiam petierunt,
Ut Hæredes Ducis Monumentum,
In Memoriam Parentis erigendum curarent.
Sed poſtquam per Epiſtolas, per amicos,
Diu ac ſæpe orando nil profecere;
Hunc demum lapidem ipſi ſtatuerunt;
Saltem ut ſcias, Hoſpes,
Ubinam Terrarum *Scomhergenſes* cineres
deliteſcunt.
Plus potuit Fama Virtutis apud alienos,
Quam ſanguinis Proximitas apud ſuos.

Dean SWIFT.

Dean *Swift*, the Author of this Inſcription, at firſt concluded it in a yet ſtronger Manner; *Saltem ut ſciat Viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti Ducis cineres deliteſcunt.* — The *Dean* was always heard to ſpeak with great Reverence of the Memory of that brave Duke, as well as his glorious Maſter King *William*, and indeed of all others, who have ſtruggled for the Liberties of theſe Kingdoms againſt the repeated Attempts of arbitrary Power. The Epitaph is thus in *Engliſh*: 'Underneath lies the Body of *Frede-*
'*rick* Duke of *Schomberg*, ſlain at the Battle of the
'*Boyne*, in the Year 1690.—The Dean and Chapter
'of this Church again and again beſought the Heirs
'of the Duke to cauſe ſome Monument to be here
'erected to his Memory. But when, after many
'Entreaties by Letters and Friends, they found they
'could not obtain this Requeſt, they themſelves
'placed this Stone; only that the indignant Reader

'may know where the Aſhes of *Schomberg* are depoſited. Thus did the Fame only of his Virtue obtain more for him from Strangers, than Nearneſs of Blood from his own Family.'

St. Dominick's, Naples.

Portia Capycia, viva gaudium, mortua mariti gemitus,
Hic ſita eſt.
Hic *Bernardinus Rota* theſaurum ſuum condidit.
Fecit nolens; fecit, nec mori potuit.
Rapta eſt è ſinu Charitum M.D.LIX.
Diſceſſit, non deceſſit.
Infelix ille, qui mortuâ *Portia*, vivus cum eâ
Sepeliri debuit.
En! hic fingi pertulit,
Ut quando aliter nequit, ſaltem marmoreâ
Conjuge frui liceat.
Lugete, Muſæ, interim.
Abiit, non obiit.
BERNARDINO ROTA.

Bernardino Rota, this Lady's Huſband, was one of the moſt learned Men of his Age, and a very pretty Poet, remarkable for his Correctneſs. I am therefore ſurpriſed at the Incorrectneſs of this Epitaph; which undoubtedly he wrote himſelf, and for which no Reaſon can be given, but Exceſs of Grief, which robbed him of the Calmneſs requiſite to finiſh any Compoſition juſtly.

Line 1ſt. *Mortua* mariti gemitus.
6th. *Diſceſſit*, non *deceſſit*.
7th. Qui *mortuâ* Portia, *&c.*

And again 12th. the vile Repetition of *abiit* non *obiit*, which twice before he contradicts by the Word *mortuâ*; which is at all Times ungraceful in Inſcriptions.
——A. B.

St. Mary

St. Mary Magdalen's, London.

Had Kings a Power to lend their Subjects Breath,
* *Trehearne*, thou ſhould'ſt not be caſt down by Death;
Thy Royal Maſter ſtill would keep thee then;
But Length of Days are beyond Reach of Men.
Nor Wealth, nor Strength, nor great Men's Love can eaſe
The Wound Death's Arrow makes; for thou had'ſt theſe.
In thy King's Court good Place to thee is given:
Whence thou ſhalt go to the King's Court of Heaven.

* Gentleman-Porter to King *James* the 1ſt.

St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondſey.

Here lyeth interred the Body of Mr. *Thomas Byron*, who had 12 Children by his Wife *Joanna*, and died the 18th of *May*, 1685, aged 41 Yeares and eight Months. *Joanna*, their Daughter, died the 18th of *March*, 1694, in the eleventh Year of her Age.

Admir'd, belov'd, lamented Infancy,
Hurry'd away does here untimely lie,
Too good to live, and yet too young to die:
Hard Fate that beſt of Things muſt be
Always the Plunder of the Grave and thee.
What Grief can vent this Loſs, or Praiſes tell
How young, how good, how beautiful ſhe fell.
Compleat in all, but Days, reſign'd her Breath,
Who never diſobey'd but in her Death.

Beneath this ſmooth Stone by the Bone of his Bone
Sleeps Maſter *John Gill*;
By *Lies* when alive this Attorney did thrive,
And now that he's dead he *lies ſtill.*

On the Lady Sidly.

Here lies the learned *Savil*'s Heir,
So early wiſe and laſting fair;
That none except her Years they told,
Thought her a Child, or thought her old.
All that her Father knew by got,
His Art, his Wealth, fell to her Lot:
And ſhe ſo well improv'd that Stock,
Both of his Knowlege and his Flock;
That Wit and Fortune reconcil'd,
In her, upon each other ſmil'd.
While ſhe, to ev'ry well-taught Mind,
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd,
And gave ſuch Title to her Store,
That none, but th' Ignorant were poor.
The Muſes daily found Supplies
Both from her Hands, and from her Eyes.
Her Bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs Beauty warm their Rage.
Such was this Dame in calmer Days,
Her Nation's Ornament and Praiſe.
But, when a Storm diſturb'd our Reſt,
The Port of Refuge of th' oppreſt,
This made her Fortune underſtood,
And lookt on as ſome publick Good.
So that her Perſon and her State
Exempted from the common Fate,
In all our civil Fury ſhe
Stood, like a ſacred Temple, free.

May

May here her Monument ſtand ſo,
To credit this rude Age; and ſhow
To future Times, that even we
Some Patterns did of Virtue ſee;
And one ſublime Example had
Of Good, among ſo many bad.

EDM. WALLER.

St. Giles in the Fields, London.

Here lieth *Richard Pendrell*, Preſerver and Conductor to his Sacred Majeſty, King *Charles* the 2d of *Great Britain*, after his Eſcape from *Worceſter* Fight, in the Year 1651. who died *Feb.* 8. 1671.

St. John's, at Hackney.

Peninnah Juckes,

A Maid near eighteen, we have laid in this Green,
To reſt herſelf here a ſhort Space:
And after that Time this Roſe in her Prime,
Shall riſe up again by God's Grace.

Anno 1716.

St. Leonard's, Bromley.

As Nurſes ſtrive to Bed their Babes to hie,
When they too liberally the Wantons play;
So, to prevent * his future grievous Crimes,
Nature, his Nurſe, got him to Bed betimes.

* The Child of *William Ferrers*, Eſq;

St. James's, Clerkenwell, London.

Here lies interred the Right Reverend Father in God *Gilbert Burnet*, D. D. Lord Biſhop of *Saliſbury*, Chancellor of the moſt noble Order of the Garter; who departed this Life, *March* 17, 1714-15, in the 73d Year of his Age.

Lincoln's Inn, London.

Here lyes the Body of
JOHN THURLO,
Secretary of State to the
Protector *Oliver Cromwell*, and
A Member of this Society; he
dyed *Feb.* the 21ſt, 1667.

John Thurloe, Eſquire, was Son of the Reverend Mr. *Thomas Thurloe*, Rector of *Abbots Roding*, in *Eſſex*, and born in 1616.—Though his Attachments were entirely on the Side of the Parliament, yet, with regard to the Death of King *Charles* the 1ſt, he declares himſelf, that he was altogether a Stranger to that Fact, and to all the Counſels about it, having not had the leaſt Communication with any Perſon whatſoever therein.—In *April* 1660, he made an Offer of his Service for the Reſtoration of King *Charles* the Second, as appears from a Letter of the Lord Chancellor *Hyde* to Sir *John Greville*, wherein his Lordſhip obſerves, that Mr. *Thurloe*'s Offers were very frank, and accompanied with many great Profeſſions of reſolving to ſerve his Majeſty, not only in his own Endeavours, but likewiſe by the Services of his Friends; but that theſe Offers were mixed with ſomewhat of Curioſity in Mr. *Thurloe*, who was very inquiſitive

quiſitive to know, whether his Majeſty had any Confidence in General *Monck*, or had approached him in the right Way; which he deſired to know, only to finiſh what was left undone, or be able the better to adviſe his Majeſty what he was to do therein. The King returned ſuch Anſwers to him as were proper, and deſired to ſee ſome Effects of his good Affection, and then he would find his Services more acceptable. However, on the 15th of *May* following, he was committed by the Houſe of Commons to the Cuſtody of their Serjeant at Arms, upon a Charge of High Treaſon; though it was not long before he was releaſed: And then he retired to *Great Milton*, in *Oxfordſhire*.—He was often ſolicited by King *Charles* II. to engage in the Adminiſtration of public Buſineſs; but thought proper to decline theſe Offers. — He was a Man of a very amiable Character in private Life; and, in the Height of his Power, exerciſed all poſſible Moderation towards Perſons of every Party. His Manner of writing is remarkable above moſt of his Cotemporaries for its Conciſeneſs, Perſpicuity, and Strength. But the moſt authentic Teſtimony of his Abilities is that vaſt Collection of his *State Papers*, in Seven Volumes in Folio; which place the Hiſtory of *Europe* in general, as well as that of *Great Britain* and its Dominions, during that remarkable Period, in the cleareſt Light; and ſhew at the ſame time his aſtoniſhing Induſtry and Application in the Management of ſo great a Variety of important Affairs; which paſſed entirely through his Hands, with a Secreſy and Succeſs, not to be paralleled under any other Government.—T. BIRCH.

St. Giles's in the Fields, London.

Thornton of *Thornton* in *Yorſhire* bred,
Where lives the Fame of *Thornton's* being dead.

St. Clement Dane's, London.

Hic jacet *Edmundus Arnold*
poſtremus *Aprilis*
Ulcere quem rapuit
triſtis atroxque dies.
Juſtus Eccleſiæ Rector
Meritiſſimus olim,
Et ſummus Medica
Doctor in Arte fuit.
Non *Ipocrate* minor erat
hic, non *Pæone* Doctor,
Non opifex mirum
Vincis *Apollo* virum.
M. D. demetur X. ſemel V.
Chriſti cadit Anno,
Cui vitam Medicus
det ſine fine Deus.

St. James's, Clerkenwell, London.

Thomas Wayte of *Keythorp*, Eſq; Receiver for his Majeſty in the Counties of *Warwick* and *Leiceſter*, 1642.

Hither no Tears but Garlands bring,
To crown this good *Receiver's* Duſt;
Who gave Account to God and King,
And lives rewarded with the Juſt.
So to his Faith and Office both gave Reſt,
The *King* his *Quittance*, *God*, *Quietus eſt*.
M. S.

Here

Here lyes little * * * * * * a Yard deeper more,
That never lay quiet or ſilent before.
Her Head always working, her Tongue always prating,
And the Pulſe of her Heart continually beating,
To the utmoſt Extremes of Loving and Hating.

Her Reaſon and Humour were always at Striſe
And yet ſhe perform'd all the Duties of Life;
An excellent Friend, and a pretty good Wife.

So indulgent a Lover that no Man could ſay,
Whether *Patty* or *Minta* did rule or obey,
For the Government chang'd ſome ten times a Day.

At the Hour of her Birth ſome lucky Star gave her
Wit and Beauty enough to have laſted for ever.
But Fortune ſtill froward where Nature is kind,
A narrow Eſtate malicioufly join'd
To a truly great Genius, and right noble Mind.
Her Body was built of ſuch ſuperfine Clay,
That at length it grew brittle for want of Allay:
Her Soul then too buſie on ſome foreign Affair,
Of its own pretty Dwelling took ſo little Care,
That the Tenement fell, for want of Repair.

Now far be from hence the Fool and the Knave,
But let all that pretend to be witty or brave,
Whether generous Friend, or amorous Slave,
Contribute ſome Tears to water her Grave.

Old Gray-Friers Church, *Edin.*

John Milne died *December* 24, 1667, aged 56.

Great Artiſan, grave Senator, *John Milne*,
Renown'd for Learning, Prudence, Parts, and Skill;
Who in his Life *Vitruvius'* Art had ſhown,
Adorning other Monuments; his own
Can have no other Beauty than his Name,
His Memory and everlaſting Fame.
Rare Man he was, who could unite in one,
Higheſt and loweſt Occupation.
To ſit with Stateſmen, Counſellor to Kings,
To work with Tradeſmen in mechanic Things.
Majeſtic Man, for Perſon, Wit and Grace,
This Generation cannot fill his Place.

Reader, *John Milne*, who maketh the fourth *John*,
And by Deſcent, from Father unto Son,
Sixth Maſter-Maſon to a royal Race,
Of ſeven ſucceſſive Kings ſleeps in this Place.

St. Peter's, Norwich.

Here lieth *John Brigge* under this Marbil Ston.
Whos Sowle our Lord Jeſu have Mercy upon.
For in this Worlde, worthily he lived many a Day,
And here hys Bodi ys beried, and cowched under Clay.
Lo! Frindis fre, whatever ye be, pray for me, I you pray,
As ye may ſe, in ſoch Degre, ſo ſchal ye be, anothir Day.

Here

Here lies the Corpſe of Lady *Ann*,
Blame her who liſt, and praiſe who can;
Tho' ſkill'd in deep Aſtrology,
She could not read her Deſtiny,
In her obſerve each Creature's Lot;
And mend thy Manners, Maſter *Scott*.
Sure as thou didſt her Coffin make
So Death thy Doom ſhall undertake.
Dec. 12. 1750.

On Miſs ****.

In Dawn of Life ſhe wiſely ſought her God,
And the ſtraight Path of thorny Virtue trod;
In Bloom of Beauty humbly turn'd aſide
The Incenſe Flatt'ry offer'd to her Pride.
In others Griefs a tender Part ſhe bore,
And all the Needy ſhar'd her little Store.
Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
Belov'd by all, to all the Good a Friend:
The Bad ſhe cenſur'd by her Life alone.
Blind to their Faults, ſevere upon her own.
At Diſtance view'd the World with pious Dread,
And to God's Temple for Protection fled;
There ſought that Peace which Heav'n alone can give,
And learn'd to die, ere others learn to live.

On Sir John Vanbrugh, *the Architect*.

Lie light upon him, Earth! tho' he
Laid many a heavy Load on *Thee*.

St. Onu-

St. Onuphrio's, Rome.

Torquato Tasso Poetæ, heu quantum in hoc uno Nomine celebratus ac Laudum, ossa hoc transtulit *Bonifacius* Card. *Bevilaqua*, ne, qui volitat vivus per ora virum, ejus reliqua parum splendido loco colerentur, quærerentur. Admonuit Virtutis Amor, admonuit adversus Patriæ alumnum, adversus Parentum amicum Pietas. Vixit ann. LI. Nimis magno florentiss. Sæc. bono, anno M.D.XLIV. Vivet (nec fallimur) æternum in hominum memoria, admiratione, cultu.

The Picture of the Poet is placed over the Tomb.

This Epitaph contains nothing very material, and only a general Encomium on the celebrated *Tasso*. It says in particular, that he was born in 1544, died at the Age of fifty-one, and that Cardinal *Boniface Bevilaqua*, his great Friend, erected this Monument to his Memory.

St. John Baptist's, Norwich.

Priscilla, Wife of *John Spurrell*, Esq; Daughter of Mr. *Robert Chad*, late of *Wells*, Merchant, died *December* 11, 1742. Æt. 60.

'Tis mine to-day to moulder in the Tomb,
To-morrow may thy awful Summons come.
Thus frail, and sleep secure! awake, or know,
Thy Dreams will terminate in endless Woe;
Wake, and contend for Heav'n's immortal Prize,
And give to God each Moment as it flies.
Serene then may'st thou recollect the past,
And with a sacred Transport meet the last.

Stanton

Stanton-Harcourt.

On the Hon. Simon Harcourt,
Only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt.
1720.

To this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near;
Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
* Or gave his Father Grief but when he died. §
How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
If *Pope* muſt tell what *Harcourt* cannot ſpeak.
Oh! let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
And with a Father's Sorrows mix his own.

A. POPE.

* *Lucia Julia Priſca*
Vixit Annis XXVI.
Nihil unquam peccavit
Niſi quod mortua eſt.

MONTFAUCON.

§ *Compleat in all but Days, reſign'd her Breath.—*
Who never diſobey'd but in her Death.—

On a Stone in St. Mary Magdalen's, Bermondſey, 1694.—*Vide Page* 5.

The Letter underneath was written from the Biſhop of Rocheſter *to Mr.* Pope, *touching this Epitaph on Mr.* Harcourt.

March 26, 1721.

I thank you for the Sight of your Verſes, and with the Freedom of an honeſt, though perhaps injudicious Friend, muſt tell you, that tho' I could like ſome of them, if they were any body's elſe but yours, and to be owned as ſuch, I can ſcarce like any of them. Not

but

but that the four firſt Lines are good, eſpecially the ſecond Couplet; and might, if followed by four others as good, give Reputation to a Writer of leſs eſtabliſhed Fame: But from you I expect ſomething of a more perfect kind, and which the oftener it is read, the more it will be admired. When you barely exceed other Writers, you fall much below yourſelf: 'Tis your Misfortune now to write without a Rival, and to be tempted by that Means to be more careleſs, than you would otherwiſe be in your Compoſures.

Delft.

Æternæ Memoriæ.
Qui *Batave*, qui Virtutem, et verum Laborem amas,
Lege ac luge.

Batavæ gentis decus, virtutis bellicæ fulmen hic jacet, qui vivus nunquam jacuit; et Imperatorem ſtantem mori debere ſuo exemplo, docuit. Amor Civium, Hoſtium Terror, Oceani ſtupor, *Martinus Harpertus Trompius*; quo nomine plures continentur laudes quam hic Lapis capit ſane anguſtior: cui Schola *Oriens* et *Occidens*, Mare Materia Triumphorum, univerſus orbis Theatrum Gloriæ fuit. Prædonum certa pernicies, commercii fælix aſſertor. Poſtquam nautas et milites, durum genus, paterno et cum efficaci benignoque rexit imperio; poſt quinquaginta prælia, quorum ipſe dux fuit, aut pars magna; poſt inſignes ſupra fidem victorias; poſt ſummos infra meritum honores; tandem bello *Anglico*, tantum non victor, certe invictus, X. *Aug.* anno *Æræ Chriſtianæ* M.D.LIIII. Ætat. LVI. vivere ac vincere deſiit.

Fœderati *Belgii* Patres
Heroi optime merito
Monumentum hoc poſuerunt.

Admiral

Admiral *Tromp* was ſhot through the Body with a Muſquet Ball, in an Engagement with the *Britiſh* Fleet, as he was giving Orders; which ſo miſerably diſcouraged his Countrymen, that they immediately fled in great Confuſion, having but one Flag ſtanding amongſt them.

St. Vitalis, Ravenna.

Jura Monarchiæ, ſuperos, *Phlegethonta*, Lacuſque
Luſtrando cecini, voluerunt Fata quouſque;
Sed quia pars ceſſit melioribus hoſpita caſtris,
Auctoremque ſuum petiit felicior aſtris,
Hic claudor *Dantes* patriis extorris ab oris,
Quem genuit parvi *Florentia* mater amoris.

Theſe Leonine Verſes are ſaid to be of *Dante's* own compoſing.—This Reſtorer of Epic Poetry, whom we may properly ſtile the *Chaucer* of *Italy*, was of an illuſtrious Family in *Florence*; from whence, being one of the eight principal Magiſtrates in the Time of the Factions of the *Bianchi* and *Neri*, he was ſent Deputy to Pope *Boniface* VIII. in 1301. The *Neri*, who were *Dante's* ſworn Enemies, getting the upper Hand during his Embaſſy, with the Aſſiſtance of *Charles de Valois* he was condemned to a perpetual Exile, and his Eſtate confiſcated.

Compell'd by this Change of Fortune to ſeek a Sanctuary at *Ravenna*, he put himſelf under the Protection of the then Lord of the Place, *Guido Polentano*; and compoſed his three Poems on *Paradiſe*, *Hell*, and *Purgatory*, which are full of ſatirical Strokes againſt his Perſecutors, ſparing neither Popes, nor Emperors, and comparing his native City to a Proſtitute, venal to the higheſt Bidder.

The

The Lines above, *Poccianti* ſays, *Dante* wrote for his own Epitaph at the Point of Death: They are in *Engliſh* thus:

Whilſt Fate allow'd I ſung of Kings and Gods,
Of *Lethe*'s Lake, and *Pluto*'s dire Abodes.
But now the better Part has wing'd its Flight
To its great Author and the Realms of Light.
Dante my Name; my Birth fair *Florence* gave;
But exil'd thence, a foreign Clime's my Grave.

Petrarch tells the following Story of *Dante*.—*Dante Aligheri*, lately my Fellow Citizen, was, ſays he, a Man famed for his Eloquence. but in Morals and Converſation too free for the delicate Eyes and Ears of the Princes of our Age. Being baniſhed his Country, and having retired to the *Grand Can della Scala*, the common Sanctuary and Support of the Unfortunate, he was at firſt in great Eſteem, but he declined by Degrees in his Favour, and began to be daily leſs acceptable to his Patron. There were in the ſame Society, Scholars, and Cheats of all Degrees, as is cuſtomary, one of whom, diſtinguiſhed for his Ribaldry and Obſcenity, was much careſſed by the reſt; which the *Can* ſuſpecting *Dante* not to be pleaſed with, ordered that Man to come near him, and having highly extolled him, turned to *Dante*, and ſaid: 'I wonder that this Man, who is mad, ſhould have 'found out the Secret to pleaſe us all, and make 'himſelf beloved, which you, who paſs for a Man of 'Senſe, have not hit upon.' Whereupon *Dante* replied: 'You would ceaſe to wonder at the Cauſe, if 'you conſidered how much Friendſhip depends upon 'a Conformity of Manners, and Parity of Inclinations.'

Weſtminſter-

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Here lies the noble Ladye *Margaret*, Counteſſe of *Levenox*, Daughter and ſole Heire of *Archibald* Earle of *Anguiſe*, by *Margaret* Q. of *Scotts*, his Wife, that was eldeſt Daughter to King *Henry* the 7. Who bare unto *Mathew* Earl of *Levenox* her Huſband, 4 Sonnes, and 4 Daughters.—*Henry*, ſecond Son to this Ladye, was King of *Scotland*, and Father to *James* the 6th now King: This *Henry* was murdered at the Age of 21 Yeares: *Charles* her youngeſt Son was Earl of *Levenox*, Father to the Lady *Arbell*: He died at the Age of 21 Yeares, and is here intombed.

This Lady had to her Great Grand-father K. *Edward* the 4th; to her Grand-father K. *Henry* the 7th; to her Unkle K. *Henry* the 8th; to her Couſin-germane K. *Edward* the 6th; to her Brother K. *James* of *Scotland* the 5th; to her Son K. *Henry* the Firſt; to her Grand-child K. *James* the 6th.

Having to her Greate Grand-mother, and Grand-mother *two Queens*, both named *Elizabeth*; to her Mother, *Margaret*, Q. of *Scotts*; to her Aunt *Marie* the *French Queene*; to her Couſins germanes, *Marie* and *Elizabeth*, Queenes of *England*; to her Neece and Daughter in Lawe, *Marie Q. of Scotts.*

She died March 10. 1577.

The Maid that owns this humble Stone,
Was ſcarce in yonder Hamlet known;
And yet her Sweets (but Heav'n denied)
Had grac'd the Cot where late ſhe died.
Behold! how freſh the Verdure grows,
Where Peace and Innocence repoſe.

Then

Thou too, not unimprov'd depart;
Go, guard like her the rural Heart;
Go, keep her graſs grown Sod in mind,
Till Death, the Foe when thou ſhalt find,
Bedew'd with many a ſimple Tear
Shall lay thy Village Virtues here.

On Elizabeth, *L*—— H——.

Would'ſt thou hear what Man can ſay
In a little? Reader, ſtay.
Underneath this Stone doth lie;
As much Beauty as could die,
Which when alive did Harbour give
To more Virtue than doth live.
If at all ſhe had a Fault,
Leave it buried in this Vault;
One Name was *Elizabeth*,
Th' other, let it ſleep with Death;
Fitter, where it dyed, to tell
Than that it liv'd at all. Farewell.

BEN JONSON.

Unmark'd by Trophies of the Great and Vain,
Here ſleeps in ſilent Tombs a gentle Train.
* No Folly waſted their paternal Store,
No Guilt, no ſordid Av'rice made it more.
With honeſt Fame, and *ſober Plenty* crown'd,
They liv'd, and ſpread their chearing Influence round.
May *he* whoſe Hand this pious Tribute pays,
Receive a like Return of filial Praiſe!

* * * * *.

* *Contented with an old Eſtate,*
Which no foul Av'rice did encreaſe,
Nor wanton Luxury made leſs.—
Waller on Sir *George Speke.*

To

To the Memory of Sir John Maſon.

Who, though but threeſcore and three Years old at his Death, yet liv'd and flouriſhed in the Reigns of four Princes, viz. *Henry* the Eighth; *Edward* the Sixth, Queen *Mary*, and Queen *Elizabeth*; and was a Privy-counſellor to them all; and an Eye-witneſs of the various Revolutions and Viciſſitudes of thoſe Times. Towards his latter End, being on his Death-bed, he called for his Clerk and Steward, and delivered himſelf in theſe Terms:

'Lo! here have I lived to ſee five Princes, and 'have been a Privy-Counſellor to four of them: I 'have ſeen the moſt remarkable Obſervables in fo-'reign Parts, and have been preſent at moſt State 'Tranſactions for thirty Years together; and I have 'learned this, after ſo many Years Experience, *that 'Serioufneſs is the greateſt Wiſdom, Temperance the 'beſt Phyſic, and a good Conſcience the beſt Eſtate*; and 'were I to live again, I would change the Court for 'a Cloiſter, my Privy-counſellor's Buſtles for an 'Hermit's Retirement, and the whole Life I liv'd in 'the Palace, for an Hour's Enjoyment of God in the 'Chapel: All Things elſe forſake me, beſides my 'God, my Duty and my Prayer.'

John Maſon (according to the *Faſti Oxonienſes*) was born at *Abingdon* in *Berks*, the Son of a Cow-herd, by his Wife, the Siſter of a Monk at that Place. Which laſt Perſon finding him very apt to learn, he cauſed him to be educated at *Oxford*, where he obtained a Fellowſhip in *All Souls* College. Soon after his pregnant and acute Parts being taken Notice of by great Perſons, he was, upon a Motion of Sir *Thomas More*, ſent by the King to the Univerſity of *Paris*,

Paris, to be accompliſhed with other Parts of Learning. After his Return thence he became a Favourite to K. *Henry* 8. who employed him in ſeveral Embaſſies, and made him one of his Privy-Council. After that King's Death he was made Privy-Counſellor to K. *Edward* 6th. was Chief Clerk of the Council, *French* Secretary and Maſter of Requeſts, and Ambaſſador to *France* in that King's Time. In Queen *Mary*'s Reign he was *Engliſh* Reſident in the *Netherlands*: And tho' he was a Knight and a perfect Layman, yet he enjoyed ſeveral Church Dignities, or as *Camden* ſaith, *he was a great Intruder into Eccleſiaſtical Livings*. Among which the Deanery of *Winchester* Cathedral was one, inſtalled therein in the Place of *William Kingſmyll*, the laſt Prior of St. *Swithin's* Monaſtery there, and the firſt Dean of the ſaid Cathedral, in the 3d of *Edward* 6. 1549. In 1552, he ſucceeded Dr. *Richard Coxe* in the Chancellorſhip of *Oxford*: Which honourable Office he keeping till 1556, did then reſign it, purpoſely to make Room for Cardinal *Pole*, then deſigning to viſit, and to do great Matters for it. He was alſo Privy Counſellor to Queen *Mary*, and much reſpected by her, but did not hold any Eccleſiaſtical Dignity in her Reign. For giving up the Deanery of *Winchester* in the firſt Year of her Reign, 1553, *Edmund Steward*, L. L. D. of *Cambridge* was then inſtalled, and kept it till 1559. After her Death, he became again Secretary for the *French* Tongue, and a Privy-Counſellor to Queen *Elizabeth*, and in 1559 was elected Chancellor of *Oxford* again, being then Treaſurer of the Queen's Chamber, and Maſter of the Hoſpital in *Abingdon*, (the Erection of which he had before procured, as alſo the Incorporation of that Town) but no Poſſeſſor of any Dignity in the Church in her Reign.—He lies buried in St. *Paul*'s Church, with theſe Lines on his Tomb.

Si

Si quis erat prudens unquam fiduſque ſenator ;
Si quis erat patriæ charus amanſque ſuæ.
Si quis ad externas Legatus idoneus oras,
Si cui juſtitiæ cura bonique fuit :
Is *Maſonus* erat, ſit tota *Britannia* teſtis,
Teſtis amor procerum ſit populique favor.
Tempore quinque ſuo regnantes ordine vidit,
Horum a Conſiliis quatuor ille fuit.
Tres et ſex decies vixit, non amplius, annos;
Hic tegitur corpus, ſpiritus aſtra tenet.
Hunc tumulum poſuit conjux dilecta Marito,
Quemque viro poſuit, deſtinat ipſa ſibi.
Triſte nepos carmen, quem fecit adoptio Natum,
Tum patris inſcripſit, tum Patrui tumulo.
Obiit *April* 21. 1566.

St. Stephen's, Coleman-ſtreet, London.

To the Memory

of that antient Servant to the city with his Pen, in divers Employments, eſpecially, *the Survey of London*, Maſter *Antony Munday*, Citizen and Draper of *London*.

He that hath many an antient Tomb-ſtone read,
(I'th' Labour ſeeming more among the Dead
To live, than with the Living) that ſurvaid
Abſtruſe Antiquities, and ore them laid
Such vive and beauteous Colours with his Pen,
That (ſpite of Time) thoſe Old are new agen,
Under this Marble lies interred: his Tomb
Claiming (as worthily it may) this Room;
Among thoſe many Monuments, his Quill
Has ſo revived, helping now to fill
A Place with thoſe in his *Survey*, in which
He has a Monument more fair, more rich,

Than poliſht Stones could make him, where he lyes,
Though dead, ſtill living, and in that ne'er dies.

Obiit *Anno Ætatis ſuæ* 80. *Domini* 1633. *Auguſti* 10.

St. Bennet's, London.

Here lyeth *Katherine Prettyman*,
A Mayde of ſeventeen Yeeres,
In *Suffolke* borne, in *London* bred,
As by her Death appears.
With Nature's gifts ſhe was adorn'd,
Of honeſt Birth and Kin,
Her virtuous minde, with modeſt Grace,
did love of many win.
But when ſhe ſhould with honeſt match
have liv'd a wedded life,
Stay there, quoth *Jove*, the world is nought,
for ſhe ſhall be my wife.
And Death, ſince thou haſt done thy due,
lay nuptial Rites aſide,
And follow her unto the grave,
That ſhould have been your Bride:
Whoſe honeſt Life, and faithful end,
her patience therewithall,
Doth plainly ſhew, that ſhe with *Chriſt*
Now lives, and ever ſhall.

She departed this Life the 11th Day of *Auguſt*, 1594.

St. Michael's,

St. Michael's, London,

Richardus Whittington.

Ut fragrans Nardus famâ fuit iſte *Richardus,*
Albificans villam, qui juſte rexerat illam.
Flos Mercatorum, Fundatur Preſbyterorum,
Sic et egenorum teſtis ſit certus eorum:
Omnibus exemplum, barathrum vincendo morosum,
Condidit hoc templum *Michaelis* quam ſpecioſum!
Regia ſpes et pres: divinis res rata turbis.
Pauperibus Pater, et Major qui fuit urbis,
Martius hunc vicit, en! Annos gens tibi dicit,
Finiit ipſe dies, ſis ſibi, *Chriſte,* quies. *Amen.*

St. Mary, Aldermanbury, London.

In Memory of *John Wats,* fifth Son to *Thomas* and *Elizabeth Wats,* of this Pariſh, who died the 22d of *July,* 1705, aged 8 Years.

Peculiar Bleſſings bear the ſhorteſt Date,
And wond'rous Births early reſign to Fate:
They're made by Nature of ſuperior Mould,
Of too refin'd a Subſtance to grow old.

St. Martin Orgars, London.

M. S.

Sir *Allen Cotten,* Knight and Alderman of *London,* ſome Time Lord Mayor of this honourable City, Son of *Ralph Cotten,* of *Allington,* in the Pariſh of *Whitchurch,* in the County of *Salop,* Gent. was eſpouſed unto *Ellinor,* the Daughter of *Edmund Moore,* Citi-

zen and Draper of *London*, by whom he had Iſſue ſeven Sons and ſeven Daughters, and lived unto the Age of ſeventy Years, generally beloved; and died the 24th of *September*, 1628. He left behind him three Sons, *Edmund*, *John*, and *William*; and two Daughters. Which Sons, in a filial Expreſſion of their Duties, have cauſed this Monument to be erected, in the Memory of their dear deceaſed Father.

When he left Earth, rich Bounty dy'd,
Mild Courteſy gave Place to Pride,
Soft Mercy to bright Juſtice ſaid,
O! Siſter, we are both betray'd;
White Innocence lay on the Ground
By Truth, and wept at either's Wound.

The Sons of *Levi* did lament,
Their Lamps went out, their Oil was ſpent.
Heav'n hath his Soul, and only we
Spin out our Lives in Miſery.
So, Death, thou'ſt miſſed of thy Ends,
And kill'd not *him*, but kill'd his Friends.

St. Paul's Cathedral, *London.*

Hic jacet *Ethelredus*, *Anglorum* Rex, Filius *Edgari* Regis, cui in die conſecrationis poſt impoſitam coroniam, fertur S. *Dunſtanus Cantuar.* Achiepiſcopus dira prædixiſſe his verbis. Quoniam aſpiraſti ad regnum per mortem fratris tui, in cujus ſanguine conſpiraverunt *Angli*, cum ignominiosâ Matre tua; non deficiet gladius de domo tua, ſæviens in Te omnibus diebus vitæ tuæ, interficiens de ſemine tuo, quouſque Regnum Tuum transferatur in Regnum alienum, cujus ritum et linguam, gens cui præſides non novit; nec expiabitur, niſi longâ vindictâ, peccatum tuum, et peccatum Matris tuæ, et peccata virorum qui interfuere conſilio

consilio illius nequam. Quæ sicut a viro sancto prædicta erant, evenerunt: Nam *Ethelredus* variis præliis per *Suanum Danorum* Regem, filiumque suum *Canutum* fatigatus, et fugatus ac tandem *Londini* arctâ obsidione conclusus, miserè diem obiit, *Anno Dominicæ Incarnationis*, 1017; postquam Annis 36 in magnâ tribulatione regnasset.

In English:

'Here lies *Ethelred*, King of the *Britons*, Son of 'King *Edgar*, to whom St. *Dunstan* is said to have 'spoke thus on the Day of his Coronation; Because 'thou hast aspired to the Kingdom by the Death of 'thy Brother, against whom the *English*, and thy ig-'nominious Mother plotted; the Sword shall not 'out of thy House, but it shall rage against thee all 'Days of thy Life, destroying thy Seed, till the King-'dom go from thee unto a People whose Customs and 'Language thy Subjects know not; nor shall thy 'Sin, nor the Sin of thy Mother, nor the Sins of those 'who aided thy Wickedness, be forgiven, till after 'many and long Punishments.—All this, as the ho-'ly Man foretold, came to pass; for *Ethelred*, van-'quished and put to Flight, after many Battles with '*Swane* King of the *Danes*, and his Son *Canute*, at 'length, shut up in *London*, died miserably in 1017, 'after he had reigned 36 Years in great Troubles.'

St. Sepulchre's, London.

To the living Memory of Captain *John Smith*, sometime Governor of *Virginia*, and Admiral of *New-England*. Who departed this Life the 21st of *June*, 1631.

Here lies one conquer'd that hath conquered Kings,
Subdued large Territories, and done Things

Which to the World impoſſible would ſeem,
But that the Truth is held in more Eſteem.
Shall I report his former Service done
In honour of his God and *Chriſtendom*
How that he did divide from Pagans three,
Their Heads and Lives, Types of his Chivalry?
For which great Service in that Climate done,
Brave *Sigiſmundus* King of *Hungarion*
Did give him as a Coat of Arms to wear,
Theſe conquer'd Heads, got by his Sword and Spear.
Or ſhall I tell of his Adventures ſince
Done in *Virginia*, that large Continent?
How that he ſubdued Kings unto his Yoke,
And made thoſe Heathens flee as Wind does Smoke:
And made their Land, being of ſo large a Station,
An Habitation for our Chriſtian Nation;
Where God is glorified, their Wants ſupplyed
Which elſe for Neceſſaries muſt have dy'd?
But what avails his Conqueſt, now he lies
Interred in Earth, a Prey to Worms and Flies?
O! may his Soul in ſweet *Elyſium* ſleep,
Untill the Keeper that all Souls doth keep,
Return to Judgment; and that after thence,
With Angels he may have his Recompence.

This Man's Works are (according to *Wood*) 1. A Map of *Virginia*. 2. *New-England's* Tryals. 3. General Hiſtory of *Virginia*. 4. Travels in *Europe*.

St. Peter's, Cornhill.

In the Year of *Jeſus Chriſt's* Incarnatioun
On Thowſand Five Hundryd Forty and Four,
The 22 day of *April* by juſt Computacyon,
In thys place was buryed with greate Honour,
Which

Which proved a Man meet to be a Governour
For the Commonwealth of this high and famous Citie
Callyd Sir *William Bowyer*, Lord of the Mayoralty,
Which departed not with findyng greate Calamitie;
And pray we to God to grant his Sowl Mercie.
O London, if you look to the *Lacedæmonies*,
There to find *Lycurgus*, that noble and kind Kyng;
Or if you seek for *Ciceroes*, Men of moſt Prize,
Or if thou apply thee to have all the whole deſiringe
Of *Amphyon*, *Orpheus*, or of *Mæcenas* demeaninge,
Seek no farther to fynd, for here he is buried,
Which had all their Properties for *London*'s good ordering.
Be we then of his honourable Degree, well conceiving,
For his Acts for ever be regiſter'd in *London*'s Meaning.

St. James's, Duke's-Place, London.

Ne in oblivione conteretur urna *Johannis Bookeri*, Aſtrologi, qui Fatis ceſſit VIto *Idus April.* Ann. Dom. MDCLXVII hoc illi poſuit Amoris Monumentum *Elias Aſhmole*, Armiger.

The Senſe of which in Engliſh is thus:

'That *John Booker*, the great Aſtrologer, who died 'in 1667, may not be forgot, *Elias Aſhmole*, Eſq; 'hath raiſed this Monument.'

St. Andrew's Underſhaft, London.

Memoriæ Sacrum.

Reſurrectionem in *Chriſto* hic expectat *Johannes Stow*, Civis *Londinenſis*, Qui in antiquis Monumentis eruendis accuratiſſimâ Diligentiâ uſus, *Angliæ* Annales et Civitatis *Londini* Synopſim bene de ſua, bene de Poſterâ Aetate meritus, luculenter ſcripſit, vitaque ſtadio pie et probe decurſo, obiit Ætatis Anno 80, die 5, *Aprilis* 1605.

This only ſays that *John Stow*, the Antiquarian, having much deſerved from the City of *London* for his Works, died 5th of *April*, 1605. Aged 80.

St. Catherine Coleman, London.

Pietati Sacrum.

Lucas Lucius, inſignis Mercator, dum vixit, tam cæli quam terræ, non procul ab hoc Marmore ſepultus jacet:

Feſſus hic negotiando,
Ad Emporium Cæleſte trajecit.

Octobris 14, *Anno Chriſti* 1663, *Ætatis* vero ſuæ 52.

St. Paul's Cathedral, *London.*

Hic in Domino obdormivit *Johannes Gandavenſis*, vulgo *de Gaunt*, a *Gandavo Flandriæ* urbe, loco natali, ita denominatus. *Edwardi* III. Regis *Angliæ* filius, a patre Comitis *Richmondiæ* titulo ornatus.

Tres

Tres ſibi uxores in matrimonio duxit; Primum *Blancham*, filiam et hæredem *Henrici* Ducis *Lancaſtriæ*, per quam ampliſſimam adiit hæreditatem: Nec ſolum Dux *Lancaſtriæ*, ſed etiam *Leiceſtriæ*, *Lincolniæ*, et *Derbiæ*, Comes effectus, e cujus ſobole Imperatores, Reges, Principes, et Proceres propagati ſunt plurimi. Alteram habuit uxorem *Conſtantiam* (quæ hic contumulatur) filiam et hæredem *Petri* Regis *Caſtiliæ* et *Legionis*: Cujus jure optimo titulo Regis *Caſtiliæ* et *Legionis* uſus eſt. Hæc unicam illi peperit filiam *Catharinam*, ex quâ ab *Henrico*, Reges *Hiſpaniæ* ſunt propagati. Tertiam vero uxorem duxit *Catharinam*, ex Equeſtri Familiâ et eximiâ pulcritudine fœminam; ex quâ numeroſam ſuſcepit prolem: Unde genus ex matre duxit *Henricus* VII. Rex *Angliæ* prudentiſſimus, cujus feliciſſimo conjugio cum *Edwardi* IV. filiâ, e ſtirpe *Eboracenſi*, Regiæ illæ *Lancaſtrienſium* et *Eboracenſium* familiæ ad exoptatiſſimam *Angliæ* pacem coaluerunt.

Illuſtriſſimus hic Princeps, cognomento *Plantagenet*, Rex *Caſtiliæ* et *Legionis*, Dux *Lancaſtriæ*, Comes *Richmondiæ*, *Leiceſtriæ*, *Lincolniæ* et *Derbiæ*, Locumtenens *Aquitaniæ*, Magno Senieſchallus *Angliæ*, obiit *Anno* 22 regni Regis *Richardi* 2, *Annoque Domini* 1399.

This is on the Tomb of *John of Gaunt*, and only enumerates his Titles, and tells us the Time of his Death, viz. in 1399.

St. Bride's, London.

Here lies the Body of *Thomas Flatman*, eldeſt Son of *Thomas Flatman*, and *Hannah* his Wife, who reſigned his beloved Soul the 28th of *December* 1682.

Whoere thou art, that lookſt upon,
And readſt what lies beneath this Stone;
What Beauty, Goodneſs, Innocence,
In a ſad Hour was ſnatch'd from hence,
What Reaſon canſt thou have to prize
The deareſt Object of thine Eyes?
Believe this, Mortal, what thou valueſt moſt,
And ſett'ſt thy Soul upon, is ſooneſt loſt.

* *Thomas Flatman*, an eminent Poet of his Time (in *Antony Wood*'s Opinion), was born in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, in the Suburb of *London*, educated at *Wincheſter*, and elected Fellow of *New College*, *Oxford*, in 1654, left it before he took a Degree, retired to the *Inner Temple*, of which he became a Barriſter, and equally ingenious in the two noble Faculties of Poetry and Painting, as ſeveral choice Pieces ſhew. Having given an Account of his Works, *Wood* proceeds thus: —He lived to the Age of 53, or thereabouts, and then gave way to Fate, at his Houſe in *Fleet-ſtreet*, *London*, on *Dec.* 8. 1688. and was three Days after buried in the Church of *St. Bride*, under a Stone with Verſes on it, which he had cauſed to be laid on his Son. This Perſon (whoſe Father, a Clerk in the Chancery, was then living, in the 80th Year of his Age or more) was in his younger Days much againſt Marriage, to the Diſlike of his ſaid Father, and made a Song deſcribing the Circumſtances of it, beginning thus:

Like a Dog with a Bottle ty'd cloſe to his Tail,
Like a Tory in a Bog, or a Thief in a Jayle, *&c. &c.*

But being afterwards ſmitten with a fair Virgin, and more with her Fortune, he did eſpouſe her the 26th of *Nov.* 1672; whereupon his ingenious Comrades did ſerenade him that Night, while he was in the Embraces of his Miſtreſs, with the ſaid Song.

Arqua,

Arqua, near *Padua*.

Frigida *Franciſci* lapis hic tegit oſſa *Petrarchæ*.
Suſcipe, Virgo Parens, animam; ſate Virgine, parce,
Feſſaque jam terris cæli requieſcat in Arce.
Moritur Anno Domini, 1374. 19 Julii

Viro inſigni *Franciſco Petrarchæ* Poetæ Laureato *Franciſcolus de Borſano Mediolanenſis*, Genere, individua Converſatione, Amore, Propinquitate, et Succeſſione Mem.

On the Death of *Laura*, this celebrated Poet retired to *Arqua*, where he died, and lies buried. His Tomb ſtands at the Entry of the Church, and is ſupported by ſome Pillars of red Marble. As to his Epitaph it is ſo poor in the Stile, and ſo bad in the Poetry, that it is ſurpriſing they ſhould ſuffer ſo wretched a Compoſition to paſs upon ſo great a Man as *Petrarch*, of whom ſo many fine Things might have been ſaid.

Titchfield, Hants.

The Huſband ſpeaking truly of his Wife,
Reads his Loſs in her Death, her Praiſe in Life.
Obiit *July* 4, 1618. *Ætat.* 70.

Here *Lucie Quinbie Bromfield* buried lies
With neighbours ſad, weeping hearts, ſighs, eyes
Children eleven, ten living, me ſhe brought.
More kind, true chaſte was none in deed and thought.
Houſe, children, ſtate by her was rul'd, bred thrives,
One of the beſt of Maids, women, wives.

Now gone to God, her heart ſent long before
In Faſting, Pray'r, faith, hope and alms deeds ſtore.
If any fault ſhe loved me too much,
Ah pardon that, for there are too few ſuch.
Then, Reader, if thou not hard hearted be,
Praiſe God for her, but ſigh and pray for me.
Here by her dead, I dead deſire to lie,
Till rais'd to life we meet no more to die.

Avignon.

D. O. M.

Et Memoriæ æternæ Dominæ *Lauræ*, cum Pudicitiâ, tum formâ Fœminæ incomparabilis, quæ tamdiu vixit, ut ejus memoria nunquam extingui poſſit. Reſtauravit veterum Monumentorum peregrinorum Indagator, D. *Chriſtoph.* De *Alegrete* Eq. *Luſitanus.*—

Before the *Portugueſe* Gentleman cauſed this *Latin* Inſcription to be carved on it, *Laura*'s Graveſtone was quite plain. It is in the Church of the *Cordeliers*. The Monks ſhew you ſome Verſes which, they ſay, *Petrarch* ſlipped under the Head of his Miſtreſs, as they were putting her into her Coffin, where they were found about two hundred Years after, together with what was left of her Aſhes, and a leaden Medaglion of the *Virgin Mary*. King *Francis* I. having cauſed the Vault to be opened in his Preſence. The Verſes run thus:

Qui ripoſan quei caſti e felici oſſa
Di quel alma Gentile e ſoſa in Terra:
Aſpro e dur Saſſo, or ben teco ai ſo Terra
El vero Onor la Fama e Belta Scoſſa,
Morta e del verde Lauro Svelta e Scoſſa,
Freſca Radice e premio di mia Guerra
Di quatro Luſtri, e piu ſe amor non erra

Mio

Mio penſier triſto; el chiude in poca Foſſa.
Felice Pianta; in Borgo di *Avignone*
Nacque e morì, e qui con ella giace
La Penna, il Stilo, l'Inchioſtro e la Ragione.
O delicate Membra, o viva Face
Che ancor me cuoci, e Struggi in ginocchione.
Ciaſcun preghi il Signor taccetti in Pace.

O SEXO

Morta e bellezza, indarno ſi ſoſpira
L'Alma beata in Ciel vivà in eterno,
Pianga il preſente e il futur ſecol privo
D' una tal Luce, ed jo degli Occhi, e il Tempo.

FRANC. PETRARCHA.

Roſchild Cathedral, *Denmark.*

Regum *Sueno* decus, *Magno* quo *Dania* Rege
Floruit, et Sceptris imperioſa fuit.
Non virtute minor *Sueno* quia nomine *Magnus*,
Nam dici poterit *magnus* utroque modo.
Hunc Soror illuſtris Regis præclara *Canuti*
Eſtridis genuit, prole beata Parens.
Anglos Marte premens, *Norvegica* Regna ſubegit
Fit tria Sceptra tenens Unica Dana manus.
Res miranda nimis, quam vix tria Regna valebant
Imperio capere jam petra parva capit.
Cum non ſtare diu poſſet terrena poteſtas,
Terrarum Reges, quærite Regna Dei.

He died at *Slutorp*, a little Town in *Jutland*, in the Year 1704. All Hiſtorians agree that he was a very learned Prince, and that he loved and promoted learned Men. His Piety was great; and he gave a remarkable Inſtance of it, in the Docility that he ſhewed, at his receiving the Cenſure of the Biſhop of *Roſchild*, who, according to the Example of *St. Ambroſe*, in his

Conduct to *Theodoſius the Great*, courageouſly forbid that Prince to enter into the Church, upon the Account of a Murder of which he was guilty, and excommunicated him till he had made his Peace with God, by evident Marks of a true and ſincere Repentance. The Biſhop died after an extraordinary Manner, and was buried with his Maſter. See the following Epitaph.

Roſchild Cathedral, *Denmark*.

Wilhelmus olim Epiſcopus *Roſchildenſis*
Præſtantibus Dei relucebat Donis :
Pietate, Religione, percelebri vitâ
Et Sanctâ, et omni genere illuſtri.
Adeo ut incertum erat, iſne Officio tali
Dignior erat, an illo Officium ; tam ſpectatum
Epiſcopatus præſtitit ſui exemplum
Hic fretus innocentiâ atque item juſto
Injuſti homicidii dolore permotus,
Quod ac Rege factum erat, libidine magis quam
Ratione, Regem ipſum, quamvis magnum, et tali
Regno potientem, Comitatuque ſtipatum
Magno, repulſum Baculo prohibuit templo,
Rebuſque ſacris, donec pœnitens, facti
In gratiam cum Eccleſiâ et deo offenſo
Rediiſſet. His actis, tempore non ita multo
Poſt, mortui jam Regis huc deferebatur
Funus, quod ut dictum eſt appropinquare
Urbi, duo ſepulcra conficit juſſit ;
Duobus etiam feretris adornatus ibat
Wilhelmus obviam. Poſtquam ad funus ventum eſt,
Oratione facta, ut illi qui in terris
Deo Patri jam lucrifecerat, ſanam
Per admonitionem commori poſſet ;
Mox membra collapſus, animam ſanctam cælo
Reddidit, atque inde uterque loculo ſuo impoſitus,

Hanc

Hanc ſacram ad Ædem pariter, (mirabile dictu!).
Magno omnium ſtupore deportati ſunt.
Wilhelmo honorifice ſepulto, ac de More
Epiſcopalibus inſigniis una cum illo.
Terræ reconditis, novo Deus funus
Miraculo hominum memoriæ conſecravit.
Hæc ipſa namque ut obruta cumulo terræ
Ultro ſepulcrum reddidit. Tranſlatum ergo
Huc funus eſt, et magnâ cum Religione
Hoc in Loco commendatum Sepulturæ.

Wilhelmus autem obiit Anno milleſimo et ſeptuageſimo additis quatuor.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Gulielmo Shakeſpear
Anno poſt Mortem CXXIV.
Amor publicus poſuit.

A Sum for erecting this Monument (under the Direction of Mr. *Pope* and *others*) was raiſed by a *Benefit Play* at each of the *London Theatres*. All Scholars will own *obitum* would have been better than *mortem*. The *Greeks* avoided the Word θανατος, and the *Romans Mors* in their Inſcriptions. *Exitum* or *Exceſſum* ſtill more maſterly than either *mortem* or *obitum*.—*Amor publicus poſuit* no body will defend. *Amor poſuit* is not Language for an Inſcription, but for a Poem. *Populus favens*, or *plaudens poſuit*, both Words of the Theatre, would have been more juſtly applied to *Shakſpear*, and chiefly becauſe (as I ſaid above) the Money for the Monument was raiſed by the Repreſentation of two of his own Plays. It was reported that Mr. *Pope* and Dr. *Mead* differed about the Words *Amor*

Amor publicus; but Mr. *Pope* inſiſting on them, the Doctor in a Letter yielded the Point, concluding with,

Omnia vincit *Amor*, et nos cedamus *Amori*.

H. S. E. *Joſhua Barnes*, S. T. B. Collegii *Emmanuelis* Socius, Linguæ *Græcæ* in Academia *Cantabrigienſi* Profeſſor Regius peritiſſimus. Plura Eruditionis et Induſtriæ Monumenta reliquit. Ob. *Aug.* 3. A. D. 1712. *Ætat.* 58. *Maria Barnes* conjugi dilectiſſimo M. P.

Βαρνησιος δ' απαντας
Νικησε πολυτεχνος,
Λογογραφων φερισος,
Αοιδος τε των Αοιδων.
Των Ιστορων μεγιστος,
Και Ρητορων αριστος,
Και Μαντεων σαφεστος
Βρεταννικης αρωγης.

Mr. *Barnes* read a ſmall *Engliſh* Bible, that he uſually carried about him, one Hundred and twenty Times over at leiſure Hours. He was born *January* 10, 1654———.

This fulſome polyglott Epitaph is upon his Monument at *Hemingford*. He had a great deal of Enthuſiaſm in his Temper which diſcovered itſelf in various Circumſtances of his Life. He conſtantly maintained that ſpiritual Sins, ſuch as Pride, Defamation, &c. were more offenſive in the Eyes of God, than thoſe which ariſe from a too great Indulgence of the Senſes. He believed that Charity ſeldom or never went with-

out its Reward in this Life. And this Opinion prevailed so far with him that he has given his only Coat to a Vagrant begging at the Door; and he used to relate some extraordinary Retributions, conferred upon him by unknown Persons for his Charities of this Kind. He was remarkable rather for the Quickness of his Wit, and the Happiness of his Memory, than for the Solidity of his Judgement; insomuch that somebody recommended this Pun as an Inscription for his Monument;

Hic jacet
Joshua Barnes,
Felicis *Memoriæ*, expectans *Judicium*.

He had a prodigious Readiness in writing and speaking the *Greek* Tongue, and he himself tells us in his Preface to his Αυλικο κατοπτρον, that he found it much easier to write in that Language than in *Latin* or even *English*; since the Ornaments of Poetry are almost peculiar to the *Greeks*, and since he had for many Years been extremely conversant in *Homer*, the great Father and Source of the *Greek* Poetry.—

Servites Church at *Venice*.

Paulus Venetus Servitarum Ordinis Theologus.
Ita prudens, ita sapiens, ut majorem nec humanorum, nec divinorum Scientiam,
Nec integriorem, nec sanctiorem vitam desiderares.
Intelligentiâ per cuncta, permanente sapientiâ et affectus dominante præditus,
Nulla unquam cupiditate commotus, nullâ animi ægritudine turbatus.
Semper constans, moderatus, perfectus verum Innocentiæ exemplar:

Deo

Deo mirâ Pietate, Religione, continentiâ addictus:
Reipublicæ, in ſui deſiderium concitatæ, juſtam, fidelem operam navans:
(Religioſum Hominem, dum Patriæ ſervit, haud â Deo ſeparari exiſtimans)
Summâ Conſilii, rationis vi, liberâ, integrâ mente, publicam cauſam defendens:
Magnas à Libertate *Venetâ* inſidias ſapientiâ ſuâ repellens:
Majus Libertatis præſidium in ſe, quam in Arcibus poſitum, *Venetis* oſtendens:
Mortales, an magis amandus, mirandus, venerandus, dubios faciens:
De Nominis apud Probos æternitate, de Animi apud Deum Immortalitate ſecurus,
Morbum negligens, mortem contemnens, loquens, docens, orans, contemplans,
Vivorum Actiones exercens,
LXXI. Æt. Anno.
Magno Bonorum Ploratu,
Non obiit;
Abiit è vitâ, ad vitam evolavit.
Jo. Antonius Venerius Patricius *Venetus*
Mærens Poſuit.
Anno Sal. M.DC.XXIII.

The fine Hiſtory which Father *Paul* wrote from the Memoirs furniſhed him by Order of the Senate out of the Papers of all the *Venetian* Ambaſſadors and Deputies who aſſiſted at that Council, drew upon him the Indignation of the *Court of Rome*; and the diſagreeable Truths which he brought to Light had very near coſt him his Life. Pope *Urban* 8. hearing of this Epitaph, and being informed by the *Biſhop of Montefiaſcone*, his Nuncio at *Venice*, that the People looked upon *Father Paul* as a Saint, and that they were continually bringing waxen Tapers to his Tomb, and offering up ſmall votive Tables to his Memory, ordered him to acquaint the Senate in expreſs Terms, that he

he would excommunicate all Perſons guilty of ſuch Superſtitions; eſpecially as *Father Paul* himſelf had formerly been excommunicated for not appearing in Perſon before the Tribunal of the *Inquiſition at Rome*. The Senate, fearing that the *Court of Rome* might by Money find Means to carry off the Bones of this great Man, and treat them with Ignominy, thought proper to have a Conference with ſome of the Heads of the * *Servites* upon that Subject. The Reſult of the Conference was, that his Bones ſhould be dug up and buried in ſome private Place of the Convent unknown to the People: And to take away all Subject of Debate and Jealouſy from the *Court of Rome*, that this beautiful Epitaph (written by the noble *John Antony Venier*) ſhould be eraſed; ſince which Time it is become very ſcarce.

* A religious Order of the Church of *Rome*, founded about the Year 1233, by ſeven *Florentine Merchants*, who, with the Approbation of the Biſhop of *Florence*, renounced the World, and lived together in a religious Community on *Mount Senar*, two Leagues from that City. It is pretended that when they firſt appeared in the Black Habit given them by the Biſhop, the very Children at the Breaſt cried out, See the *Servants* of the Virgin; and that this Miracle determined them to take no other Name than *Servites*, or Servants of the Virgin. There are alſo *Nuns* of this Order, who have ſeveral Monaſteries in *Germany*, *Italy*, and *Flanders*.

The Epitaph is in Engliſh thus:

'*Paul* of *Venice*, a Divine of the *Servites* Order,
'whoſe good Senſe and Wiſdom was ſuch, that you
'could no-where find a Man of more extenſive Know-
'ledge, both in divine and human Learning, nor one
'more eminent either for Purity of Life, or Sanc-
'tity

'tity of Manners. Comprehenſive in his Under-
'derſtanding, and ſolid in his Wiſdom, which was
'ever Miſtreſs of his Affections; never was he
'ruffled by Paſſion, never was he perplexed through
'Inquietude of Mind. Ever reſolute, never in Ex-
'tremes, but always in the Right; he was a perfect
'Example of Innocence, and devoted to his God, by
'unaffected Piety, Conſcience and Chaſtity. Per-
'ſuaded that the Vows of Religion diſqualify no
'Man from the Service of his Country, he approved
'himſelf a dutiful and faithful Servant to the State
'while it was in Confuſion, occaſioned by Regard
'for its Preſervation; he maintained the Rights of
'his Country, by the deciſive Authority of his Coun-
'cils, the irreſiſtable Force of his Reaſoning, and the
'unbiaſſed Freedom of his Sentiments. By his Sa-
'gacity he confounded the Snares that were laid to
'deſtroy the Liberties of *Venice*, and thus proved to
'his Countrymen, that in him their Independency
'had a greater Bulwark than in all their Towns and
'Fortifications.

'Doubtful it is, whether he moſt challenged the
'Love, the Admiration, or the Eſteem of Mankind.
'Secure of the immortal Veneration of his Name
'amongſt the Good on Earth, and the eternal Hap-
'pineſs of his Soul with God in Heaven; neglecting
'his Diſeaſe, deſpiſing Death, ſpeaking, teaching, in-
'voking, and contemplating in full Enjoyment of his
'rational Faculties, to the unexpreſſible Anguiſh of
'all good Men, he (did not die, but) moved out of
'one Life into another, in the 71ſt Year of his Age.

'Erected by the mourning *J. A. Venier*, a *Vene-*
'*tian Patrician* in 1622.'

Rome

Rome, St. Martin de Montibus.

Cineres et ossa *Philocaptæ* hic S. S. perpetuæ Memoriæ Facti, et infamiæ causâ quæ insatiabili venere exhausta subter V. V. mortua est. Vix. Ann. XXXV.M.IIII.D.X. Parentes infeliciss. tacito Nomine extra Sortem ad R. R. posuere. O Voraginem esurientem!

In the Villa of the noble *M. A. Volta*, at *Bononia.*

D. M.
Æl. Lælia. Crispis. nec vir
Nec Mulier, nec Androgyna,
Nec Puella, nec juvenis, nec
Anus, nec casta, nec meretrix, nec pudica, sed omnia.
Sublata neque Fame, neque
Ferro, neque peste, neque veneno, sed
Omnibus.
Nec cælo, nec aquis, nec
Terris, sed ubique jacet.
Lucius Agatho Priscus, nec necessarius,
Neque mærens, neque gaudens, neque flens
Hanc nec molem, nec pyramidem nec sepulcrum,
sed omnia,
Scit et nescit cui posuerit.

In English thus:

'*Ælia Lælia Crispis*, neither Man, nor Woman, 'nor Hermaphrodite; nor Girl, nor Boy, nor old Woman;

'Woman; nor chaſte, nor a Whore, nor modeſt; 'but all. Taken off neither by Famine, nor by 'Sword, nor by Plague, nor by Poiſon; but by all: 'Lying neither in Heaven, nor Earth, nor Waters; 'but every-where. *Lucius Agatho Priſcius*, neither 'Friend, nor mourning, nor rejoicing, nor weeping, 'knows, and is ignorant, to whom he has placed 'this—neither Mound, nor Pyramid, nor Sepulcher; 'but every one of them.'

Some have interpreted this *Rain Water*, others, the *Prima Materia*, *Niobe*, the *Soul*, *Mercury*, &c. &c. &c. — but *Gaſperius Geuartius* makes it out to be *Love*.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Jucundiſſimæ memoriæ *Johannis Oweni Cambro-Britanni*, Poetæ celeberrimi.
Parva tibi ſtatua eſt, quia parva ſtatura, ſupellex
Parva, volat parvus magna per ora Liber:
Sed non parvus honos, non parva eſt gloria, quippe
Ingenio haud quicquam eſt majus in orbe tuo.
Parva Domus texit, Templum ſed grande; Poetæ
Tum verò vitam, quum moriuntur, agunt.

John Owen was born at *Armon*, in *Com. Carnarv.* educated at *Wincheſter*, admitted perpetual Fellow of *New College*, in 1584; leaving his Fellowſhip in 1591, he taught School at *Trylegh*, near to *Monmouth*, and at *Warwick*. He died in 1622, and was buried in St. *Paul's* Cathedral, at the Charge of Dr. *Williams*, Biſhop of *Lincoln*, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.

Beconsfield.

Beconsfield.

On the Weſtern End.

Edmundi Waller hic jacet id quantum morti ceſſit,
Qui inter Poetas fuit Temporis facile Princeps,
Lauream, quam meruit adoleſcens,
Octogenarius haud abdicavit
Huic debet patria Lingua quod credas,
Si Græce Latineque intermitterent, Muſæ
Loqui amarent *Anglice.*

South Side.

Heus, Viator, tumulatum vides *Edmundum Waller,*
Qui tanti nominis Poeta, et idem avitis opibus,
Inter primos ſpectabilis; Muſis ſe dedit et Patriæ.
Nondum octodecenarius, inter ardua Regni tractantes,
Sedem habuit a *Burgo de Amerſham* miſſus.
Hic vitæ curſus: nec Oneri defuit Senex, vixitque ſemper
Populo charus, Principibus in deliciis, admirationi omnibus.
Hic conditur Tumulo ſub eodem
Rara Virtute et multa prole Nobilis
Uxor, *Maria* ex *Breſſyorum* Familia,
Cum *Edmundo Waller,* Conjuge chariſſimo:
Quem ter et decies lætum fecit patrem,
V. Filiis, Filiabus VIII,
Quos Mundo dedit, et in cælum rediit.

Eaſt End.

Edmundus Waller cui hoc marmor ſacrum eſt,
Colſhill naſcendi locum habuit, *Cantabrigiam* ſtudendi,
Patrem *Robertum* et ex *Hampdena* ſtirpe matrem;

Cæpit

Cæpit vivere 3 *Martii*, A. D. 1605.
Prima Uxor *Anna Edwardi Banks* filia unica
Hæres;
Ex primâ bis pater factus; ex ſecunda tredecies
Cui et duo luſtra ſuperſtes; obiit 21 *Octobris*,
A. D. 1687.

North End.

Hoc Marmor *Edmundo Waller*
Martiæque ex ſecundis Nuptiis Conjugi,
Pientiſſimis Parentibus püſſime parentavit
Edmundus Filius.
Honores bene-merentibus Extremos dedit
Quos ipſe fugit
E.L.W.I.F.H.G. ex Teſtamento H.M.P.
In *Julii* 1700.

— RYMER.

Of this Poet thus the Author of his Life before the Edition of his Works in 1711:

The difficulteſt Part of this Undertaking is to give an Account of him as a Poet, to ſhew the Beauty and Merit of his Works. Who can pretend to put them in a Scale, and have Strength enough in his Hand to hold the Balance? We can only aim at it, and our Reſpect for the Author will, it is hoped, excuſe the Preſumption. Mr. *Waller* was certainly the Father of our *Engliſh* Verſification. *Fairfax* is ſaid to have given him the firſt Taſte of Numbers, and indeed in his Verſion of the *Gierusalemme Liberata* there is much more Harmony than in the *Fairy Queen*. A noble Lord (his Grace the Duke of *Buckingham*), who is himſelf a very good Judge of Poeſie, and a very good Poet, has heard Mr. *Waller* declare that it was to *Fairfax* he owed the Harmony and Sweetneſs of his Verſification. Mr. *Dryden* tells us, that Mr. *Waller* uſed

ſed to ſay, he could never read *Chapman's Homer* vithout Tranſport; it muſt not be for the Muſick of his Verſe, but the Beauties of the Original, which ıe preſerved in his Tranſlation. But he was a Man of Pleaſure as well as Wit; the Labour of Heroicks did not ſuit with his Indolence: He wrote for his Amuſement, and Fame came upon him unſought for: How he would have ſucceeded in the Drama, we are not able to judge, he having attempted nothing that was capable of ſucceſs of that kind in *Engliſh*.

St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.

Come, *Alecto*, and lend me thy Torch,
To find a *Churchyard* in a Church Porch
Poverty and Poetry this Tomb doth incloſe,
Therefore, Gentlemen, be merry in Proſe.

This is on the old Court Poet, *Thomas Churchyard*; but the Author of his Epitaph, for the Pun Sake, deviates a little from Truth, as this poor Man was laid next to *Skelton*, the merry Laureat, in the Chancel of the Church. He was born at *Shrewſbury*, of genteel Parents (according to *Wood*); but, being much addicted to Letters when a Child, his Father, who had a Fondneſs for him, cauſed him to be educated in Grammar Learning; and, to ſweeten his Studies, he was taught to play upon the Lute. When he came to the Age of about 17, he left his Father and Relations, and with a Sum of Money then given him, he went to ſeek his Fortune; and, his Heels being equally reſtleſs with his Head, he went to Court, laid aſide his Books, and for a time, ſo long as his Money laſted (to uſe *Wood*'s own Phraſe) he became a *Royſter*. At length, being reduced low in his Purſe, he was taken into the Service of the moſt noble, learned and poetical *Henry Howard*, Earl of *Surrey*; lived

lived with him as his Servant four Years, in the latter End of K. *Hen.* 8. In which time applying himſelf to his Book, and to the exerciſing his Muſe in Poetry, he was much countenanced by that Nobleman; but the Earl being untimely cut off, to the great Regret of the learned Men of that time, in *January* 1546, the Hopes of *Churchyard*'s riſing higher were in a manner buried in his Grave. Afterwards he turned a Soldier of Fortune, learned their Poſtures and Duty, but ſuffered much Hardſhip; left that Employment, travelled very far to learn the modern Tongues, or at leaſt ſome ſmattering in them; returned; was wholly bent to his Study, and then ſpent ſome time in *Oxford*, in the Condition at leaſt of an *Hoſpes* among his Countrymen of *Wales*; but, having a rambling Head, he went back to his warlike Employments; and in *Scotland*, it ſeems, he was taken Priſoner, and, upon a Peace made, returned to the Court very poor and bare, ſpoiled of all, and his Body in a ſickly and decayed Condition. It was then that he reſolved to continue at home, and never go to the Wars again. At length he was taken into the Service of *Robert* Earl of *Leiceſter*, Chancellor of the Univerſity of *Oxford*; but found him not ſuch a Maſter as *Surrey*, being as much different as Gold is from Glaſs.—*Wood* does not mention his Age, or the Year of his Death; but ſays he died very poor.

On Henry, *Prince of* Wales, *Son of King* James I.

Reader, Wonder think it none
Though I ſpeak and am a Stone.
Here is ſhrinde cæleſtial Duſt,
And I keep it but in Truſt.
Should I not my Treaſure tell,
Wonder then you might as well,

How

How this Stone could chooſe but breake,
Having never learnt to ſpeake.
Hence amaz'd; and aſk not me,
Whoſe theſe ſacred Aſhes be.
Purpoſely it is conceal'd,
For if that ſhould be reveal'd,
All that read would by and by,
Melt themſelves to Tears and dy.
Within this marble Caſket lies,
A matchleſs jewell of rich Prize.
Which Nature in the Worlds diſdaine,
But ſhew'd, and then put up againe.

Prince *Henry* was about five Feet and eight Inches high, of a ſtrong and well proportioned Body; of an amiable Countenance; his Hair of an auburn Colour, and his Eye piercing *. He was ſober, chaſte, temperate, religious, and full of Probity. He was never heard to ſwear, though the Example of his Father, and the whole Court, was but too apt to corrupt him in that Reſpect. He took great Delight in the Converſation of Men of Honour; and thoſe who were not reckoned as ſuch, were treated with the utmoſt Neglect at his Court. He was naturally gentle and affable; though his Behaviour had a noble Statelineſs, without Affectation, which commanded Eſteem and Reſpect. He ſhowed a warlike Genius in his paſſionate Fondneſs for all martial Exerciſes. A *French* Ambaſſador, coming to take his Leave of him, found him toſſing a Pike; and aſked him what Service he would command to his Maſter; the Prince deſired him to tell him what he was then doing. In ſhort, tho' he was eighteen Years old when he died, no Hiſtorian has caſt the leaſt Imputation on his Character †.

* *Cornwallis.* † *Rapin.*

Stepney.

Here lies the Body of *Chriſtopher Henley*, late of *Ratcliff*; deceaſed *July* 2, 1693.

C onceal'd from Care, beneath this Marble lies
H is ſacred Relicks, which again muſt riſe;
R emote from human Diſcords unoppreſs'd,
I n their cold Urn his peaceful Aſhes reſt:
S natcht into Earth's dark Boſom, free from all
T hoſe Troubles which a mortal Life befal.
O pious Reader! know his living juſt
P rocures his quiet Slumbers in the Duſt.
H is virtuous Deeds crown his unthinking Clay,
E rect a Monument without Delay:
R aiſing his Soul to everlaſting Day.

H is Wife and Children's Grief their Tears reveal,
E ach find their Loſs too weighty to conceal.
N o unjuſt Act thro' his whole Race we find,
L oving he liv'd, and juſt to all Mankind:
E aſie he ſleeps till Heaven ſhall raiſe his Duſt,
Y ielding his Soul to th' Manſions of the Juſt.

Here lies one who was born and cried,
Told threeſcore Years and then he died.
His greateſt Actions that we find,
Were that he waſh'd his Hands and din'd.

Stepney.

Here remains all that was mortal of Mr. *Roger Crabb*, who entered into Eternity the 11th Day of *Septemb.* 1680, in the Sixtieth Year of his Age.

Tread

Tread gently, Reader, near the Duſt
Committed to this Tomb-ſtone's Truſt,
For while 'twas Fleſh it held a Gueſt
With univerſal Love poſſeſt;
A Soul that ſtemm'd Opinions Tyde,
Did over Sects in Triumph ride,
Yet ſeparate from the giddy Crowd
And Paths Tradition had allow'd,
Through good and ill Report he paſt,
Oft cenſur'd, yet approv'd at laſt.
Would'ſt thou his Religion know,
In brief 'twas this: To all to do
Juſt as he would be done unto.
So in kind Nature's Laws he ſtood,
A Temple undefiled with Blood,
A Friend to ev'ry thing was good.
The reſt Angels alone can fitly tell,
Haſte then to them and him, and ſo farewell.

St. Mary's, York.

Nigh to the River *Ouſe*, in *York*'s fair City,
Unto this pretty Maid, Death ſhew'd no Pity;
As ſoon as ſhe'd her Pail with Water fill'd,
Came ſudden Death and Life like Water ſpill'd.

Theſe Lines are in the Church-yard on a Tomb-ſtone ſacred to the Memory of a young Maid, who was accidentally drowned *Dec.* 24. 1696. — The Inſcription is ſaid to be penned by her Lover.

Ger. Joannis Voſſii

Hoc tumulo plorat Pietas et candida virtus,
Et luctu *Pallas* Saxea diriguit.
Invida mors ridet, ridet quoque *Voſſius*, illam
Dum calamo mortem vincit et ingenio.

The Senſe of theſe Lines is: 'On this Tomb weep 'Piety and Virtue; on this Tomb Learning is grown 'Marble with Grief. Envious Death ſmiles; and ſo 'does *Voſſius*, who has conquered Death by his Pen 'and Wit.'

Vivus Domum hanc mihi paravi in qua
quieſcerem mortuus. Noli, obſecro injuriam
Mortuo facere, vivens quam fecerim nemini.
Sum etenim *Joannes Jovianus Pontanus*
Quem amaverunt viri probi, honeſtave-
runt Reges Domini. Scis jam qui ſim, aut qui
Potius fuerim: ego vero te hoſpes noſcere in
Tenebris nequeo, ſed te ipſum ut
Noſcas, rogo. Vale.
Mortuus eſt Anno *Chriſti* M.D.V.

In Engliſh:

'When living I prepared this Houſe to reſt in after 'Death. I beſeech thee injure not him, who never 'injured any. I am *Jovianus Pontanus*, whom honeſt 'Men loved, and Kings and Lords eſteemed. You 'know who I am, or rather who I was: But I, good 'Stranger, cannot know thee in this Darkneſs: Pray 'Heaven, thou may'ſt know thyſelf. Farewell. 'He died in 1505.'

Rome.

D. D. C.
Urna brevis geminum quamvis tenet iſta
Cadaver; attamen in cælo ſpiritus
Unus adeſt. Viximus unanimes *Luciuſque*
Et *Flavius*; idem Senſus, Amor, Studium,
Vita duobus erat.

In

In the Grand Hoſpital at *Rome*.

Hic jacet *Judocus*,
Qui fuit *Romæ* coquus,
Doctor in partibus, Magiſter in artibus,
De gratiâ ſpeciali mortuus in Hoſpitali.

St. Peter's, Norwich.

M. S.
Hic ſitus eſt
Thomas Browne, M. D. et Miles,
An. 1605. *Londini* natus,
Generosâ familiâ apud *Upton* in Agro *Ceſtrenſi* oriundus, Scholâ primum *Wintonienſi*, poſtea in Coll. *Pembr.* apud *Oxonienſes*, bonis literis haud leviter imbutus; in urbe hac *Nordovicenſi* Medicinam, arte egregia et fælici ſucceſſu profeſſus. Scriptis, quibus tituli *Religio Medici et Pſeudodoxia Epidemica*, aliiſque per orbem notiſſimus. Vir pientiſſimus, integerrimus, doctiſſimus. Obiit *Octob.* 19. An. 1682. Pie poſuit mæſtiſſima conjux. D. *Dor. Br.*

Sir *Thomas Browne* was eldeſt Son of *Thomas Browne*, Gent. and was born in *Cheapſide*, *London*, on the 19th of *Nov.* 1605. educated in Grammar Learning in *Wykeham's* School near *Wincheſter*; entered a Commoner of *Broadgate's* Hall (ſoon after known by the Name of *Pembroke College*) in the Beginning of the Year 1623; took the Degrees in Arts, as a Member of the ſaid College; entered on the Phyſic Line, and practiſed that Faculty for ſome Time in theſe Parts. Afterwards he travelled beyond the Seas; was made Doctor of Phyſic at *Leyden*; and after his Return he was incorporated in *Oxford*, *An.* 1637. About which Time he, by the Perſuaſions of

Thomas Lufhington, his ſometime Tutor, retired to the City of *Norwich*; where being ſettled, he was much reſorted to by Patients for his admirable Skill in Phyſic, which he practiſed there with good Succeſs for many Years. He was made *Socius Honorarius* of the College of Phyſicians at *London*; and at length, in *September*, 1671, had the Honour of Knighthood conferred on him by his Majeſty *Charles* II. then at, or near, the City of *Norwich*.—*A. W.*

Holme Pierpaint, Nottinghamſhire.

M. S. *Jo. Oldhami* Poetæ, quo nemo ſacro furore plenior, nemo rebus ſublimior, aut verbis felicius audax; cujus famam omni ævo propria ſatis conſecrabunt carmina. Quem inter primos Honoratiſſimi *Gulielmi* Comitis de *Kingſton* Patroni ſui amplexus variolis correptum, heu nimis immatura mors rapuit, et in cæleſtem tranſtulit chorum. Natus apud *Shiptan* in agro *Glocestrenſi*, in Aula S. *Edmundi* Graduatus. Obiit die *Dec.* 9. 1683. Æt. 30.

Mr. *Oldham*, the Poet, was the Son of *John Oldham*, a Non-conformiſt Miniſter. In the great *Hiſtorical, Geographical*, and *Poetical Dictionary* is this Character of Mr. *Oldham*:—He was the Darling of the Muſes; a pithy, ſententious, elegant, and ſmooth Writer. His Tranſlations exceed the Original, and his Invention ſeems matchleſs. His Satyr on the Jeſuits is of ſpecial Note, and he may ſafely be ſaid to have excelled all the Satyriſts of the Age. He was honoured after his Death by an Elegy made by *Dryden*, Poet Laureat, who calls him the *Marcellus of our Tongue*.

Merton

Merton Coll. Chap. *Oxford.*

Memoriæ
Thomæ Bodley, Publicæ Bibliothecæ
Fundatoris Sacrum.
Obiit 28. *Jan.* Anno 1612.

Thomas Bodley, another *Ptolemy*, eldeſt Son of *John Bodley* of the City of *Exeter*, was born in that City, 2 *Mar.* 1544. partly educated there, but moſtly in *Geneva*, while his Father lived there as a voluntary Exile in the Time of Queen *Mary*; where, tho' he was then very young, he was an Auditor of *Chevalerius* in *Hebrew*, of *Beroaldus* in *Greek*, of *Calvin* and *Beza* in *Divinity*, &c. &c. beſides his domeſtical Teachers in the Houſe of *Philebertus Saracenus*, where *Rob. Conſtantinus*, that made the *Greek* Lexicon, read *Homer* to him. After the Death of Queen *Mary* he returned into *England* with his Father, and was ſent to *Magd.* Coll. in 1559; and in 1563 made Fellow of *Merton*. ——When King *James* came to the Crown, he received the Honour of Knighthood from him:— But the *Bodleian* Library is a Monument that will ever make him dear to *Oxford*, and to the Sons of Learning all over the World.

Queen's Coll. Chap. *Oxford.*

D. O. M.
S.
Gerardo Langbaine, S. S. T. Profeſſori,
Coll. *Reg.* per XII. annos Præpoſito,
Viro antiquâ Pietate, ſummâ integritate,
Ingenio literarum omnium capaci,
Omnibus ſupra fidem exculto.
Judicio acerrimo, induſtriâ animo pari,

Cui corpus (quamvis validum) impar:
Literis juvandis, propagandiſque nato,
Qui temporibus ſuis omnia,
Et naturam ſuam omnibus
Reſtituere poterat.
In quo nec collegium cui præfuit,
Nec Academia cui ſe impendit,
Vel fidem unquam deſideravit vel ſucceſſum,
Qui ſæculo difficillimo inter æſtuantes rerum fluctus
Clavum rectum tenuit.
Vixit annos L.M.I.D.VI.
Animam Deo reddidit A. D. **.

Gerard Langbaine (ſays *Wood*) a great Ornament of his Time to the Univerſity of *Oxon*, was Son of *William Langbaine*, and born at *Barton Kirke*, in *Weſtmorland*; elected Keeper of the Archives of the Univerſity in 1644, and in 1645 made Provoſt of his College. He was (ſays *Wood*) an excellent Linguiſt, an able Philoſopher and Divine, a good common Lawyer, a public ſpirited Man, a Lover of Learning and learned Men, beloved of Dr. *Uſher*, *Selden*, and the great *Goliahs* of Literature. He was alſo an excellent Antiquary; and, as judicious in his Writings, ſo indefatigable in his Studies, and of immenſe Undertakings, as appears by his Works.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Gulielmo, viro Sapientiâ et vitæ Sanctitate claro, qui primum divo *Edwardo* Regi, et Confeſſori familiaris, nuper in Epiſcopum *Londinenſem* erectus; nec multo poſt apud invictiſſimum Principem *Gulielmum Angliæ* Regem, ejus nomine primum, ob prudentiam, fidemque ſingularem, in concilium adhibitus, ampliſſimæ huic urbi celeberrimæ privilegia impetravit: Senatus populuſque

populuſque *Londinenſis* bene merenti poſuit. Sedit Epiſcopus annos xx. Deceſſit anno a Chriſto nato MLXX.

Hæc tibi, clare Pater, poſuerunt marmora cives,
Præmia non meritis æquiparanda tuis:
Namque ſibi populus te *Londonienſis* amicum
Senſit, et huic urbi non leve præſidium:
Reddita Libertas, duce te, donataque multis
Te Duce, res fuerat publica muneribus.
Divitias, genus, et formam brevis opprimat hora:
Hæc tua ſed pietas et beneſacta manent.

Walkers, whoſoere you be!
If it prove you chance to ſee
Upon a ſolemn Scarlet Day,
The City Senate paſs this Way,
Their grateful Memory for to ſhow
Which they the reverend Aſhes owe
Of Biſhop *Norman* here inhum'd,
By whom this City hath aſſum'd
Large Priviledges: Thoſe obtain'd
By him when Conqueror *William* reign'd;
This being by *Barkham*'s thankfull Minde renew'd,
Call it the Monument of Gratitude.

Here lieth *John Cruker*, a Maker of Bellows;
His Crafts-maſter and King of Good Fellows;
Yet when he came to the Houre of his Death,
He that made Bellowes could not make Breath.

J. HOSKINES.

Shuſtoke, Warwickſhire.

M. S.
Willielmi Dugdale Equitis Aurati
Antiquitatum *Warwicenſis* comitatus illuſtratoris:
Qui, per omnes *Curiæ Heraldicæ* gradus aſcendens,
In principalem *Regem Armorum* Anglicanorum,
Titulo *Garter*,
Tandem evectus eſt.
Uxorem *Margeriam Joh. Huntbach de Seawall*
Com. *Staff.* filiam
Duxit;
E qua filios plures, ab hac luce in tenerâ ætate ſublatos,
Johannem vero ſuperſtitem,
Filiaſque diverſas
Suſcepit.
Diem obiit decimam *Februarii* Anno MDCLXXXVI.

Sir *William Dugdale* was the only Son of *John Dugdale*, of *Shuſtoke*, near *Coles Hill*, in the County of *Warwick*, Gentleman, by *Elizabeth*, his Wife, Daughter of *Arthur Swynſen*, a younger Son of *William Swynſen*, in the County of *Stafford*, Eſq; and born at *Shuſtoke* the 12th Day of *September*, *Anno* 1605, the third Year of *James* I. He was educated in Grammar Learning at *Nether Whitacre*, near *Shuſtoke* as aforeſaid; afterwards he went to the Free-ſchool at *Coventry*. In 1622 he married *Margery*, Daughter of Mr. *John Huntbach*, of *Seawall* in *Com. Staff.* In 1676, he was made Garter King at Arms. His Works are very numerous, and reckoned to be all learnedly and accurately written. At length this illuſtrious Perſon catching a Cold at *Blytheball*, he died thereof in his Chair about One in the Afternoon on the Tenth of *Feb.* as his Epitaph mentions; and on the 12th he was buried in a Stone Coffin at *Shuſtoke*, in a little Vault which he had cauſed to be made during his Life-time.

Here

H ere or elſewhere (all's one to you, or me)
E arth, Air or Water gripes my ghoſtleſs Duſt,
N one knowing when brave Fire ſhall ſet it free.
R eader, if you an oft-try'd Rule will truſt,
Y ou'll gladly do and ſuffer all you muſt.

M y Life was worn with ſerving yours and you,
A nd Death's my Pay (it ſeems) and welcome too.
R evenge deſtroying but itſelf, while I
T o Birds of Prey leave my cold Cage and fly.
E xamples preach to th' Eye, care (then mine ſays)
N ot how you end but how you ſpend your Days,
Aged 78.

This was written by *Harry Marten* for himſelf. He died ſuddenly in *Chepſtow* Caſtle in 1680, and was buried in the Church there: But whether this was ever on his Tomb or not, I cannot ſay. *Antony Wood* calls this poor Wretch, *Oliver Cromwell*'s Shoeing-Horn; as the Protector juſt made what Uſe of him he wanted, and then turned him off.

On ——Tarlton.

Hic ſitus eſt, cujus vultus, vox, actio poſſet
Ex *Heraclito* reddere *Democritum*.

From Cambden.

Here lyeth *Richard a Preene*,
One thouſand, five hundred, eighty-nine,
Of *March* the xx day:
And he that will die after him may.

Eaton College.

H. S. E.

Richardus Alleſtree Cathedræ Theologicæ in Univerſitate *Oxonienſi* Profeſſor Regius; Eccleſiæ *Chriſti* ibidem Præbendarius; et Collegii hujus *Etonenſis* Præpoſitus. Muniis iſtis ſingulis ita par, ut omnibus major. In diſputationibus irrefragabilis, concionibus flexanimus, negotiis ſolers, vitâ integer; pietate ſanctus. Epiſcopales inſulas eadem induſtriâ evitavit, qua alii ambiunt; cui rectius viſum, Eccleſiam defendere, inſtruere, ornare, quam regere. Laboribus, ſtudiiſque perpetuis exhauſtus, morte, ſi quis alius, præmatura obiit vir deſideratiſſimus *Januarii* XXVIII. An. MDC.LXXX. ætatis LXI. Nobile ſibi monumentum areæ adjacentis latus occidentale quod a fundamentis propriis impenſis ſtruxit, vivus ſibi ſtatuit. Brevem hanc Tabellam hæredes defuncto poſuere.

This worthy Man was Profeſſor of Divinity in *Oxford*; Prebend of *Chriſt Church* in that Univerſity, and Head of *Eaton* College. He was always loyal to his good Maſter King *Charles* the Firſt, and actually bore a Muſket for him in the Year 1642, under the Command of Sir *John Byron*, when the Scholars put themſelves in Arms for their Sovereign.

St. Maria Nuova, Naples.

Fuy el que no ſoy.
Soy el que no fuy.
Sera el que yo ſoy.
Eſpanna leche me dio.
Italia fuerte y bentura.
Y aqui es mi ſepoltura.
Es de *Roderigo Nunnez de Palma.*
Anno Domini 1597.

In

In Engliſh thus:

'I was what I am not. I am what I was not.
'What I am thou ſhalt be. *Spain* gave me Birth:
'*Italy* determined my Fortune. Here I lie buried.
'*Roderigo Nunez de Palma*, 1597.'

Dominican Convent, Bologna.

Hic ſitus in tumulo eſt *Gulielmus* gloria gentis
Anglorum, quem mors traxit ad *Elyſios*.
Nam modo feſtivos dum ſpectat ludere Bombos,
Bombardi fractus viribus occubuit.
Proh! dolor! ergo homini quænam fiducia *Martis*
Si jugulant etiam quos putat eſſe jocos?

This is on an Engliſhman *killed by ſome Fireworks.*

The Church of the *Holy Virgin del Popolo, Rome.*

Barbariem *Hermolaos* Latio qui depulit omnem
Barbarus hic ſitus eſt, utraque lingua gemit.
Urbs *Venetum* vitam, mortem dedit inclyta *Roma*;
Non potuit naſci clarius atque mori.

This is on the Tomb of *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a noble *Venetian*, and Embaſſador from that Republic to the Court of *Rome*; in which City he expired in 1493, aged about 39. He died of Grief, finding himſelf diſgraced by the Senate, for having accepted Pope *Innocent* VIII's Nomination to the Patriarchate of *Aquileia*; which the *Venetian* Lords looked upon as an Encroachment of the Court of *Rome* upon their Rights.—*A. B.*

In

In Divam *Theodoram* crimînis virilis accusatam, cum pœnitentiæ causa Cœnobium Monarchorum habitu virili ingressa, sexumque dissimulans, vitam incognita viveret.

Situs, an Sita jacet hic?
Quisquis es, effare.
Theodora sum anceps.
Mater fœminam genuit,
Culpa dolorque marem.
Sceleri succubuit fœmina:
Succubui et exhorrui,
Medioque scelus aversata in scelere
Repente Vir
Memet, tunicamque,
Animumque exuta fœmineum,
Sexumque, habitumque mentita,
Non mentita mares animos.
Moribus adscripta Cœnobitis
Virilis accusata criminis mulier,
Ultore Deo,
Nec virum me, nec crimen negavi:
Verum ficto compensans scelere
Vitam exui, non exui probrum.
Intuleram in Urna indecoros artus
Ni labem elueret,
Postremus abluendi corporis Labor.
Emitit hinc castus intemeratæ mentis nitor;
Jam *Theodora* pudens,
Theodorus habitus impudens:
Suumque corpus terræ,
Meum mihi nomen,
Sua mens reddita cœlo est.
Cælatum lapidi carmen:
Hic *Theodora* cubat innocens, Vir credita nocens;
Ignoratum crimen falsi luit fama criminis.

Debitas Deo pœnas pœna exſolvit indebita,
Mulier genere, Vir animo,
Viri virtute major.

AL. NOVARIN.

Florence.

Politianus in hoc tumulo jacet *Angelus*, unum
Qui caput, et linguas, res nova! tres habuit.

In Engliſh thus:

'Within this Tomb the fam'd *Politian*'s laid,
'Who had (moſt ſtrange) three Tongues within one
'Head.'

Angelo Politian was born at *Monte Pulciano*, in *Tuſcany*, the Fourteenth of *July*, 1454. He was one of the moſt learned and polite Writers of his Age. Had he lived longer, he would have enriched the Commonwealth of Learning with ſeveral excellent Compoſures: But, according to *Varillas*, not being able to ſatisfy the unchaſte Love he had conceived for one of his Scholars, who was a Youth of Quality, he fell into a Fever; and in the Violence of the Fit he made a Song for the beloved Object, got out of his Bed, took a Lute, and fell a ſinging ſuch a moving and doleful Tune, that he expired as he was ending the ſecond Couplet. Cardinal *Bembo* ſays, that he died as he was ſinging ſome mournful Verſes upon the Death of *Alexander*, Duke of *Florence*; who had been wickedly killed by his Couſin. There is a groſs Falſity in theſe Words; for this *Alexander*, Duke of *Florence*, was killed 43 Years after *Politian*'s Death. — Several learned Men made it their Buſineſs to comment on his Poems. *Nicholas Beraldus* wrote a Commentary on *Politian*'s *Sylva*, intituled *Ruſticus*; and *John Murmelius*

melius did the ſame. *Francis Sanchez* publiſhed his Notes on the four *Sylvas* of *Politian* in the Year 1544. *John Alexander Braſſicanus*, and *Jodocus Badicus*, alſo employed themſelves in the ſame Manner.

Nuremberg.

Quicquid *Alberti Dureri* Mortale fuit
Sub hoc conditur tumulo.
Emigravit. VII. *Id. Aprilis* MDXLVIII.

In Engliſh:

'What was mortal of *Albert Durer* lies under this 'Tomb. He went hence the 7th of the Ides of '*April*, 1548.'

Albert Durer was deſcended from an *Hungarian* Family, and born at *Nuremberg*, *May* the 20th, 1471. He was one of the beſt Engravers and moſt excellent Painters of his Time. The Emperor *Maximilian* had a very particular Affection and Eſteem for him, and gave him good Penſions, and Letters of Nobility, and for a Coat of Arms three Eſcutcheons argent in a Field azure. *Charles* V. and *Ferdinand* King of *Hungary*, his Brother, imitated this Favour and Munificence of the Emperor *Maximilian*. And yet it is ſaid this great Painter died very poor, and was buried at the public Charge. He was a Man of a charming Converſation, and a Lover of Mirth and Diverſions; but in a Way conſiſtent with good Manners. He was wiſe and virtuous, and never employed his Time in obſcene Repreſentations. His Picture of *Adam* and *Eve* is one of the moſt conſiderable of his Pieces: It is in the Palace of *Prague*: And occaſioned the following Epigram by *Gaſpar Vellius*:

Angelus

Angelus hos cernens, miratus dixit: Ab horto
Non ita formoſos vos ego depuleram.

An Angel ſaw, and wond'ring cry'd, leſs fair
From *Eden*'s Bow'rs I drove yon beauteous Pair.

Antwerp.

Juſti Lipſii
Quod claudi potuit
Hic jacet.
S. P. Q. *Antverp.*
Inclyti Viri
Famæ, Orbi Notæ,
Virtuti, cælo receptæ,
H. M. P.

In Engliſh thus:

'Here reſts all that was earthly of *Juſtus Lipſius*. 'The Senate and People of *Antwerp* raiſed this Monument to the Fame of this great Man (known to 'all the World), and to his Virtues, now called up 'to Heaven.'

Holy Trinity, at *Rome.*

Deo Trino et Uni.

Gulielmo Alano, Lancaſtrienſi S. R. E. Preb. Card. *Angliæ.* Qui extorris a Patriâ, perfectus laboribus diuturnis, et Orthodoxâ Religione tuendâ ſudoribus multis in Seminariis ad Salutem Patriæ inſtituendis, ſorendis, periculis plurimis ob Eccleſiam Romanam, operâ, ſcriptis, omni corporis et animi contentione defenſam, hic in ejus gremio, ſcientiæ, pietatis, modeſtiæ,

deſtiæ, integritatis fama, et exemplo clarus, ac pie omnibus charus occubuit XVII *Kalend. Novemb.* anno Ætatis LXIII. Exilis XXXIII. Salutis humanæ MDXCIV.

This *William Alan* was Principal of *St. Mary's Hall* in *Oxford*, in 1556, and one of the Proctors of the Univerſity. On the coming to the Crown of Queen *Elizabeth*, he left his Country, and went to *Levain*, at that Time an eminent Academy. Falling ill there, he was adviſed to return to *England* for his Health; whence he was driven for attempting to make Proſelytes. He then became Divinity Reader to a certain Monaſtery at *Mechlin*, in *Brabant*. He was next made Canon of *Cambray*; then Canon of *Rheimes*: At length for his many Labours, as in making Converts, erecting Seminaries, *&c. &c. &c.* he was by Pope *Sixtus* V. made a Prieſt Cardinal of *St. Martin in Montibus*, and two Years after, Archbiſhop of *Mechlin*, in *Brabant*. — He was an active Man, of great Parts and high Prudence: Religious and zealous in his Profeſſion; reſtleſs till he had performed what he had undertaken; affable, genteel, and winning; and withal had a Perſonage handſome and proper; which with an innate Gravity, ſays *Wood*, commanded Reſpect from all thoſe he had to do with.

For the Reverſe of the Medal, ſee *Cambden*'s Annals of Queen *Eliz.* 1589.

Venice.

Joanni Magio
Puero incomparabili
Qui ob imperitiam obſtetricis
Ex utero ſtatim tranſlatus
Eſt ad tumulum Die 21 *Decemb.*
M.DXXXII.

In

In Engliſh thus:

'To the Memory of
'*John Maghi*,
'an INCOMPARABLE Boy,
'Who, through the Unſkilfulneſs of the Midwife,
'on the 21ſt Day of *December*, 1532.
'was tranſlated from the Womb to the Tomb.'

Rome.

Siſte gradum, Viator; ſi probus es, morere
Victurus. Si improbus es, Vive morſturus.

Lucretiæ Tullii Tuſculani et *Mariæ Salomoniæ*. F. Animi Candore, Liberali formâ, priſcâque Matronarum Virtute ornatiſſimæ. Obiit Anno Sal. MDL.XI. *Kal. Maii*. Ætatis XXIX.

Non tibi promittas, decus O juvenile ſenectam,
Sæpe ſuum candens flos cadit ante Diem.

Merton College Chapel, *Oxford.*

Amice, ſi quis hic ſepultus eſt, roges:
Ille, qui nec meruit unquam,
Nec quod majus eſt, habuit inimicum,
Qui potuit in aula vivere et mundum ſpernere,
Concionator educatus inter Principes,
Et ipſe facile Princeps inter Concionatores.
Evangeliſtâ indefeſſus, Epiſcopus pientiſſimus;

Ille

Ille qui una cum ſacratiſſimo Rege,
Cujus et juvenilium ſtudiorum,
Et animæ Deo charæ
Curam à beatiſſimo Patre demandatam geſſit,
Nobile ac Religioſum exilium eſt paſſus:
Ille qui *Hookeri* ingentis, *Politiam Eccleſiaſticam*,
Ille qui *Caroli Martyris* Εικονα Βασιλικην,
(Volumen quo poſt Apocalypſin divinius nullum)
Legavit orbi ſic Latine editas,
Ut uterque unius fidei defenſor,
Patriam adhuc retineat majeſtatem;
Si nomen ejus necdum tibi ſuboleat, Lector,
Nomen ejus ut unguenta pretioſa:
Johannes Earle Eboracenſis,
Sereniſſimo *Carolo* 2do. Regis Oratorii Clericus.

Eccleſiæ { aliquando *Weſtmonaſterienſis*, deinde *Wigornenſis*, tandem *Sariſburienſis* } Decanus,
et nunc triumphantis { Angelus.

Obiit *Oxonii*, *Novemb.* 17, Anno { Dom. 1665. Ætatis ſuæ 65.

Voluitque in hoc ubi olim floruerat Collegio,
Ex *Æde Chriſti* huc in ſocium aſcitus,
Ver magnum, ut reflorefcat, expectare.

This *John Earl* was born at *York*, admitted Probationer Fellow of *Merton College*, *Oxford*, in 1620, aged 19 Years, or thereabouts; and proceeded in Arts four Years after. His younger Years were adorned with Oratory, Poetry, and witty Fancies; and his elder with quaint Preaching and ſubtile Diſputes. In 1631 he was one of the Proctors in the Univerſity, and about that time Chaplain to *Philip* Earl of *Pembroke*; who, for his Services and Merits, beſtowed on him the Rectory of *Biſhopſton* in *Wilts*. Afterwards he was conſtituted Chaplain and Tutor to *Charles* Prince

rince of *Wales*, after Dr. *Duppe* was make Biſhop of *aliſbury*; was actually created Doctor of Divinity in 642; elected one of the Aſſ. of Divines the Year ollowing, but refuſed to ſit among them; and Chanellor of the Cathedral at *Saliſbury*, in the Place of *Vill. Chillingworth* deceaſed, in the latter End of the ame Year 1643. Afterwards he was perſecuted and deprived of all he had, for adhering to his Majeſty King *Charles* I. ſuffered in Exile with his Son, King *Charles* II. whom, after his Defeat at *Worceſter*, he ſaluted at *Roan*, upon his Arrival in *Normandy*; and thereupon was made his Chaplain, and Clerk of the Cloſet. After the King's Return, he was made Dean of *Weſtminſter*, keeping his Clerkſhip ſtill; was conſecrated Biſhop of *Worceſter* after the Death of Dr. *Gauden*, in 1662; and at length was tranſlated to the See of *Saliſbury*, 1663. He was a Perſon of the ſweeteſt and moſt obliging Nature that lived in our Age (ſays *S. Creſy*), and ſince Mr. *Richard Hooker* died, none have lived whom God had bleſt with more innocent Wiſdom, more ſanctified Learning, or a more pious, primitive, peaceable Temper than he.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

In Memoriam *Henrici Croft* equitis aurati, Exploratoris in *Hiberniâ* generalis, qui obiit in Anno 1609.

Six Lines this Image ſhall delineate,
Hight *Croft*, high borne, in Spirit and Vertue high,
Approv'd, belov'd, a Knight, ſtout *Mars* his mate,
Love's fire, War's flame, in Heart, head, hand and Eye;
Which flame War's comet, grace now ſo refines,
That fixt in Heaven, in Heaven and Earth it ſhines.

Proſopopeia.

The

The wombe and tombe in name be not so neere,
As Life to death, and birth is to the bear:
Oh then how soon to Beer are Captains brought,
That now to live, and die now with a thought:
Then Captains stay and read, still think on me,
For with a thought, what I am, you may be:
As *Mars* neer *Mars* doth sound,
So *Mars* neer *Mars* is found.

Heus, Peripatetice!
Conde tibi tumulum, nec fide hæredis amori,
Epitaphiumque compara:
Mortuus est, nec emit libris hæc verba ducentis,
Woodgatus Hic sepultus est.

This Mr. Cambden *saw written with a Coal on a Wall in* New College, Oxford.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Thomas Ravis claris Natalibus *Maulденæ* in *Suthreia* natus, Regius Alumnus in Schola *Westmanasteriensi* educatus; in Academiam *Oxoniensem* adscitus, omnes Academicos honores consequutus, et Magistratibus perfunctus, Decanus Ecclesiæ *Christi* ibidem constitutus; et bis Academiæ Pro-Cancellarius; unde ob doctrinam gravitatem, et spectatam prudentiam a Rege *Jacobo* primum ad Episcopatum *Gloecestrensem* provectus, deinde ad *Londinensem* translatus, et demum a *Christo*, dum Ecclesiæ, Patriæ, et Principi vigilaret, in cælestem patriam evocatus, placide pieque emigravit; et quod mortale fuit, certâ spe resurgendi, hic posuit die 14 *Decembris*, Anno Salutis 1609.

Thomas

Thomas Ravis was born at *Maldon*, in *Surrey*; elected King's Scholar into the College of *Weſtminſter*, and made a Student of *Chriſt Church*, *Oxford*, in 1575. In 1604 he was appointed one of the *Oxford* Men to tranſlate Part of the *New Teſtament*; and the ſame Year made Biſhop of *Gloucester*. In 1607 he was tranſlated to *London*; where ſitting but a ſhort Time, he paid his laſt Debt to Nature (to the great Reluctancy of all good Men, eſpecially thoſe who knew the Piety of the Biſhop, and how he had for many Years, with much Vigilancy, ſerved his Church, King, and Country), on *Dec.* the 14. *A.D.* 1609. —*A. W.*

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Gulielmo Lilio Paduano Scholæ olim Præceptori primario, et *Agnetæ* Conjugi, in Sacratiſſimo hujus Templi cœmeterio, hinc a tergo nunc deſtructo, conſepultis; *Georgius Lilius* hujus Eccleſiæ Canonicus, Parentum memoriæ piè conſulens, tabellam hanc ab amicis conſervatam, hic reponendam curavit.

Obiit ille *G. L.* Anno D. 1522. v Calend. *Martii.*
Vixit Annos LIV.

William Lilye (ſays *Wood*) was born at *Odyham*, in *Hampſhire*, elected one of the Demyes, or Semi-Commoners of *St. Mary Magd. Coll.* in 1486, aged 18 Years, and took, as it ſeems, one Degree in Arts; and then, giving a Farewel to the Univerſity, went for Religion's Sake to *Jeruſalem*; where after he had paid his Vows, he put in at his Return at the Iſle of *Rhodes*, and making ſome Stay there, he learned the *Latin* and *Greek* Tongues exactly; which Matter ſeemed ſtrange to ſome, foraſmuch as *Rhodes* was not *Rhodes* in that Age, except ſome great Critick was caſually there. —Thence he went to *Rome*, where he heard

heard *Joh. Sulpitius* and *Pomponius Sabinus*, great Maſters of *Latin* in thoſe Days, read and teach. After his Return he ſettled in *London*, and taught Grammar, Poetry, and Rhetorick, with good Succeſs. At length Dr. *John Colet*, Dean of *St. Paul's*, made him the Firſt Maſter of that School. — *But* this learned Author, being infected with the Plague, died of it on the 5th of the *Calends* of *March*.

Thame, Oxfordſhire.

Georgius Croke, Eques auratus, unus Juſticiariorum de Banco Regis, judicio Lynceato, et animo præſenti inſignis, veritatis Hæres, quem nec minæ nec honos allexit, Regis Authoritatem et populi Libertatem æquâ lance libravit, Religione cordatus, vitâ innocuus, manu expansâ, corde humili pauperes erogavit: Mundum et vitam deſeruit anno ætatis LXXXII, anno Regis *Caroli* XVII, annoque Domini MDCXLI.

George Croke, Son of Sir *George Croke*, Knt. one of the Juſtices of the King's Bench, was born of and deſcended from an antient Family living at *Chilton*; after he left the Free-ſchool at *Thame*, he went to *Oxford:* And from that Univerſity to the *Inner Temple*. In the 21ſt of *James* I. he was made a Serjeant at Law, and about that time a Knight. In the Year following he was conſtituted one of the Juſtices of the Common Bench, and in the 4th of *Charles* I. one of the Juſtices of the King's Bench. He had (ſays *Wood*) a moſt prompt Invention and Apprehenſion, accompanied with an excellent Memory; by means whereof, and his ſedulous and indefatigable Induſtry, he attained to a profound Science and Judgment in the Laws of the Land. He was reſolute and ſtedfaſt for the Truth; of great Integrity, very liberal,

liberal, and especially charitable; as it appears by his building an Hospital for poor People in his Manor of *Studley*, near *Beckley*, in *Oxfordshire*, and a Chapel also near to the Manor-House; both which he liberally endowed.

Sevenoak, in *Kent*.

P. M. viri ornatissimi *Thomæ Farnabii* Armigeri, causæ olim Regiæ, reique publicæ sed literariæ vindicis acerrimi. Obiit 12. *Junii* 1647.

Vatibus hic sacris qui lux *Farnabius* olim,
Vate carens Saxo nunc sine luce jacet.

Thomas Farnabie, the most noted Schoolmaster of his Time, Son of *Thomas Farnabie* of *London*, Carpenter, Son of —— *Farnabie*, sometime Mayor of *Truro*, in *Cornwall*, was born in *London* about 1575, became a Student in *Merton College*, *Oxford*, in the Beginning of 1590: At which Time, being a Youth of great Hope, he was entertained by Mr. *Thomas French*, a learned Fellow of that House, who made him his Postmaster, and so consequently his Servitor, it being the Fashion then for Postmasters to serve those Fellows from whom they received their Places. But this Youth being very wild, tho' of pregnant Parts, made no long Stay there; for, being enticed to forsake his Religion and Country, he left the College very abruptly, went into *Spain*, and was for some time educated there in a certain College belonging to the Jesuits. At length, being weary of their severe Discipline, he found a Way to leave them; and then, being minded to take a Ramble, went with Sir *Francis Drake* and Sir *John Hawkins* in their last Voyage, 1595. Mr. *Wood* hints at his being afterwards a Sol-

dier in the *Low Countries*. However that may be, on Coming to *England*, he taught School at ſeveral Places with great Succeſs. He ſuffered a great deal of Impriſonment, &c. on being ſuſpected to wiſh well to the King: And died at laſt at *Sevenoak*, where he lies buried. He publiſhed with Notes, *Juvenal*, *Perſius*, *Seneca*, *Martial*, *Lucan*, *Virgil*, *Terence*, and *Ovid*; with many other School Books.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Johanni Donne,
Sac. Theol. Profeſſ.
Poſt varia ſtudia quibus
Ab annis teneribus fideliter, nec infeliciter incubuit
inſtinctu et impulſu Spir. Scti.
Monitu et hortatu Regis *Jacobi*,
Ordines ſacros amplexus,
Anno ſui Jeſu 1614. et ſuæ ætatis 42.
Decanatu hujus Eccleſ. indutus
27° *Novemb.* 1621.
Exutus morte ultimo die
Martii A° 1631.
Hic licet in occiduo cinere,
Aſpicit eum
Cujus nomen eſt Oriens.

Dr. *Donne* was born of good and virtuous Parents in *London*, became a Commoner in *Hart Hall*, *Oxford*, *Anno* 1584, being then but eleven Years of Age; where continuing about three Years, he went to *Cambridge*, and in three Years more to *Lincoln's Inn*. Thence he went on his Travels, and on his Return was made Lord Chancellor *Egerton*'s Secretary; and then on the Sollicitation of his Friends, and eſpecially upon the Motion of King *James* I. he took Orders,

nd was ſoon after made one of the King's Chaplains, D. of D. in *Cambridge*, and in 1621 Dean of *St. Paul's*. He was (ſays *A. W.*) a Perſon of great Wit, Virtue, and Abilities; learned in ſeveral Faculties, and religious and exemplary in his Life and Converſation. In all which being eminent, he was therefore celebrated, and his Memory had in great Veneration by the learned Men of that time; among whom were *Ben Jonſon*, Sir *Lucius Cary* (afterwards Lord *Falkland*), *Sydney Godolphin*, *Jaſper Mayne*, Lord Chancellor *Hyde*, *Endimion Porter*, *Arthur Wilton*, &c. &c.

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Hic *Nicolaum* ne *Baconem* conditum
Exiſtima illum, tam diu *Britannici*
Regni ſecundum columen; Exitium malis;
Bonis aſylum; Cæca quem non extulit
Ad hunc honorem Sors; ſed Equitas, Fides,
Doctrina, Pietas, unica et Prudentia:
Neu morte raptum crede; quis unica
Vita perenni emerit duas, agit
Vitam ſecundam cælites inter animas.
Fama implet orbem, vita quæ illi tertia eſt.
Hic poſitum in Ara eſt corpus, olim animi
domus,
Ara dicata ſempiterna memoriæ.

Sir *Nicholas Bacon* was a Man of very penetrating Genius, ſingular Prudence, admirable Eloquence, a tenacious Memory, and one of the ableſt Members in the Privy Council. He was Exemplary in the Duties of Religion, both in public and private. The excellence of his Parts was ſet off with the Dignity of his Perſon; and the Queen uſed to ſay, *My Lord Keeper's*

Keeper's Soul lodgeth well. He was never ambitious of his Greatneſs, according to his Motto, *Mediocria firma*; nor was he ſo ſollicitous for a large, as a well gotten, Eſtate. When Queen *Elizabeth* aſked him, as ſhe called at his Houſe at *Redgrave*, in *Suffolk*, in her Progreſs, why his Houſe was ſo little? He anſwered, Madam, my Houſe is not too little for me, but you have made me too big for my Houſe. Mr. *Lloyd* ſums up his Character to this Purpoſe: He underſtood his Miſtreſs well, and the Times better. He could raiſe Factions to ſerve the one, and allay them to ſuit the other. He had the deepeſt Reach into Affairs of any Man at the Council Table; the acuteſt Head to penetrate into Difficulties; the moſt comprehenſive Judgment to diſcern the Merit of a Cauſe; the ſtrongeſt Memory to recollect all Circumcumſtances of a Buſineſs at one View; the greateſt Patience to debate and conſider; and the cleareſt Reaſon to urge any thing that came in his Way in Council or Chancery. His Favour was eminent with his Miſtreſs; and his Alliance ſtrong with her Stateſmen. His Dexterity and Diſpatch advanced him to the *Court of Wards*; his deep Experience made him Lord Keeper. He was the exacteſt Man to draw up Regulations in Council, and the moſt diſcreet to execute them in Court. When others urged the Repeal of that Act, whereby Queen *Elizabeth* was declared illegitimate, he was for waving that Deſign, thinking the Cloſure of a feſtered Wound more prudent than the Opening of it; and judging it higher Wiſdom to ſatisfy the World with the old Law, that the Crown takes away all Defects, than to perplex it with new Diſputes. His Account of *England*, and all its Affairs, was punctual; his Uſe of learned Artiſts was continual; his Correſpondence with his Fellow-Stateſmen exact; his Apprehenſions of our Laws and Government clear; his Model of both methodical; his Faithfulneſs to the Church eminent; and

his

his Induſtry for the State indefatigable. He was, in a Word, the Father of his Country, and Sir *Francis Bacon.*

T. BIRCH.

Chriſt's Church Cath. *Oxon.*

Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet *Democritus* junior, cui vitam dedit, et mortem Melancholia. Obiit 8. *Id. Jan.* 1639.

This is on *Robert Burton*, who was Student of *Chriſt Church, Oxford.* He wrote a Book called *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, by *Democritus junior*, firſt printed in *Quarto*, and ſeveral Times in *Folio*, Ann. 1624, 1632, 38, and 1652, &c. to the great Profit of the Bookſeller, who got an Eſtate by it.

The Epitaph is in Engliſh thus:

'Known to few, unknown to fewer, here lies 'Democritus junior, who lived and died by Melan-'cholly. He dieſt the 8th of the *Ides* of *January*, '1639.'

St. Lewis in *Rome.*

D. O. S. M.

Thomæ Moro dioc. *Ebor. Anglo*, magni illius *Thomæ Mori Angliæ* Cancellarii et Martyris pronepoti atque hæredi, viro pietati et probitate inſigni; qui, raro admodum apud *Britannos* exemplo, in fratrem natu minorem amplum tranſcripſit Patrimonium, et preſbyter *Romæ* factus, inde in patriam profectus, pluſculos annos, ſtrenuam fidei propagandæ navavit operam: poſtea Cleri *Anglicani* negotia ſeptem annos *Romæ*, et 5 in *Hiſpaniâ* P. P. *Paulo* 5to, et *Gregorio* 15 ſum-

mâ cum integritate et induſtriâ ſuiſque ſumptibus procuravit. Tandem de ſubrogando *Anglis* Epiſcopo ad *Urbanum* 8. miſſus, negotio feliciter confecto, laborum mercedem recepturus, ex hâc vita migravit, 11 *April.* An. 1625, æt. ſuæ 59.

Clerus *Anglicanus* mæſtus P.

This *Thomas More* being a zealous Catholic, and conſtantly affected to the *French* Nation and Crown, did at his own Coſt and Charge, with unwearied Induſtry, aſſemble all the *Engliſh* Perſons of Note that were then in and about *Rome*, to ſupplicate his Holineſs for a Diſpatch of a Contract between the K. of *England* and *Henrietta Maria* of *France*, An. 1624-5, which being done, the ſaid *Thomas*, who was the Youth or Speaker for the ſaid *Engliſh* Perſons, died 11 *April*, according to the Account followed at *Rome*.

Norwich Cathedral.

Johannes Parkhurſtus Theologiæ Profeſſor, *Gylfordiæ* natus, *Oxoniæ* educatus, temporibus *Mariæ* Reginæ pro nitidâ conſcientiâ *Tigurinæ* vixit exſul voluntarius. Poſtea præſul factus, ſanctiſſimè hanc rexit Eccleſiam 16 annos, et mortuus eſt ſecundo die *Februarii*, an. 1574, ætatis ſuæ 63.—

Viro bono, docto ac pio *Johanni Parkhurſto* Epiſcopo vigilantiſſimo, *Georgius Gardiner*, poſuit hoc.

John Parkhurſt, Son of *George Parkhurſt*, was born at *Guildford* in *Surry*, ſent, when very young, to *Oxon*, where he was educated in Grammar Learning, in the School joining to *Magdalen Col. Common-Gate*, under the famous Mr. *Thomas Robertſon*, was elected Probationer

batione Fellow of *Merton* Col. in 1529, and three Years after proceeding in Arts, entered into holy Orders, tho' better for Poetry and Oratory, than Divinity. At length he became Rector of the rich Church of *Cleve*, (called by ſome *Biſhops-Cleve*) in *Glouceſterſhire*, where he did a great deal of Good by his Hoſpitality and Charity. After the Death of K. *Edward* 6. he left all for Religion ſake, and went into voluntary Exile to *Zurich*; where remaining till the Death of Queen *Mary*, not without great Dangers and Afflictions, he returned when Queen *Elizabeth* ſucceeded, and was by her made Biſhop of *Norwich*. To which he being elected *April* 13, he was conſecrated on the firſt of *September*, and inſtalled by *John Saliſbury* Dean of that Church, 27th of that Month, an. 1560. and about 6 Years after was made Dr. of Divinity. For an Account of his Works ſee *A. Wood's*, *Athenæ Oxon.*

Here lieth old *Cromwell*,
Who, living, loved the Bum well.
When he dy'd, he gave nothing to the Poor,
But half to his Baſtards and half to his Whore.

Theſe Lines were made on *Cromwell Lea*, a younger Son of *Anth. Lea*, or *Lee*, of *Burſton* in *Bucks*, Knight (by his Wife, the Daughter of Sir *Thomas Wyat*, Knt.) He was educated at *Oxford*, and from that Place went to *Italy*. On his Return, he wrote a Dictionary in *Italian* and *Engliſh*, now in the Library of *St. John's* Col. *Oxf.* of which Place he had been a Commoner. He died in 1601, but where buried I know not.

A. O.

Margareta Sandes.

Digna hæc luce diuturniore,
Niſi quod luce meliore digna.

Holy Apoſtles, Naples.

Hic Tumulus magni, brevis hæc eſt urna * *Marini*,
Illius hoc tegitur marmore fracta Lyra.
Clara Mari traxit cognomina, gurgite pleno
Carmina, et arguto qui dedit ore ſales.

D. O. M.

Joannes Baptiſta Marinus Neapolitanus, inclytus Muſarum Genius, Elegantiarum Parens, H. S. R. Natura factus ad Lyram, hauſto e *Permeſſi* undâ volucri quodam igne Poeſeos, gradiore ingenii venâ effervuit. In una *Italica* dialecto *Græcam*, *Latinam* ad miraculum uſque miſcuit Muſam. Egregias priſcorum Poetarum animas expreſſit omnes, ipſe ipſum exprimit, nemo præter. Cecinit æquâ laude ſacra, prophana. Diviſo in bicipiti *Parnaſſo* ingenio, utroque vertice ſublimior. Extorris diù Patriâ, rediit *Parthenopem Siren* peregrina ut propior eſſet *Maroni Marinus*. Nunc laureato cineri marmor hoc plaudit, ut accinit ad æternam citharam Famæ concentus.

* This is on the Tomb of the famous Poet *Marino*, born at *Naples* in 1569. His excellent Compoſitions gained him the Eſteem of moſt Princes in *Europe*. *Charles Emanuel*, Duke of *Savoy*, knighted him in conſideration of his admirable Talents. He died *March* 26, 1625.

St. Mary

St. Mary ſupra Minervam, Rome.

D. O. M.
Raphaeli Fabretto Gaſparis. F. *Vincentyn.*
Patritio *Urbinati*, et S. C.
Ob Antiquitates Urbis illuſtratas,
In *Romanos* Patritios cum Gente ſuâ adlecto.
Alexandri VII. a ſupplicibus Libellis,
Vaticanæ Baſilicæ Canonico,
Archivii Apoſtolici Molis *Hadrianæ* Præf.
Viro *Italis* exteriſque notiſſimo,
Qui dum Agri *Romani* Deſcriptionem pararet,
Obiit VI. *Id. Febr.* A. D. M.DCC.
Vixit Ann. LXXIX. Menſi VII.
Gaſper Fabrettus Joſephi Fratris F.
Magiſter Militum Provinciæ *Urbinatium*
Ex Teſtamento B. M. P.

The Senſe of this Inſcription is thus:

Raphael Fabretti was born in the *Vicentin*, created a *Roman Patrician* on account of his learned Illuſtrations of the Antiquities of this City, and raiſed to ſeveral Poſts of Diſtinction by the Popes. He died at *Rome* in 1700, aged 79, as he was going to publiſh a Deſcription of the *Roman* Territories.

Canterbury Cathedral.

H. S. M.
Janæ Hardreſs, *Thomæ Hardreſs* Equitis aurati ſervientis Dom. et Regi ad Legem, et *Philadelphiæ* uxoris ejus, unicæ Filiæ perantiquo ſtemmate oriundæ. Virgo tum Naturæ tum Mentis dotibus eximie decorata, omnibus, præcipue Parentibus, obſequioſa, precibus aſſidua, indigentibus larga, Moribus conſpi-

cua vere niveis, placida et affabilis, formâ et decore præſtans, cognatis chara, et ab omnibus quibus nota, maxime deplorata. Animam Deo libenter reſignabat undecimo die *Martii* An. Salutis 1675. Ætatis 20.

O Vos ſelectiſſimæ Sodales adeſte, ſi quid Juvenilis ætas, ſi Parentum amor flagrantiſſimus, fratrumque στοργὴ, ſi res affluentior, ſi denuo denſa amicorum corona, quid valuiſſent, etiamnum vobis intereſſem ſuperſtes; ſed Deo aliter viſum; hoc ſaltem vos exoratas velim,

Adblandienti Mundo diſcite diffidere.

In Engliſh thus:

'To *Jane Hardreſs*, only Daughter to Sir *Thomas* '*Hardreſs*, Knt. a Servant of God, and the King ac'cording to Law, and *Philadelphia* his Wife, de'ſcended from an ancient Family. A Virgin emi'nently adorned with all the Gifts of Body and 'Mind, obedient and reſpectful to all, but eſpecially 'her Parents, conſtant in her Prayers, charitable to 'the Poor, famous for her unſtained Manners; of a 'pleaſing and agreeable Form, and of extraordinary 'Beauty, dear to her Relations, and much lamented 'by all that knew her. She willingly reſigned her 'Soul to God in the Year 1675, in the 20th Year of 'her Age. Mark, ye Virgins, my ſelect Friends and 'Companions! If blooming Youth, if the moſt ten'der Affection of Parents and the Love of Brothers, 'if Affluence of Wealth, if a large Circle of Friends, 'would have availed any thing, I had ſtill continued 'among you; but God would have it otherwiſe. 'Therefore take this Warning from me,

'Learn to diſtruſt a flattering World.'

Canterbury

Canterbury Cathedral.

Sacred to the Memory of *William Prude*, Eſq; Lieutenant Colonel in the *Belgick* Wars; ſlain at the Siege of *Maeſtricht*, the 12th of *July*, 1632.

Stand, Soldiers; ere you march by way of Charge,
Take an Example here that may enlarge
Your Minds to noble Actions. Here in Peace
Reſts one whoſe Life was War, whoſe rich Increaſe
Of Fame and Honour from his Valour grew,
Unbegg'd, unbought; for what he won, he drew
By juſt Deſert: Having in Service been
A Soldier till near ſixty, from ſixteen
Years of his active Life: Continually
Fearleſs of Death, yet ſtill prepar'd to die
In his religious Thoughts: For 'midſt all Harms
He bore as much of Piety as of Arms.
Now, Soldiers, on, and fear not to intrude
The Gates of Death by Example of this *Prude*.

He married *Mary* the Daughter of Sir *Adam Sprakeling*, Knt. and had Iſſue by her four Sons and three Daughters, to whoſe Memory his ſurviving Son, *Searles Prude*, hath erected this Monument.

Hic jacet *J. H.* in expectatione diei ſupremi;
Qualis erat, iſte dies indicabit.

In Engliſh thus:

'Here lies *J. H.* in Expectation of the Day of
'Judgment.
'What he was, that Day will ſhew.'

Canterbury Cathedral.

Thomas Thornhurſt miles, *Stephani Thornhurſt*, Equitis aurati Filius, viribus animi corporiſque pollens, poſtquam in *Batavinis*, *trans Rhenanis* et *Hiſpanicis* bellis glorioſam pro Patriâ navaſſet operam et ducis officio optime functus eſſet; ad inſulam *Rheam* 17 *Julii* Anno Domini 1627 primo appulſu non ſine laude ſuâ, et victoriâ *Anglorum* interfectus eſt. Ex *Barbarâ* uxore, filiâ et unâ cohæredum *Thomæ Shirley*, Armigeri tres ſuſcepit liberos, *Barbaram*, *Antonium*, et *Ceciliam*. Chariſſimi conjugis memoriæ Pietatis et amoris ergo, hoc monumentum poſuit mæſtiſſima uxor *Barbara*.

Stay, gentle Reader, paſs not ſlightly by.
This Tomb is ſacred to the Memory
Of noble *Thornhurſt*, what he was, and who,
There is not Roome enough in me to ſhow,
Nor his brave Story, out at length t' explain.
Both *Germanies*, the new found World, and *Spain*,
Oſtend's long Siege, and *Newport* Battle try'd,
His Worth; at length, warring with *France* he dy'd.
His Blood ſeal'd the laſt Conqueſt, for black *Rhee*
Gave him at once a Death, and Victory.
His Death as well as Life, victorious was;
Fearing leſt *Rhee* (as might be brought to paſs)
By others might be loſt in Time to come;
He took Poſſeſſion till the Day of Doome.

In Engliſh thus:

'Sir *Thomas Thornhurſt*, Son to Sir *Stephen Thornhurſt*, Knt. one equally excelling in Strength of Body and Mind, after he had endured the glorious

'Toil

'Toil in the *Batavian*, *German*, and *Spaniſh* Wars, 'and bravely diſcharged the Office of a Captain, 'was ſlain at the firſt Onſet againſt the Iſle of *Rhee*, 'on the 17th of *July*, Anno 1627, but fell not with-'out acquiring Glory to himſelf and Victory to the '*Engliſh*. By *Barbara* his Wife, Daughter and one 'of the Coheirs of *Thomas Shirley*, Eſq; he had three 'Children, *Barbara*, *Antony*, and *Cecilia*. Out of 'her Love and tender Affection for the Memory of 'her dear Huſband, his moſt ſorrowful Wife *Barbara* 'hath erected this Monument.'

Here lies the Corps of *William Prynne*
A Bencher late of *Lincoln's-Inn*,
Who reſtleſs ran through thick and thin.

This grand Scripturient Paper-ſpiller,
This endleſs, needleſs Margin-filler,
Was ſtrangely toſt from Poſt to Pillar.

His Brain's Career was never ſtopping,
But Pen with Rheum of Gall ſtill dropping,
Till Hand o'er Head brought Ears to cropping.

Nor would he yet ſurceaſe ſuch Themes,
But proſtitute new Virgin Rheams
To Types of his Fanatic Dreams.

But whilſt he this hot Humour huggs,
And for more Length of Tedder tugs,
Death fang'd the Remnant of his Lugs.

S. BUTLER.

William Prynne, was a moſt noted and frequent Writer of his Time. He was born at *Swainſwick* near *Bath* in *Somerſetſhire*, Anno. 1600, educated at *Bath*

Bath in Grammar Learning, became a Commoner of *Oriel* College, *Anno.* 1616, took one Degree in Arts in 1620, and then went to *Lincoln's-Inn*, where he began, by the Inſtigation of Dr. *John Preſton*, then Lecturer there, to make himſelf obnoxious to moſt moderate and thinking People. He was a right ſturdy and doughty Champion for the Cauſe, a Puritan *Boutefeu*, an inveterate Enemy againſt the Hierachy of Biſhops, and a buſy pragmatical and meddling Man without End. In 1633, he was ſentenced for his *Hiſtriomaſtix* in which he reflected on the Queen, to pay 5000 l. to the King, to be expelled the Univerſity, and *Lincoln's-Inn*, to be degraded from his Profeſſion in the Laws, to ſtand twice in the Pillory, and to loſe an Ear; this was accordingly executed. In 1637, for other Libels he received the following Sentence, to be fined 5000 l. to the King, to loſe the Remainder of his Ears in the Pillory, to be branded on both Cheeks with the Letters S. L. for a *Schiſmatical Libeller*, and to be impriſoned perpetually. In 1640, he was releaſed by the Houſe of Commons. He was firſt a Friend and then an Enemy to *O. Cromwell.* After being elected for *Bath* in 1660, and again in 1661, he publiſhed a ſeditious Pamphlet againſt the Houſe of Commons, for which tho' (as Sir *Edw. Turner*, the Speaker, told him) he deſerved all his Puniſhments over again, yet as he had greatly ſerved his Majeſty, and expreſſed much Sorrow for it, the Houſe ſhewed Mercy unto him. All that he wrote afterwards was Theological, Hiſtorical, Controverſial, &c. but no Libels.—He died at *Lincoln's-Inn*, *October* 29, 1669, and was buried in the Walk under the Chapel there, which ſtands upon Pillars.

The Epitaph on his Grave is as follows:

Guil.

Guil. Prynne, Arm. de Banco
Hujus hoſpitii. Obiit ibi
24 *Octob.* 1669.
Ætat. 69.

Chriſt-Church, Oxford.

H. S. E.
Jaſperus Mayne, S. T. D. hujus
Eccleſiæ Canonicus, natus
Hatherlæ in Agro *Devon.*
1604. Denatus *Oxon.*
Dec. 6. 1672.

Jaſper Mayne, (ſays the *Oxford Hiſtorian*) made his firſt Entrance on the Stage of this tranſitory World in a Market Town in *Devonſhire* called *Hatherlage*, An. 1604, entered into *Chriſt Church* in the Condition of a Servitor, 1623, being then encouraged in his Studies by Dr. *Duppa*. Afterwards he was choſen into the Number of Students, took the Degrees in Arts, holy Orders, became a quaint Preacher and a noted Poet. At length, by the Favour of the Dean and Canons of the ſaid Houſe, he was made Vicar of *Caſington*, near *Woodſtock*, and of *Pyrton* near *Watlington*, in *Oxfordſhire*. In the Beginning of the Rebellion, when the King took up his Abode in *Oxford*, he was one of thoſe many Divines that were appointed to preach before him, the Court and Parliament, and for his Reward he was created Dr. of Divinity, 1646. Two Years after he was deprived of all Right he had to his Student's Place, and ſoon after of the Vicarage of *Pyrton*, and at length of *Caſington*. So that being in a Manner put to his Shifts, he was made Chaplain to the Earl of *Devonſhire*, and ſo conſequently he was a Companion with *Thomas Hob*

Hobbs of *Malmſbury*: But there never was a right Underſtanding between them. After the King's Return he was made Canon of *Chriſt Church* in *July* 1660, and about that Time was not only reſtored to his Vicarages, but was made Archdeacon of *Chicheſter*, in the Place of Dr. *Hammond* deceaſed, and Chaplain in ordinary to his Majeſty. By his Will he gave 500 l. towards the Re-building of *St. Paul*'s Cathedral, and 100 *l.* a piece to his Vicarages of *Caſington* and *Pyrton*, but nothing to the Place of his Education, as he had received ſome Affronts from the Dean of the College, and ſeveral of the Students.

St. Alban's.

Hic quidem terra tegitur
Peccato ſolvens debitum,
Cujus nomen, non impoſitum,
In Libro Vitæ ſit inſcriptum.

This is (as *Cambden.* ſays) on an Abbot of *St. Alban's*.

The *Temple*, *London.*

Johannes Seldenus, J. C. heic ſitus eſt.

John Selden, the Glory of the *Engliſh* Nation, as *Hugo Grotius* worthily ſtiles him, was born in an obſcure Village called *Salvington*, near to *Ferring*, a Market Town in *Suſſex*.—When he left *Hart-Hall* in *Oxford*, he went to the *Inner Temple* to make Proficiency in the municipal Laws of the Nation. After he had continued there a ſedulous Student for ſome Time, he did, by the Help of a ſtrong Body, and vaſt Memory,

Memory, not only run thro' the whole Law, but became a Prodigy in moſt Parts of Learning, eſpecially in thoſe which were not common, or little regarded or frequented by the Generality of Students of his Time. So that in few Years his Name was wonderfully advanced, not only at Home but in foreign Countries, and he was uſually ſtiled *the great Dictator of Learning of the Engliſh Nation.* The Truth is, his great Parts did not live within a ſmall Ambit, but traced out the Latitudes of Arts and Languages, as it appears by thoſe many Books he hath publiſhed. He had a great Skill in the divine and human Laws; he was a great Philologiſt, Antiquary, Herald, Linguiſt, Stateſman, and what not.—

WOOD.

Mrs. *Margaret Hill*
died *June* 25, 1731.
Aged XXXVII.

Enough, cold Stone! ſuffice her long-lov'd Name!
Words are too weak to pay her virtue's Claim,
Temples and Tombs, and Towns ſhall waſte away,
And Pow'r's vain Pomp in mouldring Duſt decay:
But ere Mankind a Wife more perfect ſee,
Eternity, O Time! ſhall bury thee.

Welwyn, Hertfordſhire.

Reader,
If fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honeſt man*,
Of perfect Piety,
Of Lamblike Patience,

My

My friend *James Barker*;
to whom I pay this mean
Memorial for what deſerves the greateſt.
An Example
which ſhone thro' all
the Clouds of Fortune,
illuſtrious in low Eſtate,
the Leſſon and Reproach of thoſe above him.
To lay this little Stone
is my Ambition;
While others rear
the pompous Marbles of the great.
Vain Pomp!
a Turf o'er Virtue charms us more.
E. Y. 1749.

Deſigned to be inſcribed on a Monument intended to be erected in *Wandſworth* Church.

Here lies interred the Body of
Edward Stables, Eſq;
Some Time Clerk of the Hon. Houſe of Commons;
Who exchanged this mortal Life for a better, *Dec.* 11,
A. D. 1731.
In the ——— Year of his Age.
His indefatigable Application to the Duties of his Office,
And too great Neglect of himſelf,
Brought him into an ill State of Health;
Which his chearful Spirit endeavoured in vain to overcome.
For, alas!
The Strength of his Body bore no Proportion to that of his Mind!
His Station made him generally known;
And his Qualities as generally beloved;

Yet

Yet veiled by a Modeſty inſeparable from true Merit,
Superficial Eyes diſcovered not half his Perfections.
His entire Maſtery of the Methods of Buſineſs in the
Houſe of Commons
Was ſupported and adorned
By a perfect Knowledge of the Laws of his Country.
The Soundneſs and Perſpicuity of his Judgment,
Enliven'd by chearful and inoffenſive Wit;
The natural Sweetneſs of his Temper,
Improv'd by a Knowledge of Men and Manners,
His noble Contempt of Riches,
All theſe great Qualities,
Which made him a ſecond-ſelf to every one,
Intereſted ev'ry one in his Welfare,
And made his Death both a public and private Loſs.

Written by Dr. Trapp *for his own Tombſtone.*

Death! Judgment! Heaven! and Hell!
Think, Chriſtians, think!
You ſtand on vaſt Eternity's dread Brink.
Faith and *Repentance, Piety* and *Pray'r!*
Deſpiſe *this* World, the *next* be all your Care.
Thus while my Tomb the ſolemn Silence breaks,
And to the Eye this cold dumb Marble ſpeaks,
Tho' dead I preach, if e'er with ill Succeſs,
Living, I ſtrove th' important Truths to preſs,
Your *precious*, your *immortal* Souls to ſave,
Hear me, at leaſt, O hear me from my *Grave*.

Epitaphium Regis *Richardi* tertii, ſepulti ad *Leiceſtriam*, juſſu, et ſumptibus Regis *Henrici* Septimi.

Hic ego quem vario tellus ſub marmore claudit,
Tertius á juſtâ voce *Richardus* eram.

Tutor

Tutor eram patriæ patrius pro jure nepotis,
Diruptâ tenui Regna *Britanna* fide.
Sexaginta dies binis duntaxat ademptis,
Æſtateſque tuli tunc mea ſceptra duas.
Fortiter in bello certans deſertus ab *Anglis*,
Rex *Henrice*, tibi, Septime, ſuccubui.
At ſumptu prius ipſe tuo ſic oſſa dicaras,
Regem olimque facis regis honore coli:
Quatuor exceptis jam tantum quinque bis annis,
Acta trecenta quidem luſtra ſalutis erant.
Anteque *Septembris* undenâ luce Kalendas,
Reddideram *rubræ* jura petita *roſæ*.
At mea, quiſquis eris, propter commiſſa precare,
Sit minor ut precibus pœna levata tuis.

Engliſhed:

'Epitaph of *Richard* the 3d, buried at *Leiceſter*, by 'the Order, and at the Expences of King *Henry* the 'Seventh.

'I who am laid beneath this Marble Stone,
'*Richard* the Third, poſſeſs'd the *Britiſh* Throne.
'My Country's Guardian in my Nephew's Claim,
'By Truſt betray'd I to the Kingdom came.
'Two Years, and ſixty Days, ſave two, I reign'd,
'And bravely ſtrove in Fight; but unſuſtain'd,
'My *Engliſh* left me in the luckleſs Field,
'Where I to *Henry's* Arms was forced to yield.
'Yet at his Coſt my Corſe this Tomb obtains,
'Who piouſly interr'd me, and ordains
'That regal Honours wait a King's Remains.
'Th' Year thirteen Hundred was and eighty four,
'The twenty-firſt of *Auguſt*, when its Pow'r
'And all its Rights, I did to the red Roſe reſtore.
'Reader, who'er thou art, thy Pray'rs beſtow
'T' attone my Crimes, and eaſe my Pains below.'

Of

Of this Epitaph and the Monument erected to the Memory of this Prince, thus writes *Geo. Buck*, Eſq; his favourable Hiſtoriographer.

'After Revenge and Rage had ſatiated their barbarous Cruelties upon his dead Body, they gave his royal Earth a Bed of Earth, honourably appointed by the Order of King *Henry* the 7th, in the chief Church of *Leiceſter*, called *St. Maries*, belonging to the Order and Society of the *Grey Friers*; the King, in a ſhort time after, cauſing a fair Tomb of mingled-coloured Marble, adorned with his Statue, to be erected thereupon; to which ſome grateful Pen had alſo deſtined an Epitaph; the Copy whereof, never fixed to his Stone, I have ſeen in a recorded Manuſcript Book, chained to a Table in a Chamber of the *Guildhall* of *London*: Which (the Faults and Corruptions being amended) is thus *(as above)* repreſented, together with the Title thereunto prefixed, as I found it.'

On a Gentleman.

Why ſtart? the Caſe is yours, or will be ſoon;
Some Years perhaps, perhaps another Moon:
Life in its utmoſt Span, is ſtill a Breath;
And thoſe who longeſt dream muſt wake in Death.

Like you, I once thought ev'ry Bliſs ſecure,
And Gold of ev'ry Ill the certain Cure:
'Till ſteep'd in Sorrows, and beſieg'd with Pain,
Too late I found all earthly Riches vain:
Diſeaſe, with Scorn threw back the ſordid Fee,
And Death ſtill anſwer'd, What is Gold to me?

Fame, Titles, Honours, Glory next I ſought,
And Fools obſequious nurs'd the childiſh Thought:

Circled

Circled with brib'd Applauſe and purchas'd Praiſe,
I built on endleſs Pleaſure, endleſs Days:
Till Death awak'd me from a Dream of Pride,
And laid a prouder Beggar by my Side.

Pleaſure I courted, and obey'd my Taſte;
The Banquet ſmil'd, and ſmil'd the gay Repaſt:
A loathſome Carcaſe was my conſtant Care,
And Worlds were ranſack'd but for me to ſhare:
Go on, poor Wretch! to Luxury be firm;
But, know, I feaſted, but—to feaſt a Worm.

Already, ſure, leſs terrible I ſeem;
And you, like me, will own that Life's a Dream:
Farewell, remember, nor my Words deſpiſe!
The only happy, are the early wiſe.

On a Lady.

Bluſh not, ye Fair, to own me, but be wiſe,
Nor turn from ſad Mortality your Eyes:
Fame ſays, and Fame alone can tell how true,
I once was lovely and belov'd like you.

Where are my Vot'ries? where my Flatt'rers now?
Fled with the Subject of each Lover's Vow.
Adieu! the Roſes red, and Lillies white;
Adieu! thoſe Eyes that made the Darkneſs Light:
No more, alas! that coral Lip is ſeen,
Nor longer breathes the fragrant Gale between.

Turn from your Mirrour, and behold in me
At once what Thouſands can't or dare not ſee;

Unvarniſh'd

Varnish'd I the real Truths impart,
Or here am plac'd but to direct the Heart.
Survey me well, ye Fair ones, and believe,
The Grave may terrify, but can't deceive.

On Beauty's fragil State no more depend,
Here Youth and Beauty, Age and Sorrow end:
Here drops the Mask; here shuts the final Scene;
Or differs grave threescore from gay fifteen:
All press alike to that same Goal the Tomb,
Where wrinkled *Laura* smiles at *Chloe*'s Bloom.

When Coxcombs flatter, and when Fools adore,
Learn here the Lesson to be vain no more:
Yet Virtue still against Decay can arm,
And even lend Mortality a Charm.

Westminster-Abbey.

M. S.
Thomæ Shadwell, Armigeri.
Antiquo Stirpe in Agro *Staffordiæ*
Oriundi,
Qui, regnantibus *Gulielmo* Tertio et *Maria*,
Poetæ Laureati,
et
Historiographi Regii
Titulos meruit.
Ob. *Nov.* 20 1692. Ætat. suæ 55.
Charissimo Parenti
Johannis Shadwell, M. D.
P. P.

Mr.

Mr *Shadwell*, whoſe Talent lay much in the comic Part of the Drama, had the Misfortune to fall under the Laſh of Mr. *Dryden*, which gave Occaſion to two ſevere Satires, the Character of *Ogg* in the ſecond Part of *Abſalom and Achitophel*, and *Mackflecknoe*. He died at *Chelſea* by taking Opium, to which he had been long accuſtomed, and was buried there.

The Epitaph in Engliſh is as follows:

'Sacred to the Memory of *Thomas Shadwell*, Eſq; 'deſcended from an antient Family in *Staffordſhire*, 'Poet Laureat, and Hiſtoriographer in the Reign of 'King *William* and Queen *Mary*. He died the 20th 'Day of *November*, A. D. 1692, in the 55th Year 'of his Age. *John Shadwell*, M. D. cauſed this to 'be erected to the Memory of his dear Father.'

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Whatſo thou haſt of Nature or of Arts,
Youth, Beauty, Strength, or what excelling Parts
Of Mind and Bodie, Letters, Arms and Worth,
His eighteen Yeares beyond his Yeares brought forth:
Then ſtand and read thyſelf within this Glas,
How ſoone theiſe periſh and thyſelf may pas.
Mans Life is meaſur'd by the Work not Days,
No aged Sloth, but active Youth gets Praſe.

Franciſco Hollis Juveni Fortiſſimo, qui ab exercitu e *Belgio* æger regreſſus obiit *Prid. Id. Auguſti*, Anno Dominicæ Ætatis MDCXXII. ſuæ XVIII. *Johannes* Comes *de Clare* Filio natus tertio et merentiſſimo mœrentiſſimus Pater poſuit.

In

In Engliſh thus:

'To the Memory of *Francis Hollis*, a moſt gallant Youth, who returning home from making a Campaign in the *Netherlands*, died the 12th Day of *Auguſt*, in the Year of our Lord 1622, and of his own Age the 18th, his afflicted Father hath erected this Monument.'

Canterbury Cathedral.

Hic requieſcit Dominus *Auguſtinus Durovernenſis* Archiepiſcopus qui olim huc à beato *Gregorio Romanæ* Urbis Pontifice directus, et a Deo operatione Miraculorum ſuffultus, et *Edelberthum* Regem ac gentem illius ab Idolorum cultu ad fidem *Chriſti* perduxit, et completis in pace Diebus officii ſui, defunctus eſt Septimo *Kalendas Jun.* eodem Rege Regnante.

In Engliſh thus:

'Here lies *St. Auguſtine*, the firſt Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, who being formerly ſent here by the bleſſed *Gregory*, Pope of *Rome*, and aſſiſted by God, in working of Miracles, converted *Edelberth* the King, and his Country, from Idolatry to the Faith of *Chriſt*: And having fulfilled the Term of his Miniſtry in Peace, he departed this Life the 7th of the *Kalends* of *June*, in the ſame King's Reign.'

Auguſtine whom *Reyner* will have Prior of St. *Andrew's*, ad *Clivum Scauri*, was brought up under *Gregory*. In the Time of Pope *Benet*, *Gregory* attempted in Perſon to convert the *Saxons*, but was recalled; after which, upon *Benedict*'s Death, he ſucceeding, ſent *Auguſtine* and ſome others of his Monaſtery, for

that Purpoſe, but they had not proceeded far before they were diſcouraged from that Attempt, and begged Leave to return: But *Gregory* encouraged them by Letter, and wrote likewiſe to *Etherius* the Biſhop of *Arles*, to give them Entertainment in their Way: The King and Queen of *France* likewiſe aſſiſted and encouraged them. *Auguſtine* proceeded, and having paſſed thro' *France*, took Shipping, and arrived at the Iſle of *Thanet* in *Kent*, where at that Time *Ethelbert* reigned, to whom *Auguſtine* ſent for Audience, promiſing him a heavenly Kingdom. The King, we muſt obſerve, for State Alliance, had married a Daughter of *France*, viz. *Bertha* the Daughter of *Clotair* and *Brunchild*; who was delivered to him upon Condition that ſhe ſhould have the free Exerciſe of her Religion; with whom, ſays *Bede*, who gives this Account, was one *Luidhard*, a *French* Biſhop, as a ghoſtly Confeſſor, and to them was allotted the Church of *St. Martin* in the Suburb of *Canterbury*. Nothing could be more favourable than this to *Auguſtine's* Deſigns: *Luidhard* and the Queen having ſmoothed the Way for him, the King by their Influence was ready to hearken to him.—However, at preſent he ſent him Word to continue in the Iſle of *Thanet*, and gave Orders to furniſh them with Conveniencies in the mean while. Not many Days after he went to them, and ſitting in the open Air for fear of magic Arts, ordered them before him, who accordingly opened their Commiſſions, and preach'd the Goſpel. The King told them that their Doctrine was new to him, and that he could not ſuddenly recede from the Religion of his Country; but that ſince their Viſit was with a kind Intent, he gave them Leave to proſelyte ſuch of his Subjects as they could, and aſſigned them Houſes and Conveniencies in *Canterbury*, which they entered in Proceſſion with a Hymn, which *Bede* gives us. Here they applied themſelves to the ſtrict Severity of the monaſtic Life, and preaching the Goſpel jointly with

French

French Chriſtians, at the Church of St. *Martin* before-mentioned; till upon the King's Converſion, which happened not long after, he aſſigned them his Palace and retired to *Reculver*.

Canterbury Cathedral.

Nicolaus Wotton, Roberti Wottoni, Equitis Aurati ex *Anna Belknappâ* Filius, utriuſque Juris Doctor, Eccleſiæ hujus Primas; itemque Metropolitanæ Eccleſiæ *S. Petri Eboracenſis* Decanus; *Henrico* VIII. *Edwardo* VI. *Mariæ* et *Elizabethæ*, *Angliæ* Regibus a ſecretis Conſiliis. Ad *Carolum* V. *Cæſarem* bis, et ad *Philippum Hiſpaniarum* Regem ſemel, ad *Franciſcum* primum *Francorum* Regem ſemel, ad *Henricum* II. ejus filium ter, ad *Mariam Hungariæ* Reginam, *Belgarum* Præſidem ſemel, ad *Gulielmum Clivenſium* Ducem bis legatione functus. Renovatæ Pacis inter *Anglos*, *Francos*, et *Scotos*, inter *Guinas* et *Arderam*, Anno 1546; ſimiliter et ad Caſtrum *Cameranſenſe*, Anno 1559; denique *Edinburgi Scotiæ*, Anno 1560; oratorum unus. Hic tandem fere ſeptuagenarius requieſcit.

Hæc ille ante mortem et ante morbum, quaſi fatalem Diem præſentiens, et cygneam cantionem prophetice canens, ſua manu in Muſæo ſcripta reliquit.

Qui apud tales principes, divinâ Providentiâ gubernante, laudabiliter, et in tot, et in tantis cauſis (quarum magnitudo graviſſima utititas publica fuit) feliciter bonam vitæ ſuæ partem conſumpſit; eum virum ſapientem et experientiſſimum ipſa Invidia judicare debet. Quam ſemper ab omni contentione Honorum fuerit alienus, illud declarat, quod ad hanc Eccleſiaſticam dignitatem, non ambitione ullâ ſua inflatus, nec amicorum operâ uſus aſpiravit, ſed eam utramque *Henricus* VIII. hominis merito et virtute provocatus, ul-

tro detulit. Cumque idem Rex illuſtriſſimus morbum lethalem ingraveſcere perſentiſceret, et *Edwardi* principis ſane excellentiſſimi, adhuc tamen Pueri, et Reipublicæ adminiſtrandæ imparis, imbecillem ætatem ſenili prudentiâ ſecretioris ſui conſilii regendam eſſe exiſtimaret, illis ex ſedecim, quos ſupremæ Voluntatis ſuæ Teſtes et Vindices Teſtamento inſtituit, hunc *Nicolaum* (abſentem tunc in *Franciâ* legatum) unum eſſe voluit. *Edoardo* Rege jam medio regni curriculo prope confecto, unus è primariis Secretariis fuit; quem locum diutius tenere potuiſſet, niſi et ſuis et aſſiduis amicorum precibus abdicandi veniam impetraſſet. Corpus illi erat gracile quidem et parvum, ſed rectum; Habitudo ſana, vultus liberalis, victus exquiſitus, quem ſemel tantum in die carpere conſueverat. Valetudo adeo firma, ut rare morbum aliquem ſenſerit. Animus vero totus libris et literis dedicatus, Artium, Medicinæ, Juriſprudentiæ, et Theologiæ ſtudiis intentus: Linguarum *Romanæ*, *Italicæ*, *Gallicæ*, et *Germanicæ* Inferioris cognitione pulcrè exornatus. Ita vir iſte Genere clarus, legationibus clarior, domi ac foris clariſſimus, Honore florens, Labore fractus, ætate confectus, poſtquam Decanus hujus Eccleſiæ Annos 25, Dies 293 præfuiſſet, *Londini*, *Januarii* 26. Anno noſtræ Salutis 1566. pie ac ſuaviter in Domino obdormivit, *Thomâ Wottono* Nepote hærede relicto; qui ei hoc monumentum non honoris ergo, quo abundavit vivus, et floreſcet Mortuus; ſed Amoris cauſa, quem Memoria colet, ut debet, ſempiterna, conſecravit.

In Engliſh thus:

'*Nicholas Wotton*, Son to Sir *Robert Wotton*, Knt. 'by *Ann Belknapp*, Doctor of both Laws, Dean of 'this Church, and Dean of the Metropolitan Church 'of *St. Peter* in *York*; as alſo a Privy-counſellor to '*Henry* the VIII. *Edward* VI. Queen *Mary* and 'Queen *Elizabeth*. Twice ſent Ambaſſador to the

'Emperor

'Emperor *Charles* V. once to *Philip* King of *Spain* 'once to *Francis* I. King of *France*, thrice to *Henry* 'II. his Son, once to *Mary* Queen of *Hungary* and 'Governor of the *Netherlands*; and twice to *Wil-* 'liam Duke of *Cleves*. At the renewing of the 'Peace between the *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Scotch*, be- 'tween *Guines*, and *Ardera*, Anno 1546, as alſo at 'the Caſtle of *Camerans*, Anno 1559, and laſtly at '*Edinburgh* in *Scotland*, Anno 1560, he was one of 'the Plenipotentiaries. And here at length, being 'almoſt ſeventy Years of Age, he reſts in Peace.

'Before his Death, and even before his laſt Sick- 'neſs, as being forewarned of the fatal Day, he pro- 'phetically ſung his Swan-like Song, and left the 'above in his Study in Writing, under his own 'Hands.—He who happily ſpent great Part of his 'Life among ſuch Princes, by the divine Providence 'ruling juſtly in ſo great and ſo many Cauſes, (the 'extraordinary Weight whereof reſounded to the 'public Benefit) even Envy herſelf ought to judge him 'to have been a moſt wiſe and experienced Stateſ- 'man. How averſe he was to contend for Honours 'is apparent, in that it was not through any ambi- 'tious Deſign of his own, nor Intereſt of his Friends, 'that he aſpired to this Eccleſiaſtical Dignity; but '*Henry* VIII. (induced thereto by his Merit and Vir- 'tues) beſtowed them on him of his own Accord. And 'when the ſame moſt excellent Monarch perceived 'that he was ſeized with a deadly Diſtemper, and 'conſidered the tender Age of Prince *Edward*, who, 'tho' of excellent Endowments, was yet a Child, 'and not able to undertake the weighty Affairs of Ad- 'miniſtration, he thought that his early Years ought 'to be ruled by the venerable Advice of his Privy- 'Council; and of the ſixteen of theſe whom he had 'appointed Witneſſes and Executors of his Royal 'Will and Teſtament, this *Nicholas*, then abſent on 'an Embaſſy in *France*, was one. About the Mid-

'dle of the Reign of *Edward* VI. he was made one 'of the Principal Secretaries of State; which Poſt he 'might have held much longer than he did, but that 'both himſelf and his Friends earneſtly begged 'Leave for him to lay it down.

'He was ſlender and low in Stature, but ſtraight 'and well ſhaped; his Conſtitution firm, his Coun-'tenance free and eaſy, his Choice of Diet exquiſite, 'which he never took above once a Day; his Habit 'of Body ſo ſtrong, that he was ſeldom ſhock'd by 'any Diſeaſe; his Mind was wholly devoted to Books 'and Learning, intent on the Studies of Arts, Phy-'ſic, Laws, and Divinity; and beautifully ſtored 'with the Knowledge of the *Roman*, *Italian*, *French* 'and *Dutch* Languages. Thus this Man who was 'famous by Birth, but more famous by his honour-'able Embaſſies, and moſt of all by his Employments 'foreign and domeſtic; flouriſhing in Honours, 'worn out with Toils, and waſted with Age, after he 'had been Dean of this Church 25 Years, and 293 'Days, piouſly and ſweetly reſigned his Soul to God 'in *London*, *January* 26, 1566, leaving for his Heir '*Thomas Wotton* his Nephew, who has erected this 'Monument to him, not to do him Honour for that 'he enjoyed while living, and will inherit after 'Death; but out of true Love and unfeigned Re-'verence to his immortal Memory.'

Stepney.

I nclos'd lye hid as ſacred Remains
A s e'er was bound by th' King of Terror's Chains.
M aſter and Chaplain's Place he well did bear;
E ach threat'ning Wave, aſtoniſh'd with his Pray'r,
S hrunk in his Head when pious *James* was there.

Bayly

B ayly on board the baffled Tempeſt flew
A s ſwift as Morning Sun exhales the Dew ;
Y onder he comes, his joyful Men would cry,
L ower your Topſails, ſee the Maſter's by,
Y ou'd think when he was there ſome Angel nigh.

God gave him Leave to breath his laſt on Shore ;
And what was lent him by th' Almighty Pow'r,
He ſafely did convey by truſty Friend,
Who ſtrictly did perform the Donor's End.
And ſpread the Bounty of his liberal Hand,
Amongſt his poor Relations ; which Command
Bought the Deceas'd ſure Title to the promis'd Land.

Born in *Landelph*, in the County of *Cornwall.*

Leipſick, in *Upper-Saxony.*

Capital Conto.

Gewin et Verluſt Conto.
An Gluckſeeligen Sterbe Gewin, Wohl geſtorben iſt der beſte Gewin, 100000.

Fur des Chriſtus unchatzbares Loſe Geſt und Ranzion, 100000.
1699. 7. April in Scheibenberg.

Auf Felix Adam Blechſmidt, beſtimte ſterbe Tag, anno 1700. d. 21. October ; Gelobe ich, Jeſus Chriſtus, S. T. Burge Zubezahlen, dieſen meinen ſola Wechſell Brieve an dem Selbſten : Dem Werth nab ich Selbſten verdient, bin mit ſein Glauben und Leben vergnugt, Schenke ihm dahero die Ewige Seeligkeit aus Gnaden.

Jeſus Chriſtus.

In Engliſh thus;

Profit and Loſs Account. A fortunate End a Prize; to die well, is the beſt Prize, 100000.

For *Chriſt*'s unvaluable Purchaſe and Ranſom, 100000.

Scheibenberg 7. *April*, 1669.

Upon the appointed Day of *Felix Adam Blechſmidt*'s Death, which ſhall happen on the twenty-firſt of *October*, Anno 1700, I, *Jeſus Chriſt*, promiſe to pay unto him this my only Bill of Exchange, having purchaſed the Value thereof through my Merits; therefore being ſatisfied with his Life and Faith, give him eternal Happineſs through Grace.

Jeſus Chriſt.

This Bill of Exchange, or Promiſſory Note, is dated at the Time and Place of *Blechſmidt*'s Birth, and made payable to him on the Day of his Death. And as for the Sum of 100000, they are by the People, commonly read Dollars; though there is not the leaſt Sign or Appearance, of any ſuch Coin thereby.

Hungary.

On one of the Banks of the *Danube*, near *Buda.*

Ille. ego. Pannoniis. quondam. notiſſimus. oris.
Inter. mille. viros. primus. fortiſque. Batavos.
Hadriano. potui. qui judice. vaſta. profundi.
Æquora. Danuvii. cunctis. tranſnare. ſub. armis.
Emiſſumque. arcu. dum. pendet. in. aere. telum.
Ac. redit. ex. alia. fixi. fregique. ſagitta.
Quem. neque. Romanus. potuit. nec. Barbarus. unquam.

Non.

Non. jaculo. miles. non. arcu. vincere. Parthus.
Hic. ſitus, hic. memori. ſaxo. mea. facta. ſacravi.
Viderit. anne. aliquis. poſt. me. mea. geſta. ſequatur.
Exemplo. mihi. ſum. primus. qui. talia. geſſi.

Interr'd beneath this Marble Stone,
Lie ſauntring *Jack*, and idle *Joan*.
While rolling threeſcore Years and one,
Did round this Globe their Courſes run;
If human Things went ill or well;
If changing Empires roſe or fell;
The Morning paſt, the Ev'ning came,
And found this Couple ſtill the ſame.
They walk'd and eat; good Folks! what then?
Why then they walk'd and eat again:
They ſoundly ſlept the Night away;
They did juſt nothing all the Day;
And having bury'd Children four,
Would not take Pains to try for more.
Nor Siſter either had, nor Brother;
They ſeem'd juſt tally'd for each other.
Their Morals and Œconomy
Moſt perfectly they made agree.
Each Virtue kept its proper Bound,
Nor treſpaſs'd on the other's Ground.
Nor Fame, nor Cenſure they regarded;
They neither puniſh'd nor rewarded.
He car'd not what the Footmen did;
Her Maids ſhe neither prais'd nor chid:
So ev'ry Servant took his Courſe;
And, bad at firſt they all grew worſe.
Slothful Diſorder fill'd his Stable,
And ſluttiſh Plenty deckt her Table.
Their Beer was ſtrong, their Wine was Port;
Their Meal was large; their Grace was ſhort.

They gave the Poor the Remnant Meat,
Juſt when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the Church and Pariſh Rate;
And took, but read not the Receipt:
For which they claim'd their Sunday's Due,
Of ſlumb'ring in an upper Pew.
No Man's Defects ſought they to know,
So never made themſelves a Foe.
No Man's good Deeds did they commend;
So never rais'd themſelves a Friend.
Nor cheriſh'd they Relations poor;
That might decreaſe their preſent Store;
Nor Barn, nor Houſe did they repair;
That might oblige their future Heir,
They neither added nor confounded,
They neither wanted, nor abounded.
Each Chriſtmas they Accounts did clear;
And wound their Bottom round the Year.
Nor Tear, nor Smile did they employ
At News of public Grief or Joy.
When Bells were rung, and Bonfires made,
If aſk'd, they ne'er deny'd their Aid;
Their Jugg was to the Ringers carry'd,
Who ever either dy'd or marry'd.
Their Billet at the Fire was found;
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor Fools, nor wiſe;
They would not learn, nor could adviſe;
Without Love, Hatred, Joy or Fear;
They led a kind of—as it were:
Nor wiſh'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd nor cry'd;
And ſo they liv'd, and ſo they dy'd.

Weſtminſter-

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Dubius, ſed non improbus, vixi.
Incertus morior, non perturbatus:
Humanum eſt neſcire et errare.
Deo confido
Omnipotenti et benevolentiſſimo;
Ens entium miſerere mei.
Pro Rege ſæpe, pro Republica ſemper.
M. S.

Johannis Sheffylde ex illuſtri *Sheffyldiorum* ſtemmate (quod a R. *Hen.* III. Hæredibus Maſculis directo ſemper gradu ſe inviſens excipientibus ad hanc uſque ætatem duravit) oriundi. Comitatus *Buckingbamiæ* Ducis, *Normanniæ* Ducis, Marchioniſque *Mulgraviæ*, Comitis Baronis *Sheffylde* de *Boterwyke*, et e nobiliſſimo ordine Periſcelidis Equitis. Primis ille nuptiis duxit *Urſulam Conovii*: Secundis *Catharinam Gainſburii*, tertiis demum *Catharinam Angleſiæ* Comitiſſam, *Jac.* 2. Regis, et *Catharinæ Dorceſtrenſis* Comitiſſæ Filiam, quæ læto Marito peperit 1. *Sophiam.* 2. *Johannem.* 3. *Robertum.* 4. *Henriettam Mariam*; omnes in gremio temporis nunc requieſcentes. 5. *Edmundum*, Matris jam tot cladibus afflictæ ſolamen unicum. Regnante *Carolo* 2. Cohorti de *Hollandiâ* dictæ, Arcique *Kingſtonienſi* ad ripam fluminis *Hull* munitæ, præfectus eſt, et Cubiculariis Regiis primi ordinis aſcitus. Regnante dein *Jacobo* 2. factus eſt Hoſpitii Regii Camerarius; Regnante *Annâ* Privati Sigilli cuſtos, et Secretioris conſilii Præſes. Negotia Publica in ſuperiore Domo Parliamenti per LIV annos (dubium an Facundiâ an Solertiâ majore) tractavit; et deficientibus paulatim Corporis viribus, animi tamen vigorem ad extremum uſque habitum retinuit. Oneri tandem ſuccumbens XXIV die *Feb.* obdormivit Anno Ætatis LXXV. Salutis MDCCXX.

Catharina Buckinghamiæ Ducissa mærens extrui curavit. Anno 1722.

In English thus:

'I lived doubtful, not dissolute; I die unresolved, 'not unresigned; Ignorance and Error are incident 'to human Nature. I trust in an almighty and all-good 'God. O! thou Being of Beings have Compassion 'on me.

'Sacred to the Memory of *John Sheffyld*, of the 'illustrious Race of the *Sheffylds*; who from the 'Reign of King *Henry* III. have, by a direct Succession of Male Heirs, preserved its Name even to this 'Day: Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, Duke and Marquis of *Normanby*, Earl of *Mulgrave*, Baron *Sheffyld* of *Botterwick*, and Knight of the noble Order of the Garter. He first married *Ursula* Countess of *Conway*. His second Lady was *Catharine* Countess of *Gainsborough*; his third, *Catharine* Countess of *Anglesey*, Daughter of K. *James* II. and *Catharine Sedley* Countess of *Dorchester*; who bare him, 1. *Sophia*, 2. *John*, 3. *Robert*, 4. *Henrietta Maria* (all now resting in the Bosom of Time), 5. *Edmund*, the now only Comfort of his afflicted Mother. In the Reign of King *Charles* II. he was General of the *Dutch* Troop of Horse, Governor of *Kingston* Castle upon *Hull*, and first Gentleman of the Bedchamber. After which, in the Reign of K. *James* the 2d, he was made Lord Chamberlain; and in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, Lord Privy Seal, and President of the Council. In his Management of the public Affairs in the House of Lords for the Space of 54 Years, it is doubtful which was greatest, his graceful Elocution, or ready Application. His Vigour of Body declining, he preserved that of his Mind to his last Breath. At length his Strength greatly declining, he lay down under his Burthen the 24th

'Day

'Day of *February*, and went to Reſt in the 75th 'Year of his Age, and of our Redemption, *Anno* '1720.

'*Catharine*, Dutcheſs of *Buckingham*, much af-'flicted, gave Orders to erect this Monument in the 'Year 1722.'

This great and excellent Nobleman, amongſt the many Commendations applicable to him, ſhines in the firſt Rank of our *Engliſh* Writers; and as ſuch has been for many Years celebrated. As he was himſelf a fine Judge and an excellent Maſter of the *Engliſh* Poetry, ſo was he a generous and friendly Encourager of it in others; to whom his Favour was ſo extenſive, that even the meaneſt partook of his Bounty, tho' none, but thoſe his nice Eye diſcovered to be the greateſt, ſhared his Friendſhip: Of which two Inſtances give us a Taſte; *viz.* Mr. *Dryden*, the Glory of the laſt, and Mr. *Pope*, of this Age; to the firſt of which his Care extended even after Death, by erecting a Monument well worthy of him; and to the latter he has raiſed a no leſs laſting Monument in his Works, by a Poem in Praiſe of him, in which he has preſerved the Dignity of the Nobleman, the Majeſty of the higheſt Critic, and yet the Familiarity and Friendſhip due to ſuch Merit; which evidently ſhews, that as his Grace was a perfect Maſter of the antient Writings, ſo he was of the antient Patronage; and that as the Spirit of a *Mæcenas* required no nauſeous Flattery, ſo neither did it preſerve any haughty Diſtance.—J. DART.

Beckington, Somerſetſhire.

Here lies, expecting the ſecond Coming of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, the dead Body of *Samuel*

Samuel Daniel, Eſquire, that excellent Poet and Hiſtorian, who was Tutor to the Lady *Anne Clifford* in her Youth; ſhe that was Daughter and Heireſs to *George Clifford*, Earl of *Cumberland*; who, in Gratitude to him, erected this Monument to his Memory a long time after, when ſhe was Counteſs Dowager of *Pembroke*, *Dorſet*, and *Montgomery*. He died in *October*, 1619.

This Writer was born of a wealthy Family in *Somerſetſhire*; and at 17 Years of Age went to *Magd. Col. Oxford*: But left that Univerſity without taking a Degree. He ſucceeded *Spenſer* as Poet Laureat.

Norwich Cathedral.

Richardus Corbet Theologiæ Doctor, Eccleſiæ Cathedralis *Chriſti Oxonienſis* primum alumnus, inde Decanus, exinde Epiſcopus, illinc huc tranſlatus, et hinc in Cælum, *Julii* 28, 1635.

Richard Corbet was Son of *Vincent Corbet*, a Gardner at *Twicknam*. He was a fine Preacher, and a very good Poet in his Time. — The Epitaph in *Engliſh* is thus:

'*Robert Corbet*, D. D. Firſt Student of *Chriſt* '*Church*, *Oxford*.; then Dean, and next Biſhop, of 'that Place: Thence tranſlated hither, and from 'hence to Heaven, on the 28th of *July*, 1635.'

Vide p. 265. Vol. I.

Faringdon,

Faringdon, Berkſhire.

Virtuti et Honori ſacrum. *Henrico Untono* Eq. Aurato, *Edoardi Untoni* Eq. Aur. Filio, ex *Anna* Comitiſsâ *Warwici*, filiâ *Edoardi* de *Sancto Mauro* Ducis *Somerſetti* et *Angliæ* Protectoris, qui optimarum artium ſtudiis à primâ ætate in Academiâ *Oxon.* inſtitutus, magnam orbis Chriſtiani partem perluſtravit, ob virtutem bellicam in *Zutphaniæ* obſidione, dignitate equeſtri donatus, propter ſingularem prudentiam, ſpectatam fidem, et multiplicem rerum uſum iterum Legatus a ſereniſſ. *Angliæ* Reginâ ad Chriſtianiſſ. Regem miſſus in *Galliam*, è quâ ad cæleſtem patriam migravit, 23 *Mart.* anno 1596.

Henry Unton was born of an antient and genteel Family at *Wadley*, near *Faringdon*, in *Berkſhire*, educated in *Oriel* College, *Oxford*; left it without a Degree, and travelled. After his Return, being eſteemed a Perſon well qualified, he had ſome Employment under Sir *Chriſtopher Hatton*, L. Chancellor; who, quickly finding him to be a Man of Buſineſs and Experience, commended him to the Queen; who, in 1586, not only conferred on him the Honour of Knighthood, but ſent him afterwards twice in the Quality of an Ambaſſador to the King of *France*; where he behaved himſelf right ſtoutly in behalf of his Miſtreſs, particularly for ſome Injury done to her by the Duke of *Guiſe*, anno 1592. He died in the King of *France*'s Camp lying before *Lafere*, *March* 23d, in Fifteen hundred and Ninety-five: Whereupon, his Body being conveyed into *England*, it was buried, *July* 8th, in the ſame Year, at *Faringdon*.—The Muſes of *Oxon* (ſays Mr. *A. W.*) had ſo great a Reſpect for the Memory of this moſt worthy Perſon, that they publiſhed ſoon after his Death, *Funebria nobiliſſ. ac præſtantiſſ. Eq. D. Hen. Untoni, &c. Muſis Oxon. apparata.*

From

From *Gruter.*

C. Publicius. C. L. Am. . . . . .
Ruſtica. C. L. . . . . .
T. Claudius. Fauſtus. Vix. . . .

Tempore. Supremo. Fauſte.
Sit. Tibi. Terra. Levis.

Si. Perlegiſti. venias. licet. et. requieſcas.
Abnuis. fruſtra.
Haec. domus. hæc. requies.
Omnibus. una. manet.
Huc. veniendum. inquam.

Milan.

Cervia. quæ. fidei. vexit. fondamina. ſeclo.
Terdenos. aevo. binos. quater. attulit. annos.
Læta. dolique. expers. culpa. procul. impigra. honeſta.
Aſtrigeram. ſecat. alma. viam. caeloque. recepta.
Hic. vitae. metas. et. inania. membra. reliquit.
Ded. pridiè. Nonas. *Januarias.*

From

From *Gruter.*

O. Lector. infelix. hoc. monument. vocat. adeſdum. te. vocat. et. poſt. inde. rogat. in. quo. recidit. humana. voluptas. ut. legas. duum. cinis. hic. aman. eſt. qui. dudum. mutuo. cum. prurienti. amore. inſolenter. exardeſcerent. improbo. voluptatis. impulſu. effreni. deſert. conveniunt. in. loc. ſaxa. inter. diruta. ubi. forte. etiam. æd. ſacrar. muri. confragoſi. et. ſalebræ. ruinæ. extabant. illo. veneri. optata. munera. ambo. ſolvere. arſibiliter. urgeremur. ſupina. ego. Lopidia. anguem. in. altum. lapſum. minitantem. viderem. hevoe. ab. incepto. deſine. inquio. mi. Chryſanthes. urge. fuge. en. ſerpens. voraturus. nos. jaciabundum. ſeſe. e. muro. proſpicio. mox. ille. exterritus. ſuſpiciens. O. Lopidia. inquit. mea. amabo. ito. viam. fuge. tu. viam. ſine. me. moribundum. draconem. impetere. vix. ſurrexeram. heu. triſtem. me. miſeram. quod. meum. Chryſan. meam. vitam. ad exitium. irretitum. ac. anguinea. ſtrictim. circulatum. vortigine. jam. jam. anxie. reſpirantem. videbam. deſubitoque. jugulum. mei. Chryſant. dentib. vulnerat. mordicus. tum. ſuffocari. meum. Chryſant. intueor. at. at. perii. infæl. meum. Chryſant. mori. ſentio. ſtatim. furibunda. irruo. in. ſerpent. captoque. fuſte. plectere. feſtino. aſt. ſerpens. cervicem. rixantem. divortit. nec. coacte. complicitum. abigere. volui. ictum. tand. incaute. fallens. Chryſant. meum. occidi. infoeliciſſ. heu. interii. quid. feci. quid. faciam. tam. miſera. ſuperſtes. erit. an. ſerpens. et. ego. nequaq. ſed. herculeo. auſu. immolar. vali. furia. ringibunda. eo. ipſo. ſtipit. converſo. impetu. cadaveri. lapſo. arcinatam. in. beſtiam. eam. ferio. atque. neco. quid. tum. puella. factura. eram. perdita. et. emortua. meum. Chryſant. et. belluam. mei. ſceleris. teſtes. ſcapulis. ſuperjectos. in. urb. effero. et. ne. obnoxia. evaderem. ſuſpiriis. cordolio. et. lacrymis. identidem. irrorant. ſuggeſtum. quend. in. foro. publ. aſcendo. ac. ſuſpirulans. palam. rem.

rem. facio. catervatim. civium. concurſu. ad. crudele. et. inviſum. ſpect. rixaruit. caſum. miſeranter. miratur. fortunam. incuſant. venerem. damnant. teſtor. ſcelus. meum. numina. infer. invoco. egia. ergo. inquiens. me. una. cum. meo. Chryſant. poen. daturam. ſuſcipite. nunc. culpa. in. me. mihi. omnem. transferam. tum. deſperata. publico. omnium. aſpectui. arrepto. glad. pectus. transf. ejuſque. cadavere. hic. me. æternam. tumulo. ſepeliundam. dedi. miſerrima. Vale.

St. Mary Arches, Exeter.

Here lyeth the Body of Mr. *Ferdinando Nicholls*, who, upon the Fourteenth of *December*, 1662, being the 64th Year of his Age, and the Thirtieth of his Miniſtry in this Church, dyed in the Face of the Congregation, whilſt the Pſalm was ſinging.

This *Nicholls* was a Gentleman's Son in *Buckinghamſhire*, and bred at *Oxford*. Afterwards he entered into Holy Orders, and at length became Miniſter of *St. Mary Arches*, in *Exeter*; a grand Preſbyterian, if not worſe, and one of the Aſſiſtants to the Commiſſioners of *Devonſhire* and the City of *Exeter*, in the Year 1654, for the Ejection of ſuch as they then called ſcandalous, ignorant, and inſufficient Miniſters and Schoolmaſters.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Quem Reſpublica *Anglicana* habuit vindicem, ornamentum Literariæ, ſæcli ſui vatum celeberrimus, deliciæ futuri, *Lucanus* alter pluſquam *Romanus*, Hiſtoricus fidus, Equitis aurati filius primogenitus,

Thomas Maius,
hic ſitus eſt.

Qui

Qui paternis titulis claritatis ſuæ ſpecimen uſque adeo ſuperaddidit, ut a ſupremo *Anglorum* Senatu ad annales ſuos conſcribendos fuerit aſcitus. Tandem fide intemerata Parliamento præſtitâ, morte inopinâ noctu correptus diem ſuum obiit Id. *Nov.*

A *Libertatis* { Humanæ / *Angliæ* } MDCL. II.

Hoc in honorem ſervi tam bene meriti, *Parliament. Reipub. Angl.* P. P.

Thomas May the Son of *Thomas May*, of *Mayfield*, in *Suſſex*, Knight, by his Wife, the Daughter of - - - *Rich*, of *Hornden on the Hill*, in *Eſſex*, was educated at *Cambridge*: Afterwards graciouſly received by *Charles* the Firſt and his royal Conſort; but not finding the Preferment from either, which he expected, he grew, ſays the *Oxford* Hiſtorian, quite diſcontented, ſided with the Preſbyterians upon the Turn of the Times, became a Debauchee *ad omnia*, entertained ill Principles as to Religion, ſpoke often very ſlightly of the Holy Trinity, kept beaſtly and atheiſtical Company, of whom *Thomas Chaloner*, the Regicide, was one; and endeavoured to his Power to aſperſe and invalidate the King and his Cauſe. At length this Perſon (who was made by the rebellious Parliament their Hiſtorian) going well to Bed, was therein found next Morning dead, *Anno* 1650. — He was buried in the Abbey at *Weſtminſter*, with the above Epitaph on his Monument; but before he had reſted there eleven Years, his Body was taken up, and thrown into a Pit in St. *Margaret*'s Churchyard, *Weſtminſter*, and his Monument defaced.

Tindal's

Tindal's Cœmetery, *London*.

Vavaſor Powell, a ſucceſsful Teacher of the paſt, a ſincere Witneſs of the preſent, and an uſeful Example to the future Age, lies here interred, who, in the Defection of many, obtained Mercy to be found faithful; for which, being called to ſeveral Priſons, he was there tried, and would not accept Deliverance, expecting a better Reſurrection. In hope of which he finiſhed his Life and Teſtimony together, in the eleventh Year of his Impriſonment, and in the 53d Year of his Age. *Octob.* 27. *An.* 1671.

In vain Oppreſſors do themſelves perplex,
To find out Arts how they the Saints may vex.
Death ſpoils their Plots, and ſets th' oppreſſed free,
Thus *Vavaſor* obtain'd true Liberty.
Chriſt him releas'd, and now he's join'd among
The martyr'd Souls, with whom he cries, *How Long?*
Rev. 6. 10.

E. BAGSHAW.

This *Powell* was one of the moſt infamous of all the Wretches that rebelled againſt their royal Maſter *Charles* the Firſt. — *Bagſhaw*, who writes the Epitaph of *Powell*, was ſuch another as *Vavaſor* himſelf; and dying in *December*, 1671, had an Epitaph of the ſame Kind on his Monument in the ſame Churchyard, written by Dr. *Owen*.

Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey.

In clariſſ. Dom. *Franciſcæ*, *Suffolciæ* quondam Duciſſæ Epicedion.

Nil decus, aut ſplendor, nil regia nomina proſunt;
Splendida divitiis nil juvat ampla domus:
Omnia fluxerunt, virtutis ſola remanſit
Gloria, Tartareis non abolenda rogis.
Nupta Duci prius eſt: uxor poſt Armigeri *Stock*:
Funere nunc valeas, conſociata Deo.

Here lieth the Ladie *Frances* Duches of *Southfolke*, Daughter to *Charles Brandon* Duke of *Southfolke*, and *Marie* the *French* Queene: Firſt Wife to *Henrie* Duke of *Southfolke*, and after to *Adrian Stock*, Eſquier.

This Lady was Daughter of *Charles Brandon*, the fine and gay Duke of *Suffolk*, by *Mary* the *French* Queen, Daughter to *Henry* the Seventh, who is ſaid to have fallen in Love with him ſeeing him at a Tournament; and after the Death of *Louis* the Twelfth, which was in three Months Time from their Marriage, came over into *England*, and wedded him: This their Daughter *Frances* was twice married: Firſt to *Henry Grey*, Marquis of *Dorſet*, afterwards created Duke of *Suffolk*, who was beheaded on *Tower Hill* the 23d of *February*, 1554, in the firſt Year of Queen *Mary*'s Reign: By him ſhe had the Lady *Jane Grey*, proclaimed Queen of *England*; but with her Huſband, the Lord *Guilford Dudley*, and both their Fathers, *i. e.* the Dukes of *Northumberland* and *Suffolk*, beheaded. Her ſecond Daughter, *Katharine*, was married to the Lord *Herbert*, Son to the Earl of *Pembroke*, and afterwards to *Edward* Earl of *Hertford*. This Lady *Frances*, after the Execution of her Huſband and Daughter, was proſecuted by ſome of the Miniſtry

Miniſtry for having been a very great Eſpouſer of the Reformation in *Edward* VI's Time, even to a Fault, and for dreſſing a Cat in a Rochet, and ridiculing in that Manner the Order of Epiſcopacy: But the moſt dangerous Cauſe of Reſentment ſhe had given was to *Gardiner*, the *blood-thirſty* Biſhop of *Wincheſter*; who being in Diſgrace, and confined in the *Tower*, in *Edward* the 6th's Time, as the Ducheſs went by, pulled off his Cap, and made her a low Bow from his Window: On which, ſhe, in a ſcornful Manner looking at him, told him, *It was well for the Lambs now the Wolves were ſhut up*. This Indignity he remembered; and ſhe, fearful of the Danger, fled. During which Diſgrace, ſhe married one *Adrian Stokes*, or *Stock*, a Country Gentleman, and was reduced (ſays Mr. *Fox*, who tells a lamentable Tale of her) to that Degree as to lie all Night in a Church-porch. She lived private till Queen *Elizabeth* came to the Crown, and then grew a Favourite with her. The Time of her Death is not on her Tomb; but it ſhould appear by a Warrant to the Heralds, that it was in *December*, the ſecond Year of that Queen's Reign: For the Queen, out of the great Love and Regard ſhe had for this Lady, and for that ſhe was lineally deſcended from *Henry* the 7th, gives Orders to Sir *Gilbert Dethick*, Knight, *Garter*, and one *Harvey*, *Clarencieux*, to allow of, and enter in their Books, that this Lady and her Poſterity ſhould bear an Augmentation of the Arms of *England*; viz. with a *Border Goubony*, *Gold* and *Azure*; and orders them at this her Funeral to place it with her Anceſtors Arms, in *Banners*, *Bannerolls*, *Lozenges*, and *Scutcheons*, &c. Theſe arms are accordingly quartered on the Monument which was erected to her by her Huſband *Adrian Stokes*.

Canterbury Cathedral.

Dilecto conjugi *Hadriano de Saravia*, *Margaretæ Wiits* adhuc ſuperſtes quâcum ille nuptias ſecundo iniit, annoſque ſex pie et feliciter vixit, Memoriale hoc ſincerum licet exiguum amoris ſui quaſi pignus ponendum curavit: Fuit is dum vixit Theologiæ Doctor egregius, Cathedralis hujus Eccleſiæ Prebendarius, meritiſſimus vir in omni literarum genere, eximius pietate, probitate, gravitate, ſuavitate morum inſignis; ſcriptis clarus, fide plenus, et bonis operibus dives valde, natione *Belgâ* natus *Hedinæ*, *Arteſiæ* rexit quondam *Lugduni Batavorum*, *Angliam* petiit primô ſub initium Regni beatæ memoriæ *Elizabethæ*. Doctor (*Lugduni* ante creatus) *Oxoniæ* poſt incorporatus eſt.

In memoriæ æternæ erit Juſtus, 1612.

On his Grave-ſtone was this Inſcription, now in great meaſure defaced; ſignifying that the ſaid Dr. *Saravia*, and his Wife *Catharine D'Allez*, lie there: He died *January* 25, 1612, aged 82: She, *February* the 2d, 1605.

Hic inhumata jacet Corpora *Adriani Saravia*, eique prius nuptæ *Catharinæ D'Allez*; obiit ille placide in Domino Anno Ætatis ſuæ 82, ſalutis noſtræ 1612, *Jan.* 25. Hæc 2 *Febr.* 1605, Anno e Nuptiis 15.

This learned and remarkable Perſon was born at *Hedin*, in *Artois*, and educated well in Learning; afterwards he was invited to the Univerſity of *Leyden*, and incorporated Doctor in Divinity, about the Year 1582: He became Preacher to the *French* Church there; and about five or ſix Years after came into *England*, and taught School in ſeveral Places; particularly the Free-ſchool at *Southampton*; but, growing in Eſteem for his Learning, he was preferred to the Prebendary

bendary of *Gloucester*, then to a Prebend in the Cathedral where he is intomb'd; and upon Dr. *Andrews*'s Preferment to the Deanry of *Weſtminſter*, he ſucceeded him as Prebendary of that Church. While he lived at *Canterbury* he was well known to Mr. *Hooker*, Author of the *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*; he was in Eſteem with Archbiſhop *Whitgift*, and no ſmall Oppoſer of *Theodore Beza*, and the Miniſters of the *Low Countries*. He wrote againſt *Beza*, in Defence of Epiſcopacy, when that Perſon officiouſly interfered with our Church Affairs, by adviſing the Chancellor of *Scotland* to abrogate it; he took much Pains in tranſlating the Bible, in the Beginning of the Reign of K. *James*, and wrote ſeveral Treatiſes; as, *De diverſis Miniſtrorum Evangelii gradibus*, &c. &c. &c. — His Works were collected together, and printed at *London*, Anno 1611.

On Mr. Maddox, *a Dancing-Maſter, and his Wife.*

They were lovely and pleaſant in their Lives, and in their Deaths they were not divided.

Hail happy Pair! predeſtin'd long to prove
The chaſteſt Raptures of connubial Love!
Who took no Step thro' Life's perplexed Dance,
But what would well your mutual Bliſs advance!
Who figur'd not a Plan but what was meant,
Again to join your Hands with freſh Content.
Tho' ceremonious—yet with Eaſe ſtill fraught;
The very Image of the Art you taught!
Polite in all Life's mazy Meaſures try'd,
As the gay Partner to his deſtin'd Bride.
Twice thirty Years in gentle Wedlock paſt,
The firſt was not ſo happy as the laſt!
Still each to each ſo complaiſantly gay,
As raptur'd Lovers on their nuptial Day!
All wing'd with Down their Years advancing roll,
And ſtill improve this Uniſon of Soul!

Unvarying

Unvarying—courtly to his lateſt Breath,
He gave his Spouſe Precedence e'en in Death.
The trueſt Honours to each other given,
He juſt ſurviv'd, then led her up to Heaven.

Rome, from *Smetius*.

Hoſpes. quod. deico. paullum. eſt. aſta. ac. pellige
Heic. eſt. ſepulcrum. hav. pulchrum. pulchrai. feminae
Nomen. Parentes. nominarunt. Claudiam
Suum. Mareitum. corde. dilexit. fovo
Gnatos. duos. creavit. horunc. alterum
In. Terra. linquit. alium. ſub. terrâ. locat
Sermone. lepido. tum. autem. inceſſu. commodo.
Domum. ſervavit. lanam. fecit. Dixi. Abei.

Rome, in the Garden of the Monaſtery at *St. Sebaſtian*.

Animae. Sanctae. Colendae
D. M. S.
Furia. Spes. L. Sempronio Firmo
Conjugi. Chariſſimo. Mihi. Ut. Cognovi
Puer. Puella. Obligati. Amori. Pariter
Cum. Cuo. Vixi. Tempori. Minimo. Et
Cuo. Tempore. Vivere. Debuimus
A. Manu. Mala. Diſparati. Sumus
Ita. Peto. VOS. M * * * S S. Sanctiſſimae
Commendat * * * Habeatis
Meum. Ca * * m. Et. Vellitis
Huic. Indulgentiſſimi. Eſſe
Horis. Nocturnis
Ut. Eum. Videam

Et. Etiam. Me. Fito. Suadere
Vellit. Ut. Et. Ego. Poſſim
Dulcius. Et. Celerius
Aput. Eum. Pervenire.

From *Appian.*

D. M.
Petronii. Antigenidis.
Tu. pede. qui. ſtricto. vadis. per. ſenta. Viator.
Siſte. Rogo. titulumque. meum. ne. ſpreveris. oro.
Bis. quinos. annos. menſeſque. duos. duo. ſoles.
In. ſuperos. fecit. tenere. nutritus. amatus.
Dogmata. Pythagoræ. ſenſi. ſtudiumque. ſophorum.
Et. libros. legi. legi. pia. carmina. Homeri.
Sive. quot. Euclides. abaco. preſcripta. tuliſſet.
Delicias. habui. pariter. luſuſque. procaces.
Hæc. Hilarus. mihi. contulerat. pater. ipſe. Patronus.
Sed. non. infelix. contraria. fata. habuiſſem.
Nunc. vero. infernas. ſedes. Acherontis. ad. undas.
Tetraque. Tartarei. per. ſidera. tendo. profundi.
Effugi. tumidam. vitam. Spes. forma. valete.
Nil. mihi. vobiſcum. eſt. alios. deludite. quæſo.
Hæc. Domus. æterna. eſt. Hic. fum. ſitus. Hic. ero.
ſemper.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

En infra poſitam
Qualis hominum oculis obverſabatur
Buſbeii Imaginem!
Si eam
Quæ in animis altius inſedit,
Ultra deſideras;
Academiæ utriuſque et Fori lumina

Aulæ,

Aulæ, Senatus, atque Eccleſiæ
Principes Viros contemplare:
Cumque ſatam ab illa Ingeniorum meſſem
Tam variam tamque uberem luſtraveris,
Quantus is eſſet qui ſeverit, cogita.
Is certe erat,
Qui inſitam cuique à Naturâ indolem
Et acutè perſpexit,
Et exercuit commodè,
Et feliciter promovit.
Is erat
Qui adoleſcentium animos
Ita docendo finxit aluitque,
Ut tam ſapere diſcerent quam Fari;
Dumque Pueri inſtituebantur,
Senſim ſuccreſcerent Viri.
Quotquot illius diſciplinâ penitus imbuti
In publicum prodiere:
Tot adepta eſt Monarchia,
Tot Eccleſia *Anglicana*
Propugnatores,
Fidos omnes, pleroſque ſtrenuos.
Quæcunque demum ſit Fama
Scholæ *Weſtmonaſterienſis*
Quicquid inde ad Homines fructus redundarit,
Buſbeio maxime debetur,
Atque in omne porro ævum debebitur.
Tam utilem Patriæ civem
Multis annis, opibuſque florere voluit Deus.
Viciſſim ille
Pietati promovendæ
Se, et ſua alacris devovit;
Pauperibus ſubvenire,
Literatos fovere,
Templa inſtaurare,
Id illi erat Divitiis frui:
Et hos in Uſus,
Quicquid non erogarat Vivus,

Legavit moriens.
Richardus Buſby, Lincolnienſis.
S. T. P.

Natus eſt *Luttoniæ*, 1606. *Sept.* 22. Scholæ *Weſtmon.* præfatus eſt, 1640. *Dec.* 23.
Sedem in Eccleſ.
Weſtmon. Prebendarius
Wellenſi Thefaurarius obtinuit, *A. D.* 1660. { *July* 5. *Aug.* 2.
Obiit 1695. *Apr.* 5.

In Engliſh thus:

'Behold! underneath lies the Image of *Buſby*: 'ſuch as he appeared to human Eyes. If you deſire to 'ſee that Part of him more deeply impreſſed on their 'Minds, thoughtfully ſurvey the ſhining Characters of 'both Univerſities, and the Law, and the leading and 'principal Men in the Court, the Parliament, and 'the Church. When you have ſeen ſuch a full ſown 'and plenteous Harveſt of ingenious Men, only con'ſider what he muſt have been who ſowed it. This 'was he who nicely diſcovered, uſefully managed, and 'happily improved the natural Genius of every one: 'This he, who, by his Inſtructions, reformed and 'nouriſhed the Minds of Youth, that they learned to 'grow wiſe, as they learned Language; and while 'they were educated as Boys, they improved as Men. 'As many as taught by him appeared in publick, ſo 'many faithful and ſtrenuous Aſſerters were raiſed to 'the Church and Monarchy of *England*. Laſtly, 'whatſoever Fame the School of *Weſtminſter* boaſts, 'and whatever Advantage Mankind ſhall reap from 'thence, is principally owing to *Buſby*, and will be 'owing to him in all Ages. So uſeful a Member of 'the Commonwealth, God was pleaſed to bleſs with 'Length of Days, and Increaſe of Riches. And in 'Return, he chearfully devoted himſelf and His for 'the Promotion of Piety, to relieve the Poor, to en-

'courage

'courage Learning, and to repair Churches. These 'were his Ways of enjoying Wealth; and what he 'did not employ in his Life-time to this Purpose, he 'bequeathed at his Death.'

On the Pedestal.

'*Richard Busby*, of the County of *Lincoln*, D. D. 'born at *Lutton*, 1606, *Sept.* 22. made Master of '*Westminster* College, 1640, *Dec.* 23. Elected Pre-'bend of *Westminster*, 1660, *July* 5; and Treasurer 'of *Wells*, 1660. *Aug.* 2. He died, 1695, *April* 5.'

Stepney.

Here lye interred the Bodies of Capt. *Thomas Chevers*, who departed this Life, *Nov.* 18, 1675. Aged 44 Years.

And of *Ann Chevers* his Wife, who departed this Life, *Nov.* 14. 1675. Aged 34 Years.

And of *John Chevers* their Son, who departed this Life, *Nov.* 13, 1675. Aged 5 Days.

Reader, consider well how poor a Span,
And how uncertain is the Life of Man:
Here lye the Husband, Wife, and Child, by Death
All three in five Days time depriv'd of Breath.
The Child dies first, the Mother on the Morrow
Follows, and then the Father dies with Sorrow.
A *Cæsar* falls by many Wounds, well may
Two Stabs at Heart the stoutest Captain slay.

Stepney.

Here lyeth the Body of *Mary Angel*, Widow, who departed this Life the 29th of *November* 1693. Aged 72 Years.

To ſay, an Angel here interr'd doth lye,
May be thought ſtrange, for Angels never dye.
Indeed ſome fell from Heav'n to Hell,
Are loſt and riſe no more:
This only fell by Death to Earth,
Not loſt, but gone before.

Here lyeth *N.* a Man of Fame,
The firſt of his Houſe and the laſt of his Name.

St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, London.

Jane, the Wife of *Ralfe Hanſby*, Eſq; Daughter to *William Vavaſour*, Eſq; Grandchild to *Thomas Manners*, Knt. died the 22. Day of *July*, in the Yeere of our Lord 1617, and of her Age the 23. to whoſe bleſſed Memory her dear Huſband hath dedicated this Monument, to ſignifie, that with her his Joy lies here interred.

Si genus et virtus, et moribus aucta figura,
Pulcra bonis Pietas ſi quid honoris habent;
Hunc *Janæ* tumulum ſpectans venerare, Viator,
Cum qua tot bona, tam bella ſepulta jacent.
Nec minor his aderat victrix patientia vitæ,
Nec ſpolium mortis, ſed pudor illa fuit.

Engliſhed

Engliſhed thus:

'If Birth, if Virtue, if fair Feature deckt,
'With Gifts of Mind, if Piety breeds Reſpect,
'Her Tomb then view and grace, kind Paſſenger,
'With whom ſo many Graces buried were;
'Conquer'd by Patience, yet ſhe overcame;
'Nor was her Youth Death's Triumph, but his
'Shame.'

Weſtminſter Abbey.

Carolus de St. Denis DMS. *St. Evremond*
Nobili Genere in *Normannia* ortus,
A prima Juventute
Militiæ nomen dedit,
Et per varia Munera
Ad *Caſtrarum-Mareſcalli* gradum evectus
Condæo, *Turenniæ*,
Aliiſque claris Belli Ducibus
Fidem ſuam et Fortitudinem
Non ſemel probavit;
Relictâ Patriâ *Hollandiam*
Deinde à *Carolo* II. accitus *Angliam*
Venit:
Philoſophiam et humaniores Literas
Feliciter excoluit;
Gallicam Linguam
Cum ſolutâ, tum numeris aſtrictâ oratione
Expoliviť, adornavit, locupletavit.
Apud Patres *Angliæ* Reges benevolentiam et Favorem,
Apud Regni Proceres Gratiam et Familiaritatem,
Apud omnes Laudem et Applauſum
Meruit.

Nonaginta annis major
Obiit IX. *Septembris* MDCCIII.
Viro Clariſſimo,
Inter Præſtantiores
Ævi ſui Scriptores
Semper Memorando,
Amici Mærentes
P. P.

In Engliſh thus:

'*Charles de St. Denis*, Lord of *St. Evremond*, deſcended from a noble Family in *Normandy*; who, when young, applied himſelf to military Affairs; and by ſeveral Steps was at length preferred to be a Field-Marſhal, where he more than once gave Proofs of his Probity and Courage, with *Conde*, *Turenne*, and other famous Generals. Leaving his Country, he went into *Holland*, and at the Invitation of *Charles* the 2d. came from thence into *England*. He very happily cultivated Philoſophy, and the uſeful Parts of Learning. He poliſhed, adorned, and enriched the *French* Language, by his Writings both in Proſe and Verſe. He deſervedly gained the Favour and Bounty of the Kings of *England*, and the Eſteem and Friendſhip of the Nobility; and, having reached beyond his 90th Year, he died the 9th of *September*, 1703. — That this ingenious Man may be remembered among the beſt Writers of his Age, his Friends, greatly grieved at his Loſs, have placed this Monument.'

Mr. *St. Evremond* was a Gentleman of a very gay Turn of Humour as well as Writing. He was a perfect Maſter of what the *French* call *Les Belles Lettres*. He had a very great Value for the Dutcheſs of *Mazarine*, with whom he always kept up an Intimacy. He preſerved his Humour and Intellects to the laſt.

Weſtminſter

Weſtminſter Abbey.

M. S.
Qui fuit *Anglorum* vates ter maximus olim
Galfridus Chaucer conditur hoc tumulo.
Annum ſi quæras Domini, ſi tempore mortis
Ecce Notæ ſubſunt, quæ tibi cuncta notant.
25 *Octobris*, 1400.
Ærumnarum requies Mors.
In *Brigham* Hos fecit Muſarum nomine ſumptus, 1556.

This Epitaph only ſignifies, that the great Poet *Chaucer* lies there, and that he died on the 25th of *October*, 1400; and that *N. Brigham* erected that Monument to him. — *Geoffrey Chaucer*, according to Mr. *Dart*, was born in *London*, in the Year 1328: His Father was one Sir *John Chaucer*, employed in foreign Affairs by *Edward* 3d. Our Poet was firſt brought up at *Cambridge*; then in *Merton*, in *Oxford*; whence he went to ſtudy the Law in the *Middle Temple*. After this he grew a Favourite at Court, was Valet to the King, and Gentleman of the Bedchamber; afterwards Shield-Bearer to the King; then Maſter or Comptroller of the Cuſtoms in *London*; and Ambaſſador to *Genoa*; and laſtly to *Monſtrevil*. In the Time of *Richard* II. he fled for High Treaſon; but was taken and committed to the *Tower*, where he wrote his *Teſtament of Love*. He and *John of Gaunt*, Duke of *Lancaſter*, marrying two Siſters, he grew a great Favourite with *Henry* IV. but died at *London* in the Second Year of that King's Reign, aged 72 Years.

Waltham-Abbey.

Here lyes the Remnant of Sir *James Fullerton*, Kat. firſt Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King *Charles* the Firſt (Prince and King) a gracious Rewarder of Virtue; a ſevere Reprover of all Vice, a profeſt Renouncer of all Vanitie. He was a firme Pillar to the Common Wealth, a faithful Patron to the Catholique Church, a faire Patterne to the *Britiſh* Court. He lived to the Welfare of his Country, to the Honour of his Prince, to the Glory of his God. — He died *Fuller* of Faith than of Years, *Fuller* of Reſolution than of Pains, *Fuller* of Honour than of Days.

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Uxor.

Reginæ a Cameris, Baronis Filia, chari
Fida Equitis conjux, *Elizabetha* fui.
Unus amor nobis, una indivulſa voluntas,
Cor unum, una fides inviolata fuit;
Ille mei ſi quando poteſt deponere curam,
Ille poteſt animæ non memor eſſe ſuæ.

Maritus.

Si lacrimis conſtaret amor, chariſſima conjux,
Proſequerer lacrimis funera ſæpe tua.
Nam mihi quæ fueris redamata, tuum, pia ſponſa,
Teſtatur meritum; conſcius ipſe mihi.
Sed nec amor patitur, ſociâ regnante, dolorem;
Et Chriſti major te ſibi ſtrinxit amor.
Ergo tuo, dilecta, bonorum pace fruare;
Spero mihi tecum portio pacis erit.

A *Brooke*

A *Brooke* by Name, the Baron *Cobham*'s Childe,
A *Newton* was ſhe by her Mother's Side,
Cecill her Huſbande this for her did builde,
To prove his Love did after Death abide,
Which tells unto the Worldes that after come
The Worldes concepte whileſte heare ſhe helde a Roome.

How Nature made her wiſe, and wel beſeeminge,
Witt, and condition, ſilente, trew and chaſte,
Her vertues ranne wanne her much Eſteeminge
In courte with Soveraigne ſtill with favoure grate,
Earth coulde not yealde more pleaſinge earthye bliſſe,
Bleſt with two Babes the thirde brought her to this.

The *Latin* above is a Dialogue between the deceaſed Lady *Cecil* (Daughter of the Lord *Cobham*, Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen *Elizabeth*, and married to Sir *Robert Cecil*, Knt. Son of *William* Lord *Burleigh*, Treaſurer of *England*), and her Huſband. She died in Child-bed in the Year 1591. The Dialogue expreſſes the mutual Value they had for each other.

St. Mary's, Lambeth.

In Memory of *Antony Burleigh*, third Son of *John Burleigh*, of the *Iſle of Wight*, Eſq; who was Lieutenant-General to King *Charles* the Firſt of bleſſed Memory; and was put to Death at *Winchester*, the 26th of *January*, for endeavouring to releaſe his Sacred Majeſty, then Priſoner in *Carisbrook* Caſtle, in the ſaid *Iſle of Wight*. His two elder Brothers were ſlain in *Worceſter* Fight, in the Forces of his preſent

Majeſty King *Charles* the 2d. This being the laſt of that royal Family, except his truly loving and ſorrowful Siſter, who cauſed this Monument to be erected. Ob. 17. *Feb.* 1681. Ætat. ſuæ 48. Spe reſurgendi.

Canterbury Cathedral.

Hic jacet expectans miſericordiam Dei, Pernobilis Vir *Johannes Guilford*, Miles. Unus conſiliarior. Illuſtriſſimi Regis *Hen.* VII. [illegible]quidem *Johannes* obiit 19 Die Menſis *Jul.* 8, *Henr.* VII. Anno 1493, cujus animæ propitietur altiſſimus.

Jeſu Filius Dei, miſerere mei!

In Engliſh thus:

'Here lies, expecting the Mercy of God, the 'Honourable Sir *John Guilford*, Knight, one of the 'Council to the moſt illuſtrious King *Henry* the Se'venth; which *John* died the 19th Day of *July*, in 'the 8th Year of the Reign of *Henry* VII. *Anno* 1493. 'To whoſe Soul the moſt high be favourable. *Jeſu* 'Son of God have Mercy on me!'

Sir *John Guilford*, High Sheriff of *Kent*, was Comptroller of the Houſhold to King *Edward* the Fourth, and afterwards Privy Counſellor to King *Henry* the Seventh, and much favoured by him. His Sons were great Men, and remarkably brave; of which, Sir *Richard* was attendant in the War with *France*, *ſupra mare cum* 550 *Nautis et Soldariis per duos Menſes*: For which and other Services (ſays Mr. *Dart*) he was created Knight of the *Garter* by that Prince. Sir *Edward*, another Son, was Father to *Jane*, Dutcheſs of *Northumberland*, Mother to the famous *Dudleys*, Earls of *Leiceſter* and *Warwick*, and the unhappy

Guilford Dudley, Husband to the Lady *Jane Grey*, and beheaded the same Day with her. *Henry Guilford*, Esquire, another Son, according to *Grafton*, in the 1st of *Henry* the 8th was sent to assist the King of *Arragon* against the *Moors*, together with the Lord *Thomas D'Arcy*, and the Lord *Antony Grey*, who arrived at *Cadiz* the 1st of *June* that Year; but a Truce being concluded, they were honourably dismissed; after which, Necessity requiring, he went a second Time to the Kingdom of *Granada*: And for his good Services there against the *Moors*, he was honoured with a *Canton* in his Arms, by King *Ferdinand*; which were, *Or, a Saltire inter 4 Martlets sable, on a Canton argent, an Apple of Granada proper.* He was afterwards made Knight of the *Garter* by *Henry* the Eighth. The Son of this Sir *Henry* married with the Lady *Elizabeth Somerset*, a Daughter of the *Worcester* Family; and from this Sir *John* are derived, by his Daughters Marriages, the *Darrells*, *Gages*, *Brownes*, *Walsinghams*, *Cromers*, *Isaacs*, and *Iselies*. The *Guilfords'* Seat was at *Hempstead*, in the County of *Kent*.

Canterbury Cathedral.

He that's imprison'd in this narrow Roome,
Wer't not for Custom, needs nor Verse nor Tomb;
Nor can from there a Memory be lent,
To him who must be his Tomb's Monument.
And by the Virtue of his lasting Fame,
Must make his Tomb live long, not it his Name;
For when this gaudie Monument is gone,
Children of th' unborne World shall spye the Stone
That covers him, and to their Fellows crye,
'Tis here, 'tis there about does *Berkley* lye.
To build his Tomb then is not thought so safe,
Where Virtue must outlive his Epitaph.

St. Paul's

St. Paul's Cathedral.

Franciſcus Walſinghamus, ortus familiâ multis ſeculis illuſtri, claritatem generis nobilitate, ingeniique præſtantibuſque animi dotibus ſuperavit. Puer, ingenue domi educatus, generoſis moribus, artibuſque optimis animum excoluit. Adoleſcens, peregrinatus in exteras Regiones, earum Inſtituta, Linguas, Politiam, ad civilem Scientiam Reique publicæ uſum didicit. Juvenis, exilium, *Mariâ* regnante, ſubiit voluntarium, Religionis ergo. Sereniſſimæ Reginæ *Elizabethæ* matura jam ætate, Orator fuit apud *Gallos*, turbulentiſſimo tempore, annis compluribus. Rurſum bis in *Galliam*, ſemel in *Scotiam*, ſemel in *Belgiam*, ſuper graviſſimis Principis Negotiis Legatione eſt; eique annis ſedecim ab intimis conciliis et ſecretis fuit, ac triennium Cancellarius Ducatus *Lancaſtriæ*: Quibus in muneribus, tantâ cum prudentiâ, abſtinentia, munificentia, moderatione, pietate, induſtriâ, et ſollicitudine verſatus eſt, ut a multis periculis patriam liberarit, ſervarit Rempublicam, conformarit pacem, juvare cunctos ſtuduerit, imprimis quos Doctrina aut Bellica virtus commendarit; ſeipſum denique neglexerit, quo prodeſſet aliis, eoſque valetudinis et facultatum ſuorum diſpendio ſublevaret.

In matrimonio habuit lectiſſimam Fæminam *Urſulam*, è Stirpe *S. Barborum* antiquæ nobilitatis, e quâ filiam, unicam ſuſcepit, *Franciſcam Philippo Sydneio* primum nuptam, deinde honoratiſſimo Comiti *Eſſexiæ*.

Obiit *Aprilis* 6. 1590.

S hall Honour, Fame, and Titles of Renown,
I n Clods of Clay be thus incloſed ſtill?
R ather will I, tho' wiſer Wits may frown,
F or to enlarge his Fame extend my Skill.
R ight gentle Reader, be it known to thee,
A famous Knight doth here interred lie,

N oble

N oble by Birth, renowned by Policie,
C onfounding Foes which wrought our Jeopardie.
I n foreign Countries their Intents he knew
S uch was his Zeal to do his Country good,
W hen Dangers would by Enemies enſue,
A s well as they themſelves he underſtood.
L aunch forth, ye Muſes, into Streams of Praiſe,
S ing and ſound forth praiſe-worthy Harmony;
I n *England* Death cut off his diſmal Days,
N ot wrong'd by Death, but by falſe Treachery.
G rudge not at this imperfect Epitaph,
H erein I have expreſt my ſimple Skill,
A s the First-fruits proceeding from a Graff,
M ake then a better whoſoever will.
Diſce quid es, quid eris, memor eſto quod moriēs.
E. W.

The *Latin* Part of the Epitaph is in *Engliſh* as follows:—'*Francis Walſingham*, deſcended from a long 'continued Succeſſion of illuſtrious Anceſtors, enhanced the Splendor of his Birth by an Excellence 'of Genius and uncommon Qualities of Mind. In 'his Childhood he was liberally educated at home, 'and he cultivated his Mind with the beſt Exerciſes, 'and Manners truly noble. In his Youth he travelled 'into foreign Countries, and learned for the Advantage of civil Science, and the Commonwealth, their 'Laws, Cuſtoms, Languages, and Polity. In his 'adult Years, he went into a voluntary Baniſhment 'on account of Religion in the Reign of Queen *Mary*. 'In his mature Life he ſerved for many Years the 'moſt ſerene Queen *Elizabeth*, and in the moſt turbulent Times, as Ambaſſador to *France*. He was 'again ſent in the ſame Quality on very important 'Affairs, twice to *France*, once to *Scotland*, and 'once to the *United Provinces*. He was ſixteen Years 'of the Privy Council, and three Years Chancellor of 'the Dutchy of *Lancaſter*. In the Diſcharge of the'ſe

'Functions

Functions he behaved with so much Prudence, Integrity, Munificence, Moderation, Piety, Industry, and Care, that he rescued his Country from many Dangers; protected the Commonwealth, established Peace, and studied the Assistance of all; especially those whom Learning or heroic Virtue recommended to his Patronage. To the deserving he was extremely serviceable, even to the Neglect of himself, and supported them at the Expence of his Health and Fortune. He was married to that illustrious Lady, *Ursula*, of the noble and ancient Family of the *St. Barbes*; by whom he had an only Daughter *Frances*, first married to *Philip Sidney*, and afterwards to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Essex*. He died *April* 6th, 1590.'

Westminster-Abbey.

Æternæ Memoriæ
Antonii Horneck,
S.Th. Professoris Regiæ Maj. a Sacris, hujus Ecclesiæ
Cunonici, Viri inter primos docti et eruditi.
Sed qui potissimum,
Flagrantissimo in Deum zelo et Religione;
Vitæ Sanctimonia;
Morum gravitate, humanitatis officiis, in singulos,
Egenos præsertim et ægrotantes sedulo impensis;
Sacris Concionibus apud St. *Mariam le Savoy*, per XXVI.
Plus minus annorum curriculum
Indesinenter et indefesse ad populum habitis;
Scriptis;
Priscorum sæculorum pietatem, et asceticam Severitatem
Mire redolentibus atque per ora hominum passim
Volitantibus, longe lateque inclaruit, ac ingentem

Sibi

Sibi apud bonos omnes famam
Comparavit.
Maximis quos in exequendo munere exantlaverat
Fractus Laboribus, in Nephritidem incidit,
Lethalique calculo viſceribus pertinaciter
Adhæreſcente, candidiſſimam animam
Cælo reddidit: *Prid. Calend. Febr.*
Anno Sal. MDCXCVI.
Ætatis ſuæ LVI.

In Engliſh thus:

'To the laſting Memory of *Anthony Horneck*, D.D. 'Chaplain to the King, and Canon of this Church, 'Man of the firſt Rank for Learning and Education, 'but chiefly famous for remarkable Zeal to God and 'the Church, Holineſs of Life, Gravity of Manners, 'Deeds of Humanity to all, but chiefly to thoſe in 'Sickneſs and Diſtreſs; and his indefatigable Pains in 'preaching at *St. Mary's*, in the *Savoy*, for 26 Years, 'Sermons which wonderfully abounded with that pri-'mitive Piety, and ſtrict Severity. Worn out with great 'Pains, which he went through in Diſcharge of his 'Duty, he fell ill of the Stone, and died of that Malady, 'reſigning his pure Soul to Heaven, the laſt Day of '*January*, 1696. Aged 56.'

Anthony Horneck was born at *Bachweach*, in the lower *Palatinate* in *Germany*, bred in the Univerſity of *Wittemberg*, of which he was made Maſter of Arts — went to *Oxford* in 1661, and in the Middle of *March*, 1663, being incorporated in that Univerſity in the ſame Degree, he was ſoon after made one of the Chaplains of *Queen's College* — then went to *London*, and became Miniſter of *St. Mary le Strand* and the Precinct of the *Savoy*, Chaplain to *Chriſtopher* Duke of *Albemarle*—D. of D. in *Cambridge*, in 1681, purpoſely to oblige the ſaid Duke, who had then a Pro-

ſpect

ſpect of being ſhortly after made Chancellor of that Univerſity, as he was. About that Time *Hornek* became Prebendary of *Exeter*, and in *June* or *July*, 1693, Prebend of *Weſtminſter*, in the room of Dr. *De L'Angle* deceaſed, being then Chaplain in Ordinary to their Majeſties King *William* and Queen *Mary*.—*Antony Wood* gives a full Account of his Works, which the Reader may ſee in his *Ath. Ox.*

Weſtminſter-Abbey.

Tho. Thynn of *Longleate* in *Com. Wilts* Eſq. who was barbarouſly murdered on *Sunday* the 12 of *February* 1682.

This Gentleman, having ten thouſand Pound *per Annum* left him by an Uncle, was privately married to the rich Heireſs of *Northumberland*, a young Lady, and Widow to the Earl of *Ogle*. The Noiſe of this Lady's Fortune, among many others, encouraged Count *Coningſmark*, a *German* Lord, to attempt her: However Mr. *Thynne's* Marriage was managed, the Lady, being diſpleaſed, thought fit to go over into *Holland* before it was conſummated, or they had ever been bedded: Upon this a Suit at Law was intended, and *Coningſmark* thought upon this Difference, if he could remove *Thynne*, he ſhould bid fair for his Prize; and having ſent him a Challenge, *Thynne* anſwered it, by ſending ſix Ruffians into *France* to kill him and his Second, Captain *Uratch*; but they eſcaped by killing two of them, as the Count ſaid. However, if it were ſo, he baſely and barbarouſly turned his own Weapons upon him; for on *Sunday*, the 12th *Feb.* 1682, three Men on Horſeback aſſaulted him in his own Coach in *Pall Mall*, near the *Hay Market*, and one of them, by diſcharging a Muſquettoon into the Coach, mortally

wounded

wounded him, and made their Eſcape. *Coningſmark* was taken at *Graveſend*, and tried; but by foul Play, as was thought, cleared: The other three were executed. This was by ſome thought a juſt Reward for his Perfidy, in having, at the Duke of *Monmouth*'s Requeſt, debauched a young Lady of Character, and baſely deſerted her: Whence came the Saying, *That he had eſcaped this, if he had either married the Lady he had lain with, or lain with the Lady he had married.*

Canterbury Cathedral.

Cy giſt le noble Prince Monſ. *Edward*, aiſnez filz du tres noble Roy *Edward* Tiers: Prince d' *Aquitaine* et de *Galas*, Duc de *Cornewaille*, et Counte de *Coſtre*, qui morust en la feſte de la *Trinite*, quelloit le VIII. jour de *Juin*, l'an de grace mil trois centz ſeptaunte ſeine, L'alme de qui Dieu ait Mercy. Amen.

Tu qui paſſez oue bouche cloſe
Par la on ce corps repoſe,
Entent ce qe te dirai,
Sycome te dire le fay.
Tiel com tu es tiel fu,
Tu ſeras tiel comme je fu.

De la mort ne penſai je mye,
Tant comme j'avoi la vie:
Enterre avoi grand Richeſſe;
Dont j'y fis grand Nobleſſe,
Terre, Meſons, grand Treſor,
Draps, Chivaux, Argent, et Or.

Mes ore ſa je a Pourres et Chetifs
Perfond en la tre gis.

Ma

Ma grand Beaute eſt tout allee:
Ma char eſt tout gaſtee;

Moule eſt eſtroit ma meſon;
En moy na ſi vente non;
Et ſi ore me veiſſez
Je ne quide pas qe vous deiſſez,
Qe j'euſſe onques home eſte,
Si ſu j'e ore de tant changee.
Pour dieu priez au celeſtien Roy
Qe mercy ait de l'ame de moy
Tous ceulx qi pur moy prieront,
Ou a Dieu maccorderont,
Dieu les mette en ſon Paradis
Ou nul ne poet eſtre chetiffs.

Here lieth the noble Prince Monſieur *Edward*, the eldeſt Son of the moſt noble King *Edward* the Third, in former time Prince of *Aquitain*, and of *Wales*, Duke of *Cornwall*, and Earl of *Cheſter*, who died on the Feaſt of Trinitye, which was the 8th Day of *June*, in the Year of Grace 1376. To the Soul of whom God grant Mercy. Amen.

Whoſo thou be that paſſeſt by,
Where theſe Corps interred lie,
Underſtand what I ſhall ſay,
As at this Time ſpeak I may:
Such as thou art ſometime was I,
Such as I am, ſuch ſhalt thou be.
I little thought on the Hour of Death,
So long as I enjoyed Breath.
Great Riches here I did poſſeſs,
Whereof I made great Nobleneſs;
I had Gold, Silver, Wardrobes, and
Great Treaſures, Horſes, Houſes, Land.
But now a Caitiff poor am I,
Deep in the Graund, lo! here I lie;

My

My Beauty great is all quite gone,
My Fleſh is waſted to the Bone.
My Houſe is narrow now and throng,
Nothing but Truth comes from my Tongue.
And, if ye ſhould ſee me this Day,
I do not think, but ye would ſay,
That I had never been a Man,
So much altered now I am.
For God's ſake pray to the Heavenly King,
That he my Soul to Heaven would bring.
All they that pray and make Accord,
For me, unto my God and Lord,
God place them in his Paradiſe,
Wherein no wretched Caitiff lies.

S. Clara, at Aſſiſa.

V. S. C. A.

Franciſco, celsâ humilitate conſpicuo
Chriſtiani orbis fulcimento, Eccleſiæ Reparatori,
Corpori nec viventi, nec mortuo.
Chriſti crucifixi plagarum ſlavorumque inſignibus admirando.
Papa novæ fœturæ collacrymans, lætificans et exultans,
Juſſu, manu, munificentia poſuit.
Anno Domini MCCXXVIII.
XVI. Kalend. *Auguſti.*
Ante obitum mortuus poſt obitum vivus.

That is:

'To the Seraphic, Catholic, and Apoſtolic Man '*Francis*, eminent for his exalted Humility; the 'Support of Chriſtianity, the Repairer of the Church; 'whoſe Body, while neither dead nor alive, received 'the miraculous Marks of the Scourges and Nails of

'*Chriſt*

'*Chriſt* crucified. The Pope mourning, rejoicing, 'and exulting at his new Birth, by his Order, his 'Hand, and his Bounty has erected this Monument '*Auguſt* 1. 1228. In his Lifetime he was dead; 'and now that he is dead, he liveth.'

Our Saviour (ſays *Bartholemew of Piſa*) being willing to render *St. Francis* entirely like himſelf, came to him upon the Hill of *Alverna*, in the Form of a crucified Seraph, and juſt as the Prophet *Eliſha* did, when he raiſed to Life the *Shunamite*'s Son, who had been dead, *poſuit os ſuum ſuper os ejus, et oculos ſuos ſuper oculos ejus, et manus ſuas ſuper manus ejus, et incurvavit ſe ſuper eum.* That is: He put his Mouth upon his Mouth, and his Eyes upon his Eyes, and his Hands upon his Hands, and he ſtretch'd himſelf upon him, and pierced him with the wonderful Weapon of the Croſs.—From that Time, ſays Brother *Bartholomew*, the great *St. Francis* was in every reſpect made like *Jeſus Chriſt*.

Ferrara Cathedral.

D. O. M.
Quid Hoſpes adſtas?
Tymbum vides *Gyraldi Lilii*,
Fortunæ utramque paginam qui pertulit,
Sed peſumâ eſt uſus
Altera nihil
Opus ferente *Apolline*,
Nil ſcire refert amplius
Tua aut ſua,
in tuam rem abi.
Lilius Greg. Gyraldus Protonot. Apoſt.
Mortalitatis memor ann. agens LXXII.
V. S. P. Curavit.
M.D.L.

In

In Engliſh:

'Paſſenger, what do you ſtop at? You ſee here 'the Tomb of *Gyraldus Lilius*, who experienced 'both Pages of Fortune's Book, but profited only 'by the worſt, by the Help of *Apollo*, making no uſe 'of the other. More to know concerns neither him 'nor thee; be gone about your Buſineſs. Erected 'by *Lilius Gregorius Gyraldus*, mindful of Mortality, 'in the Year of our Lord 1550, and of his Age 72.'

Mr. *Miſſon* in his Travels, has fallen into a monſtrous Blunder, and confounded this learned Man with *Aloyſius Lilius* a Phyſician of *Rome:* Which Blunder *Moreri* made before him in his Hiſtorical Dictionary.

On Sir John Roe.

I'll not offend thee with a vain Tear more,
Glad-mention'd *Roe*; thou art but gone before,
Whither the World muſt follow; and I now
Breathe to expect my When, and make my How.
Which, if moſt gracious Heav'n grant like thine,
Who wets my Grave, can be no Friend of mine.

BEN JONSON.

If wiſe, amaz'd! depart this holy Grave,
Nor theſe new Aſhes aſk, what Names they have!
The Graver in concealing them was wiſe,
For, whoſo knows, ſtraight melts in Tears, and dies.

GILES FLETCHER.

Enough!

Enough! and leave the reſt to Fame,
'Tis to commend her, but to Name.
Courtſhip, which living ſhe declin'd,
When dead to offer were unkind:
Where never any could ſpeak ill,
Who would officious Praiſes ſpill?
Nor can the trueſt Wit or Friend,
Without detracting her commend;
To ſay, ſhe liv'd a Virgin chaſte,
In this Age looſe and all unlac'd!
Nor was where Vice is ſo allow'd,
Of Virtue, or aſham'd, or proud.
That her Soul was on Heav'n ſo bent,
No Minute but it came and went:
That ready her laſt Debt to pay,
She ſumm'd her Life up ev'ry Day;
Modeſt as Morn, as Midday bright,
Gentle as Ev'ning, cool as Night:
'Tis true, but all too weakly ſaid,
'Twas more ſignificant, ſhe's dead.

A. MARVELL.

Via Portuenſis, Rome.

D. M.

P. *Cornelia. Annia.* Ne. in. deſolata. orbitate. ſuperviverem. miſera. vivam. me. ultro. in. hanc. arcam. cicum. viro. def. incompar. Amore. delecto. damnat. dedo. cum. quo. vixi. annos. XX. ſine. ulla. ****. Libertabuſque. noſt. mando. ut. quotann. ſuper. arcam. noſt. Plutoni. et. Uxori. Proſerpinæ. man. que. omnibus. ſacrificent. Roſiſque. exornent. de. reliq. ibi. epulentur. Do. D. P. M. ex H. S. X. atque. T. Delego.

Vale. Vita.

That

That is:

'To the Gods Manes.
'*P. Cornelia. Annia.*
'Being fully reſolved not to ſpend the Remainder of 'my Days in a forlorn and mournful Widowhood, 'and never to be ſeparated from a Huſband for 'whom I entertained a moſt tender Affection, and 'with whom I lived for 20 Years together in perfect 'Harmony, I bury myſelf alive in this ſame Tomb, 'where he now repoſes; and I expreſsly charge my 'freed Women to come annually and adorn the ſame 'with Roſes, to ſacrifice upon it, to *Pluto*, his Wife '*Proſerpina*, and to all the other infernal Deities. 'To bear the whole Charge, I have ſettled a certain 'Sum of Money, the Overplus of which I allow 'them to uſe for making a handſome Entertain-'ment
'On this ſame Spot.'

Subterranean Chapel, in the Church of St. *Maria Scala Cæli, Rome.*

Hic requieſcunt Corpora Sancti *Zenonis* Tribuni et ſociorum ejus militum decies mille ducentorum trium.

That is:

'Here reſt the Bodies of St. *Zeno* and his twelve 'Thouſand two Hundred Soldiers.'

Theſe are the twelve Thouſand two Hundred *Chriſtians* (preciſely) who remained alive out of the forty Thouſand, that had been employed for the Space of ſeven Years, in building *Dioclefian*'s Baths;

and who after the finiſhing of this immenſe Work, received no other Recompenſe for their Toil and Labour than a cruel Death, which they ſuffered by the Tyrant's Order, and on the ſame Spot where this Church now ſtands.

Via Latina, Rome.

Non nomen, non quo genitus, non unde, quid egi.
Mutus in æternum ſum, cinis, oſſa, nihil.
Non ſum, nec fueram: genitus tamen è nihilo ſum;
Mitte, nec exprobres ſingula, talis eris.

In Engliſh:

'Traveller, be not inquiſitive about my Name,
'Extraction, Place of Birth, or paſt Life; conſider only
'my preſent State. I am condemned to an everlaſt-
'ing Silence, and nothing of me remains but a Par-
'cel of Bones and Aſhes. I came from nothing,
'ſcarce ever exiſted, was at beſt an inſignificant Be-
'ing, and am now entirely deſtitute of Exiſtence.
'Go your Way, and do not upbraid me with my low
'Condition; yours will very ſoon be the ſame.'

Church of the Hoſpital of the *Holy Ghoſt, Rome.*

Bernardino Paſſerio, Julii 2. *Leonis*, X. et *Clementis* VII. Pont. Max. Aurifici ac Gemmario præſtantiſſ. qui cum in ſacro Bello pro patria in prox. Janiculi parte pugnans Hoſtium plureis occidiſſet, atque adverſo militi vexillum abſtuliſſet, fortiter occubuit *pr. Non. Maii* MDXXVII. Vixit an. XXXVII. M.

M. VI. D. XI. *Jacobus et Octavianus Paſſerii* fratres Patri amantiſſimo poſuere.

This Inſcription is on a Stone in the Steeple Wall of the Church, and is in Honour of a Man who had been Jeweller to three ſucceſſive Popes, and underſtood (it ſeems) ſomething more than his Profeſſion. As his Epitaph tells us, he bravely fought the Enemies of his Country, when the City was beſieged by the *Conſtable de Bourbon*. He ſlew many with his own Hands, and took by Force a military Enſign from the Officer who bore it. This done, he fell glorioufly in the Field of Battle.

St. John's, Naples.

Quid agam requiris?
Tabeſco.
Qui ſim ſcire cupis?
Fui.
Vitæ quæ fuerint condimenta rogas?
Labor, Dolor, Ægritudo, Luctus.
Servire ſuperbis Dominis;
Jugum ferre ſuperſtitionis;
Quos caros habeas, ſepelire;
Patriæ videre excidium;
Nam Uxorias moleſtias nunquam ſenſi.
Petro Compatri viro officiociſſimo *Pontanus* poſuit.
Conſtantem ob amicitiam. Vixit Ann. LIII. Obiit
M.D.I. XV. Kal. Dec.

This Inſcription by *Pontanus* is to the Memory of *Petrus Compater*. The Church was founded by *Pontanus*. The Epitaph is a Liſt of his Misfortunes and Afflictions, amongſt which he particularly ranks the Loſs of his Friends and Relations, and the Ruin of his Country; but the moſt remarkable Circum-

ſtance is, the heavy Load of Superſtition, which he had been forced to bear. In a Word, the only Thing he was not plagued with was a bad Wife.

St. Agnello, Naples.

Quæ miſer impoſui lugubria ſaxa ſepulcro,
Mi Pater, innumeris accipe pro meritis.
Quod ſi marmoream licuiſſet ſumere formam;
Te natus tegeret non alio lapide.
Inciſæque notæ legerentur: Gratus Alexis
Reddidit oſſa patri, ſitque patri tumulus.

That is:

"Dear Father, receive this Monument as a ſmall "Acknowledgement for all the valuable Favours re- "ceived from you. Had it been poſſible for me to "have transformed myſelf into a Marble, you would "have had no other Tomb than my Body; nor any "other Epitaph than this: "The grateful *Alexis* re- "turns his Father the Being he received from him, "and becomes his Parent's Sepulchre."

On Sir Thomas Hanmer.

Thou, who ſurveyſt theſe Walls with curious Eye,
Pauſe on this Tomb where *Hanmer's* Aſhes lie.
His various Worth thro' various Life attend,
And learn his Virtues while thou mourn'ſt his End.
His Force of Genius burnt in early Youth,
With Thirſt of Knowledge and with Love of Truth;
His Learning join'd with ſuch endearing Art,
Charm'd ev'ry Ear, and gain'd on ev'ry Heart:
Thus early wiſe, th' endanger'd Realm to aid,
His Country call'd him from the ſtudious Shade;

In

In Life's firſt Bloom his public Toils began,
At once commenc'd the Senator and Man.
In Buſineſs dext'rous, weighty in Debate,
Thrice ten long Years he labour'd for the State;
In ev'ry Speech perſuaſive Wiſdom flow'd,
In ev'ry Act refulgent Virtue glow'd;
Suſpended Faction ceas'd from Rage and Strife,
To hear his Eloquence and praiſe his Life:
Reſiſtleſs Merit fix'd the Senate's Choice,
And hail'd him *Speaker* with united Voice.
Illuſtrious Age! how bright thy Glories ſhone!
When *Hanmer* fill'd the Chair, and *Anne* the Throne.
Then when dark Arts obſcur'd each fierce Debate,
When mutual Frauds perplex'd the Maze of State,
The Moderator firmly mild appear'd,
Beheld with Love, with Veneration heard!
This Taſk perform'd, he ſought no gainful Poſt,
Nor wiſh'd to glitter at his Country's Coſt;
Strict on the Right he fix'd his ſtedfaſt Eye
With temp'rate Zeal and wiſe Anxiety:
Nor e'er from Virtue's Path was turn'd aſide,
To pluck the Flow'rs of Pleaſure or of Pride:
Her Gifts deſpis'd Corruption bluſh'd and fled;
And Fame purſu'd him where Conviction led.
Age call'd at length his active Mind to Reſt,
With Honour ſated, and with Cares oppreſs'd:
To letter'd Eaſe retir'd, and honeſt Mirth,
To rural Grandeur, and domeſtic Worth;
Delighted ſtill to pleaſe Mankind or mend,
The Patriot's Fire yet ſparkled in the Friend:
Calm Conſcience then his former Life ſurvey'd,
And recollected Joys endear'd the Shade;
Till Nature call'd him to the gen'ral Doom,
And Virtue's Sorrow dignify'd his Tomb.

Kingſton upon *Hull*.

Near this Place
Lyeth the Body of *Andrew Marvell*, Eſq;
A Man ſo endow'd by Nature,
So improv'd by Education, Study and Travel,
So conſummated by Experience,
That joining the moſt peculiar Graces of Wit and Learning
With a ſingular Penetration, and Strength of Judgment,
And exerciſing all theſe
In the whole Courſe of his Life,
With unalterable Steadineſs to the Ways of Virtue;
He became the Ornament
And Example of the Age.
Belov'd by good Men, fear'd by bad, admired by all:
Tho' imitated, alas!
By few.
And ſcarce parallell'd by any.
But a Tomb-ſtone can neither contain his Character,
Nor is Marble neceſſary to tranſmit it to Poſterity:
'Tis engraved on the Minds of his Generation,
And will be always legible in his inimitable Writings.
Nevertheleſs,
He having ſerv'd near twenty Years
Succeſſively in Parliament,
And that with ſuch
Wiſdom, Integrity, Dexterity and Courage,
As became a true Patriot,
The Town of *Kingſton upon Hull*,
From whence he was conſtantly deputed to that Aſſembly,
Lamenting in his Death the public Loſs,
have erected

This

This Monument of Grief and Gratitude, 1688.
He dy'd in the 58th Year of his Age,
On the 6th Day of *Auguſt*, 1678.

Convent of *Mount-Oliveet*, *Naples*.

Hoſpes, mirare ſepulti fidem: Hic dum *Arcis Parthenopeæ* à Divo *Alfonſo Aragonio* Praefectus, claſſica et terreſtri obſidione premeretur, ne fidem polluueret, exhauſto jam ærario imminentia capitis pericula ſponte negligens, fædum mularum et canum eſum non reſpuit: quin duobus Fratribus captivis ab hoſte oppoſitis, ne tormentorum ictus increbreſcerent, ſocio ſanguini fortitudinem preferens, a propoſito non eſt abductus: Deinceps mortuo Rege, frangendæ fidei inclyto *Ferdinando*, uberrima multorum præmia ludibrio habuit.

This Epitaph is in Honour of the brave *Arnaldo Sanza*, a *Catalan*. He was ſo faithful to his Sovereign *Alphonſo*, that being beſieged both by Sea and Land, in the *New Caſtle* of which he was Governor, he never could be prevailed upon to ſurrender it to the Enemy, tho' himſelf and his Garriſon were reduced to the moſt dreadful Extremities. The military Cheſt was quite exhauſted, and the Proviſions conſumed; ſo that they lived upon Mules and Dogs Fleſh for a conſiderable Time. His two Brothers being in the Hands of the Beſiegers, they in order to frighten him into a Capitulation, expoſed them both to the greateſt Fire of the Caſtle: But all this was to no Purpoſe; he holding out till the laſt, and deſpiſing, even after the Death of *Alphonſo*, the moſt tempting Offers made him by the Enemy, in order that he might betray his Truſt. All theſe honourable Particulars are recorded in the Inſcription, which

yet through an unpardonable Neglect has omitted his Name.

St. James's, Venice.

Amice Lector, ſalve.

Cupis fortaſſe ſcire, cujus ſit hoc Monumentum? *Joannis Bonifacii Sebaſt.* F. honeſtiſſimis Parentibus nati, in Liberalibus Diſciplinis educati, Juriſconſulti, Hiſtorici, Aſſeſſoris, Civis *Rhodigini, Tarviſini, Patavini.* Propinquis benefici, amicis grati, Principibus viris chari. Qui ſi magna non fecit ſcribenda, plura tamen ſcripſit legenda, quæ ſi tu bene inſpexeris, qualis ipſe fuerit, melius intelliges, et illius memoriam ſervabis. Bene vale. MDCXXXV.

In Engliſh:

'Hail Reader; perhaps you want to know whoſe 'Monument this is: 'Tis that of *John Bonifacius* 'the Son of *Sebaſtian*; of moſt creditable Parentage, 'educated in a liberal Manner, a Lawyer, an Hiſto-'rian, an Aſſeſſor, a Citizen of *Rovigo, Treviſo, 'Padua.* To his Relations he was kind; to his 'Friends agreeable, and to great Men dear. If his 'Actions were not ſo proper Subjects for writing, 'yet his Writings are excellent Matter for Reading. 'When you have peruſed theſe, you will form a bet-'ter Judgment of his true Character, and you will 'carefully cheriſh his Memory. Farewell: 1635.'

Bonifacius was Son of *Sebaſtian*, Senator of *Rovigo*, which *Sebaſtian* after living with his Wife 50 Years, fine ulla Querela, without any Quarrel, died with prodigious Reſolution and Preſence of Mind at the Age of 97. Our Author married the only Daugh-

ter

ter of *Marco Antonio Martinagi*, a Patrician of *Treviſo*, and it was in Complaiſance to his Father in Law that he wrote the Hiſtory of that City. After paſſing all his Life in ſtudying ſometimes at *Padua* and ſometimes at *Venice*, he at laſt retired into his own Country, where he died in the Year 1635, aged 88; and was interred with great Marks of Honour as above.

Maldon.

Sub jacet hic pictus, dives, durus, nece victus,
Nomine *Rex* dictus, non re, ſed homo modo fictus.
De *Maldon* Carnifex, at Rex vir vocitatus,
Noſtre fraternitatis pater et peramatus.
Mundi menſe pleno *Januarii* die noveno
C. quater, mille, ter et v. tunc Rex ruit ille.
Sponſe que fantur *Alys*, *Ann* ſecum tumulantur
Quibus ſolamen precor precamur et Amen. *

* This odd Epitaph is on one *King*'s Butcher, and his two Wives, *Anne* and *Alice*, which *King* died in 1415. This is all the Inſcription mentions.

Auguſti undena ſumpta bis in hac requievit
Petra *Richardus* Wood conjuge cunque Johanna,
Quorum ſunt nati quinque, nate quoque ſene,
Jeſu cunctorum miſerator ſis precor horum.

Farewel you World, I tak leve for ever
I am cityd to appere I no not where
Yen al yis world yis tym had I lever,
A litl ſpaſe to mak a ſith for fere
Of my treſpace, broken is for ſorrow
Myn hart, now be that ſal not be to morrow.

Farewel frendys, ye tide bidyth no man.
I am tak fro hens, and ſo ſal ye;
But to what paſſage tel you I ne can,
Ye yat be livyng may prey well ye be;
Nakyd I go, nakyd hider we cam
Prey ye for me, Requiem æternam.

Stone, in the Dioceſe of *Rocheſter*.

Preyeth for the Sowl in wey of cheritie
Of *Richard Bentfant* late Mercer of *London*.
For the Brethren and Siſters of this Fraternitie,
Owner of the Plas callyd Caſtle of the Ston;
Remember hym that is leyd under Ston.
For hys Sowl and al Chriſtian to prey
To the merciful *Jeſeu*, a *Pater noſter* anon,
An *Ave* to hys Moder, and mak no deley.
In *March* whych deceſſyd the XIX dey.
In the Yer of owr Lord God who kepe hym fro pyne
A thowſand fowr hundryd fifty and nyne.

Dartford.

O pytefull Creater concerning erthly ſepulter,
Of *Katryn Burlton* at x day wythin *Jun*.
Thouſand IIIIC. Lxxxxvi yer
Occurrent wyth *Rychard Burlton* Jantlman.
Spows to the *Katryn*. . . .
Expired thowſand . . .
Throu the prayor of thes twein
Sal he be ſavyd fro endlyſſe pein.

Bromley.

Bromley.

Icy gist Mestre *Water de Henche*,
Qi fut Persone de *Bromleghe*. 1360.

Romford.

The mortall corses buryed here behold
Of *Avery Cornburgh* and *Beatrice* his wyff,
Squire for the body in worschip many fold,
With *Henry* and *Edward* kings in this lyff:
And under treasurer with king *Henry* the seventh full blyff.
Till deth him raft the world as yow may se,
And of Master *John Crowland* Doctor of Divinitie.
Within this Church to sing perpetuell,
They stablysh a Doctor, or Batcheler of Divinitie,
Or a Master of Art, for nede continuell,
Ten Pound for his Salerie and chamber fee,
And thre pound more there as yow may se:
Yerlie XX *s.* the livelode to repare,
For every yere an *obit*, the residue is fare.
Of Preests XII and Clerks VI alsoo,
Six pens the Preest, and fowr pens every Clerk,
For brede, chese, and ale in mony there must goe:
To poor folk XL*d.* fulfilling this Werk:
The Baylie and Wardens of this Church must werk;
To levy the lyvelode dispose, and employ;
And ech of them yerly for their labour shall XL *d.* enjoy.
Moreover this call to yowr remembrance anon,
That in the Beadroll of usage every Sonday redd;
The sowls of this *Avery*, *Beatrice*, and *John*,
Be prayed for in speciall; se that our will be sped,
And that the Curate of this Church curtesly be ledd

And for his labor have in reding of that Roll
Forty pens to prey for them and every Chriſtian
ſowl.
The Chantrie Preeſt in this Church ſhall byud him
preeching,
And in other when he is diſpoſy'd ſoul helth to
avans:
Namely at *South Okendon*, *Hornchurch*, *Dagenham* &
Barking;
At every of them twiſe a yere, or moo to Goddys
pleaſans,
And at two times ſeverall this is ſufficians.
Forty days in the yere he ſhall have to diſport,
If his diſpoſition require ſuch comfort.
The Baylie and Wardens of the ſame Town;
This chantre Preeſt ſhall purvay and provyd,
Within 6 weekes by their own Election,
But after ſuch ſetyſon if it ſhall betyd,
To ſtand longer vacant, thei ſhall it not hyd,
The Biſhop of *London*, and the Archdekon,
As is owr wiſh for that on tym ſhall have their Elec-
tion.
But after ſix wekes a moneth of vacation,
Not elet by them twein, deprivyth ther liberte.
For then ſhall the *King* ha gift & nomination,
Namely for that on tym; we will that ſo it be.
A cheſt in the Church with evidenſes ſe,
Concerning the livelode with Indenture tripartite;
Remeyning with the Biſhop, and Herres of *Avery*:
The third with the Wardens trowth to Annuity.
Now, *Jeſu*, for thy bitter paſſion,
Reward the ſowls with everlaſting bliſs
Of them, which cauſed this Foundation;
And of this meercy let them never miſ.
And *Virgin Mary* ſhew thy grace in this.
Eternally that they may live with the,
Amen, Amen, Amen, for cherite.

Yere

. . . . Yere of owr Lord 1480. . . . . and *Beatrice* his wyf which deceſſid the ——— day of ——— the yere of our Lord God 1480——and of Maiſter *John Crowland* . . . . . who deceſſid the day——of the yere of our Lord God, 1480. on whoſe Souls Jeſu have mercy.

In the *Grand Duke's Muſæum, Florence.*

Philætius Privignus et *Duſeris* Noverca
In Vita Vix Credibile Unanimes Mortui Hac Eadem
Urna Concordes Requieſcunt.

In Engliſh:

'*Philætius* the Son in Law, and *Duſeris* the Step-'Mother, who while living (you'll ſcarce believe it!) 'were unanimous, now they are dead, reſt lovingly 'together in this Urn.'

In the *Grand Duke's Muſæum, Florence.*

M. D.
Philonici Privigni Et *Dyſcheriæ* Novercæ
Cineres Heic Conditi Priſtini Odii Memores
Una Renuunt Commiſceri.

In Engliſh thus:

'The Aſhes of *Philonicus* the Son in Law, and of '*Dyſcheria* the Step Mother, retaining ſtill their old 'Hatred, refuſe to be mix'd together.'

St. Agnes,

St. Agnes, Rome.

Depoſita Suſanna In Pace
Die X^{s} II Kalendas Nobenbres
Conſulatu Anici Baſſi Et Fli-
Fylippi VVCC Quæ Bixit
Annis Pl M XXV Fecit Cum
Marito Annus PM Septe
Exuperantius Maritus Se Vivo
Uxori Dulciſſime Sibi Et Poſte
Riſque Suis Hoc Tumulum Fecit.

This was tranſcribed for the Oddneſs of the Latin and Writing.

St. Euſtorgio, Milan.

Preco, Lucerna, Pugil, Chriſti, populi, Fideique
Hic ſilet, hic tegitur, jacet hic mactatus inique.

Theſe Lines are on the Grave of *St. Peter Martyr* by *S. Thomas Aquinas*, and are in *Engliſh* thus juſtly tranſlated:

The Voice, the Light, the Cavalier,
Of *Chriſt*, Men, and Faith *Roman*,
Is dumb, is out, is lying here,
Butcher'd as e'er was no Man.

St. Peter Martyr was an Inquiſitor in *Lombardy*, and having made himſelf obnoxious for his great Severities, was murdered not far from *Milan*.

Flamborough.

Here lieth *Marmaduke Cunſtable* of *Flaymborgh* knyght
Who made advento into *France* for the right of the ſame
Paſſed over with Kyng *Edward* the fourith that noble knyght
And alſo with noble Kyng *herre* the ſeventh of that name

He was alſo at *Barwik* at the winnyng of the ſame
And by kyng *Edward* choſyn Capteyn there firſt of any one
And rewllid and governid ther his tyme without blame
But for all that as ye ſe he lieth under this Stone

At *Brankiſton* feld wher the kyng of *Scottys* was ſlayne
He then beyng of the age of threeſcore and tene
With the gode Duke of *Northefolke* that journey he has tayen
And coragely avancid himſelf among other ther and then

The kyng being in *France* with grete nomber of *Yngliſhmen*
He nothing hedyng his age there but . . . . as on
With his ſonnes brothen ſervants and kynneſmen
But now as ye ſe he lieth under this ſtone

And now all his tryumphs are paſſed and ſet on ſyde
For all worldly joyes they will not long endure
They are ſonne paſſed and away dothe glyde
And who that putteth his truſt i' them I call hym moſt unſure

For

For when deth ſtriketh he ſparith no creature
He gevith no warnyng but takith them by one and one
And now he abydyth godes mercy and hath no other ſucure
For as ye ſe hym here he lieth under this ſtone

Pray you my kynnſmen lovers and frendis all
To pray to our Lord *Jheſu* to have mercy of my ſouill.

This is written on a Copper-plate fixed into a large Stone, which is placed upon a Stone Coffin, or Cheſt in which the Body was repoſited, and beſide it is the upper Part of a Skeleton in Stone alſo; the Ribs project greatly, and the Breaſt is laid open, in the inner Side of which appears what by Tradition is held to be a Toad at the Heart (of which he was ſuppoſed to die) but it bears little or no Reſemblance of that Animal.

Twickenham.

D. O. M.
Alexandro Pope, Viro Innocuo, probo, pio,
Qui vixit Annos LXXV. Ob. MDCCXVII.
Et *Edithæ* Conjugi inculpabili
Pientiſſimæ, Quæ vixit Annos
XCIII. Ob. MDCCXXXIII.
Parentibus Bene merentibus Filius, Fecit,
Et Sibi.

Engliſhed thus:

To the Memory of *Alexander Pope*,
A Gentleman of Honeſty, Probity and Piety,
Who

Who liv'd 75 Years, and died in 1717.
And to *Editha*, his excellent and truly pious Wife,
Who lived 93 Years, and died in 1733.
To his well-deſerving Parents the Son erected this,
And to himſelf.

Winchcombe, Glouceſterſhire.

Go your ways, ſin no more againſt the Lord.

Here lies *Joſeph*, *Antony Myonet*'s Son;
Abigail his Siſter to him is come.
Elemental Fire this virgin kill'd,
As ſhe ſat on a Cock in *Stanway*'s Field.
Rebecca in her dear Son's grave doth lie,
And, if it pleaſe the Lord, and ſo will I.
Theſe are not dead that lie here in the Deep,
When the laſt Trumpet ſounds it ſhall wake them from Sleep.
And when I the laſt am carried forth of the Door,
Then, Death, do thy worſt, thou canſt have no more.

Lincoln Church.

In Memory of *David Fletcher*, Smith to this Church, who died *Feb.* 14. 1744. Aged 48 Years.

My Sledge and Hammer lie reclin'd,
My Bellows too have loſt their Wind;
My Fire's extinguiſh'd; Forge decay'd;
And in the Duſt my Vice is laid;
My Coal is ſpent; my Iron gone;
The laſt Nail's driven—My Work is done.
Finis coronat opus.

Our

Our Lady, *Rouen.*

Hoc, *Ludoice*, tibi poſuit, *Brezæe*, ſepulcrum
Pictonis amiſſo mæſta *Diana* viro.
Indivulſa tibi quondam et fidiſſima conjux
Ut fuit in thalamo, ſic erit in tumulo.

This is to the Memory of *Lewis de Brezè*, who died *July* the 23d, 1531. He was Count *de Maulevrier*, Great Seneſchal of *Normandy*, and married the famous *Diana de Poitiers*, Miſtreſs of *Francis* I. and afterwards of *Henry* II. The Widow broke the Promiſe ſhe makes in the Inſcription above, for ſhe lies buried at *Anet*.

The Lines are in Engliſh thus:

Diana, mournful for her Huſband dead,
This Monument, *Brezè*, has rais'd to Thee;
Faithful to thee as in the nuptial Bed,
So in the Grave inſeparable ſhe'll be.

Paſſant, du grand *Arnauld*, revere la memoire.
Ses vertus a ſa race ont ſervi d'ornement,
Sa plume a ſon pais, ſa voix au Parlement,
Son eſprit a ſon ſiecle, et ſes faits a l'Hiſtoire.
Contre un ſecond *Philippe* Uſurpateur des Lis
Ce ſecond *Demoſthene* anima ſes ecrits,
Et contre *Emmanuel* arma ſon eloquence.
Il vit comme an neant les hautes dignitez,
Et prefera l'Honneur d'Oracle de la *France*
A tout le vain eclat des titres empruntez.

In Engliſh:

'Paſſenger, whoe'er thou art, revere the Memory
'of the great *Arnauld*. His Virtues were the Orna-
'ment of his Family, his Pen of his Country, his
'Voice of the Parliament, his Wit of the Age, and
'his Actions of Hiſtory. Againſt a ſecond *Philip*,
'Uſurper of the Lilly, this ſecond *Demoſthenes* ani-
'mated his Writings; and armed his Eloquence
'againſt *Emmanuel*. He deſpiſed the higheſt Digni-
'ties, and preferred the Honour of being the Oracle
'of *France* to all the vain Splendor of borrowed Ti-
'tles.——'

The above Epitaph was written by Mr. *Le Maitre*, *Arnauld*'s Grandſon and Godſon, but I am not certain that it was inſcribed on his Monument, nor does Mr. *Bayle* take any Notice of this Point.——The Queen *Mary de Medicis* made him her Advocate General, and would have made him her Secretary of State; but he declined this Office, and told her Majeſty, *he could do her more Services in Quality of Advocate, than if he was Secretary of State.* This is intimated in the Inſcription.—He died about the Year 1618.

Treguier Cathedral.

Amboeſi, pater eruditionum,
Argivâ et *Latiâ* madens *Minerva*,
Paulinâ in Cathedra diſerte præco,
Idemque hæreſeos ſevere cenſor,
Priſcorum nova norma Epiſcoporum,
Antiſtes pie, pauperum patrone,
Cuſtos virginitatis atque amator,
In quocumque ieris, ſoqueris Agnum.

In

In Engliſh thus:

Capacious Soul, with Learning fraught,
From Stores of *Greece* and *Latinum* brought,
Perſuaſive from the Preacher's Chair,
Cenſor of Hereſy ſevere;
By whoſe Example taught, we ſee,
What Biſhops were and ought to be;
Prelate with ev'ry Virtue crown'd;
Still to the poor a Patron found;
Adorn'd with Chriſtian Piety;
Guardian and Friend of Chaſtity;
Where'er thou goeſt, the Lamb ſhall be
A Guide, divine *Amboiſe*, to thee.

Adrian d'Amboiſe was the King's Preacher and Almoner, and Great Maſter of the College of *Navarre*, and afterwards made Biſhop of *Treguier*. He died *July* 28, 1616. This Prelate wrote a *French* Tragedy called *Holofernes*, which was printed in 1580.

Convent of *Auguſtines, Pavia*,

Capto a Milite *Cæſareo Franciſco* I. *Gallorum* Rege in agro *Papienſi* Anno 1525. 23. *Feb.* inter alios proceres, qui ex ſuis in prælio occiſi ſunt, occubuerunt duo illuſtriſſimi principes, *Franciſcus* Dux *Lotharingiæ*, et *Richardus de la Poole. Anglus* Dux *Suffolciæ* a Rege Tyranno *Hen.* VIII. pulſus Regno. Quorum Corpora hoc in cœnobio et ambitu per Annos 57. ſine honore tumulata ſunt. Tandem *Carolus Parker a Morley*, *Richardi* proximus conſanguineus, Regno *Angliæ* a Regina *Elizabethâ* ob Catholicam fidem ejectus, beneficentiâ tamen *Philippi* Regis *Cath. Hiſpaniarum*

paniarum Monarchæ Invictiſſimi in ſtatu *Mediolanenſi* ſuſtentatus, hoc qualecunque monumentum, pro rerum ſuarum tenuitate, chariſſimo propinquo et illuſtriſſimis Principibus poſuit, 5. Sept. 1582. et poſt ſuum exilium 23. majora et honorificentiora commendans *Lotharingicis*. Viator precare Quietem.

This Inſcription informs us that underneath lie buried the Dukes of *Suffolk* and *Lorrain*, who were both killed in the famous Battle of *Pavia*; and that *Charles Parker* of *Morley*, a Relation of *Richard de la Poole*, the ſaid Duke of *Suffolk*, raiſed the Monument to the Memory of his Kinſman and the Duke of *Lorrain* in 1582: That *Parker*, on account of his Religion, had been driven out of *England* by Queen *Elizabeth*; but that he had (ſmall as his Fortune was) been enabled to do this by the Beneficence of *Philip* King of *Spain*, who had given him an eccleſiaſtical Dignity in the State of *Milan*.—This pretended Duke of *Suffolk*, according to Mr. *Addiſon*, was Sir *Richard de la Poole*, Brother to the Earl of *Suffolk*, who was put to Death by *Henry* the Eighth. In his Baniſhment he took upon him the Title of the Duke of *Suffolk*, which had been ſunk in the Family ever ſince the Attainder of the great Duke of *Suffolk*, under the Reign of *Henry* the Sixth. He fought very bravely in the Battle of *Pavia*, and was magnificently interred by the Duke of *Bourbon*, who tho' an Enemy aſſiſted at his Funeral in Mourning.

Riva, in the Dioceſe of *Trent*.

Polydoro. Caſamico. Romano.
Summi. Pontificis. Oſtiario.
Vixit. Annis. XXIV.
Hadrianus. Cardinalis. S. *Chryſogoni.*
Familiari. Cariſſ. Poſ.

Exulat.

Exulat. *Hadrianus.* tu jam, *Polydore*, quiescis,
Æternumque vales: nobis dira omnia restant.

In English thus:

Hadrian, Cardinal of St. *Chrysogonus*
Placed this to his dear Friend
Polydorus Casanicus, by Birth a *Roman*,
And Janitor to the Pope;
Who lived 24 Years.

Thy Pains are ended, and *thy* Sorrows o'er;
But Joy shall visit my sad Heart no more.

It may not be improper here to give some Account of the Cardinal who was the Author of the Inscription above. *Alexander* VI. appointed *Adrian* his principal Secretary and Vicar General in Spirituals and Temporals; and as a farther Mark of Esteem and Confidence, created him a Cardinal Priest, with the Title of St. *Chrysogonus*, in 1503. Under the Pontificate of *Julius* 2, who succeeded *Alexander*, having taken some Disgust, or because he distrusted that Pope, who was a declared Enemy of his Predecessor, he voluntarily banished himself from *Rome*, and did not return, till the Holding a Conclave for the Election of a new Pope; into which, tho' it was already shut, he was admitted, and probably gave his Voice for the Election of *Leo* X. Soon after he unhappily became privy to a Conspiracy against the Pontiff, which being discovered, *Adrian* was condemned to pay 125,000 Ducats, and to give a solemn Promise that he would not stir out of *Rome*: But whether he was unable to discharge so heavy a Fine, or apprehended farther Severities, he withdrew privately from that City: Whereupon he was declared excommunicated, and deprived not only of the Cardinalate, and all his Benefices, but even of his eccle-

siastical

ſiaſtical Orders. He was at *Venice*, when he received the diſagreeable News of his Condemnation; but what became of him afterwards, or when and where he died is uncertain; though it is pretended he took Refuge ſomewhere in *Aſia*, among the *Turks*.—

B. B.

Cordelier's, at *Bologna*.

Sepulcrum Accurſii Gloſſatoris Legum,
et Franciſci ejus filii.

That is:

'The Tomb of *Accurſius*, the Commentator of 'Law, and his Son *Francis*.'

Accurſius (on whoſe Grave is a Stone with this plain Inſcription) was, ſays Monſ. *Bayle*, a *Florentine*, and Profeſſor of Civil Law in the 12th Century. He acquired a very great Reputation by the Comments he compoſed on the Body of the Law. It is ſaid that he begun but late to ſtudy the Law; and that he was 40 Years of Age when he firſt attended the Lectures of the famous *Azo*. He had applied himſelf before that Time to other Studies. The Progreſs he made in the Civil Law was ſo great, that he became a famous Profeſſor in that Science, which he taught at *Bologna*; and afterwards burying himſelf in Retirement, he compoſed *the perpetual Comment on the whole Law*, which appeared ſo convenient and uſeful to young Students, that the former Gloſſes were no more ſpoken of, which doubtleſs were not ſo well diſpoſed nor ſo compleat. Some think that the Contradictions which are obſerved in *Accurſius*, do not proceed from his

his Inconſtancy, or a Defect of Memory, but from this, viz. That in reporting the different Opinions of thoſe, who had preceded him, he had diſtinguiſhed them only by the initial Letters of their Names; which Letters diſappearing in ſeveral Places, was the Cauſe of his Readers taking that for his Opinion, which he only produced in Proof of another's Sentiments. Some Critics, great Lovers of polite Language, have exclaimed with Vehemence againſt the barbarous Stile of this Author; but the general Opinion is, that he was a Man of exquiſite Genius, and that his Defects proceeded from the Age wherein he lived. He died in the Year 1229, at 78 Years of Age.

On Mr. Francis Beaumont.

He that hath ſuch Acuteneſs, and ſuch Wit,
As would aſk ten good Heads to huſband it;
He that can write ſo well, that no Man dare
Refuſe it for the beſt, let him beware:
Beaumont is dead, by whoſe ſole death appears,
Wit's a Diſeaſe conſumes Men in few Years.

Biſhop *Corbet.*

Mr. *Francis Beaumont* was deſcended from the antient Family of his Name, ſeated at *Grace Dieu* in *Leiceſterſhire*, and was born about the Year 1585, or 1586, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. His Grandfather *John Beaumont*, was Maſter of the Rolls, and his Father, *Francis Beaumont*, one of the Judges of the Common-pleas. He was educated at *Cambridge*, but *Jacob* mentions not at what College.—He died at 29 Years of Age, in *March*, 1615, and was buried in *St. Benedict*'s Chapel, within *St. Peter's*, *Weſtminſter*, but without any Inſcription on his Tomb. Beſides the Plays in which he was concerned with Mr. *Fletcher*,

cher, he wrote a little dramatic Piece, intitled, *A Maſque of Gray's-Inn Gentlemen, and the Inner Temple*; *a Poetical Epiſtle to Ben Jonſon*; *Verſes to his Friend Maſter John Fletcher upon his Faithful Shepherdeſs*, and other Poems printed together in 1653. He was eſteemed ſo accurate a Judge of Plays, that *Ben Jonſon*, while he lived, ſubmitted all his Writings to his Cenſure, and 'tis thought uſed his Judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his Plots. What Value he had for our Poet, appears by the Verſes he addreſſed to him.

Copied at *Athens*, by Mr. *Wheler*.

Η. ΒΟΥΛΗ. ΕΞ. ΑΡΕΙΟΠΑΓΟΥ. ΚΑΙ.
Η. ΒΟΥΛΗ. ΤΩΝ. $\overline{\text{Χ}}$. ΚΑΙ. Ο. ΔΗΜΟΣ ΙΟΥ
ΛΙΑΝ. ΒΕΡΝΕΙΚΗΝ. ΒΑΣΙΛΙΣΣΑΝ.
ΜΕΓΑΛΗΝ. ΙΟΥΛΙΟΥ: ΑΓΡΙΠΠΑ. ΒΑΣΙ.
ΛΕΩΣ. ΕΚΓΟΝΟΝ. ΔΙΑ. ΤΗΣ. ΠΡΟΝΟΙ
ΑΣ. ΤΟΥ. ΕΠΙ. ΜΕΛΗΤΟΥ. ΤΗΣ. ΠΟΛΕ
ΩΣ. ΤΙΒ. ΚΛΑΥΔΙΟΥ. ΘΕΟΓΕΝΟΥΣ.

That is:

'The Senate of the *Areopagites*, and the Senate 'conſiſting of 1000, and the Commons, erected this 'Monument to *Julia Berenice*, the great Queen, 'Niece to King *Julius Agrippa*, for her Favour to 'them when *Tiberius Claudius Theogenes* governed the 'City.'

This is ſuppoſed to be the ſame Queen *Berenice*, that is ſpoken of in the *Acts of the Apoſtles*.

Winchester Cathedral.

Tribularer ſi neſcirem miſericordias Tuas.

In Engliſh thus:

'Did I not know the Greatneſs of thy Mercies I 'ſhould be ſorely troubled.'

This is all that remains of the Inſcription on the Grave of Cardinal *Beaufort*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*.—*Harpsfield* in his *Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory* tells us, that in his laſt Sickneſs he uttered ſuch Complaints as theſe: And muſt I then die?- Will not all my Riches ſave me? I could purchaſe the Kingdom if that would prolong my Life. What, is there no bribing of Death? When my Nephew the Duke of *Bedford* died, I thought my Happineſs greatly encreaſed; but the Duke of *Glouceſter*'s Death raiſed me in Fancy to a Level with Kings, and I thought of nothing but accumulating ſtill greater Wealth, to purchaſe at laſt the Triple Crown. Alas! how are my Hopes diſappointed!—*Shakſpear*, in the 3d Act of the ſecond Part of *Henry* VI. puts the following Lines into his Mouth on his Death-Bed:

K. Henry.

How fares my Lord? ſpeak, *Beaufort*, to thy Sovereign.

Cardinal.

If thou beeſt *Death*, I'll give thee *England*'s Treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me live and feel no Pain.—
Bring me unto my Trial when you will.

Dy'd

Dy'd * he not in his Bed? Where ſhould he die?
Can I make Men live, whether they will or no?
Oh! torture me no more: I will confeſs—
Alive again? then ſhew me, where he is:
I'll give a Thouſand Pound to look upon him:—
He hath no Eyes; the Duſt hath blinded them:
Comb down his Hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged Soul:
Give me ſome Drink, and bid th' Apothecary
Bring me the ſtrong Poiſon that I bought of him.

* *Humphry*, D. of *Glouceſter*.

After divers Accuſations he prevailed with the King, according to *Rymer*, to grant him Letters of Pardon for all Offences by him committed, contrary to the Statute of *Proviſors*, and other *Acts of Præmunire*. This Pardon is dated at *Weſtminſter*, *July* 19, 1432. Five Years after he procured another Pardon under the *Great Seal*, for all ſorts of Crimes whatever from the Creation of the World to the 26th of *July*, 1437. He died the 11th of *June*, 1447, having ſurvived the Duke of *Glouceſter* but a Month; of whoſe Murder, being always his profeſt Enemy, he was ſuſpected to have been one of the Contrivers. He left vaſt Sums to Charity, and, if *Harpſfield* may be believed, 400,000 *l.* to the Priſons of *London* in particular.—The Generality of our Hiſtorians give *Beaufort* the Character of an ambitious haughty, and turbulent Prelate, yet they ſeem to agree, that by his Death the King loſt one of his faithfulleſt and beſt Counſellors, and that the State of Affairs, from that Time, grew worſe and worſe.—

St. Paul's Cathedral, *London.*

Hic jacet certiſſimam expectans
Reſurrectionem ſuæ carnis. D.
Johannes Aylmer, D. Epiſcopus
Londini. Qui obiit diem ſuum
An. Dom. 1594. Ætat. ſuæ 73.
Ter ſenos annos præſul; ſemel Exul, etidem
His pugil in causâ Religionis erat.

In Engliſh thus:

'Here lieth in a certain Expectation of the Reſurrection of the Body, *John Aylmer*, Lord Biſhop of *London*, who died A. D. 1594. Aged 73.

'For eighteen Years the Prelate's Robe he wore,
'Once, baniſh'd for his Faith, he fled;
'Twice, the high Place of Champion for it bore,
'So juſt, ſo active was the Life he led.'

The Authors of the *Biographia Britannica* ſay, that this Biſhop was ſolidly and extenſively learned in all Things that became a great Churchman, or a polite Man, to know. He was very well verſed in the three learned Languages, had read much Hiſtory, was a good Logician, and ſkilled in the civil Law. As a Divine, he wanted no Accompliſhments; for he had ſtudied, and underſtood the Scripture thoroughly; could preach, not only rhetorically but pathetically; and in the Courſe of his Life-time, never buried his Talent. He was in his Heart, from the Conviction of his Head, a Proteſtant, and oppoſed Popery warmly, not from a fanatical Peeviſhneſs, but from a juſt Senſe of its Errors; which he had the Courage to combat openly in the Days of Queen *Mary*, and the Honeſty to ſuppreſs, as it was his Duty, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. With all this, and indeed with a Temper not

not a little haſty, he was a good-natured facetious Man, one extremely diligent and painful in the ſeveral Employments he went through; of too generous a Temper to be corrupted, and of much too ſtout a one to be brow-beat. He was a magnificent Man in his Houſe, as appears by his Houſhold, which conſiſted of fourſcore Perſons, to whom he was a good Maſter; that is, both a Father and a Friend. As to his Failings, his Expreſſions were ſometimes a little too blunt, and his Zeal, it may be, ſomewhat above the true Standard. His Enemies charged him with an exorbitant Love of Power, which diſplayed itſelf in various extraordinary Acts of Severity; and with Covetouſneſs, which prompted him to ſpoil his See, and injure a private Man; with intemperate Heat againſt Puritans; with a ſlight Regard of the Lord's Day; and with Indecencies in ordinary Speech: But to all theſe Charges the Prelate anſwered, and acquitted himſelf. On the whole, we may juſtly affirm, that, the Times he lived in conſidered, he might be ſtiled a Perſon of extraordinary Wiſdom, a worthy Prelate, and a Bleſſing to the Church.

St. Thomas's, Rome.

Chriſtophoro. Archiepiſco. *Eboracenſi. S. Praxedis.* Preſbytero. Cardinali. *Angliæ.* A. *Julio.* II. Pontifice. Maximo. Ob. Egregiam. Operam. *S. R.* Eccleſiæ. Præſtitam. Dum. Sui. Regni. Legatus. Eſſet. Aſſumpto. Quam. Mox. Domi. Et. Foris. Caſtris. Pontificüs. Præfectus. Tutatus. Eſt.

In Engliſh

'In Memory of *Chriſtopher*, Archbiſhop of *York*, 'and Cardinal Prieſt of *St. Praxede*; created by Pope

'*Julius* II. for the eminent Services done by him to 'the *Holy Roman Church*, during his Embaſſy from his 'own Nation; and afterwards defending the ſame, both 'at home and abroad, as Legate of the Papal army.'

Pitts ſays that this Cardinal (*Chriſtopher Bambridge*) had been very intimate with *Morton*, Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, and ſhared in that Prelate's Sufferings, during the Uſurpation of *Richard* III. after whoſe Death his Affairs took a more proſperous Turn; for he was appointed Almoner to King *Henry* VII. and employed by that Prince on ſeveral Embaſſies to the Emperor *Maximilian*, *Charles* VIII. King of *France*, and other Potentates of *Europe*. But he diſtinguiſhed himſelf chiefly by his Embaſſy from King *Henry* to Pope *Julius* II. who created him a Cardinal, with the Title of *St. Praxede*, in *March* 1511; and eight Days after appointed him Legate of the Eccleſiaſtical Army, which had been ſent into the *Ferrareſe*, and were then beſieging the Fort of *Baſtia*. In Return for which Marks of Honour, our new Cardinal and Legate prevailed with the King, his Maſter, to take Part with his Holineſs againſt the King of *France*. — He died at *Rome*, being poiſoned by one of his Domeſtics, in Revenge for ſome Blows he had given him; and was buried at *St. Thomas's*, with the above Inſcription on his Tomb.

B. B.

On the Lady Arabella Stuart.

How do I thank thee, Death, and bleſs thy Power,
That I have paſt the Guard, and ſcap'd the Tower!
And now my Pardon is my Epitaph,
And a ſmall Coffin my poor Carcaſs hath:
For at thy charge, both ſoul and body were
Enlarg'd at laſt, ſecur'd from hope and fear.

That

That amongſt Saints, this amongſt Kings is laid,
And what my birth did claim, my death hath paid.

The Lines, ſuppoſed to be ſpoken by the Lady herſelf, were written by Dr. *Richard Corbet*, Lord Biſhop of *Norwich*; and the laſt Line alludes to her being buried in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*. Lady *Arabella* was Daughter of *Charles Stuart*, Earl of *Lenox* (who was younger Brother to *Henry* Lord *Darnley*, Father to King *James* VI. of *Scotland*, and Firſt of *England*), by *Elizabeth*, Daughter of Sir *William Cavendiſh*, Knt. She was of a royal Deſcent, and nearly related to the Crown; but falling into Diſgrace with King *James*, ſhe and her Huſband were ſent to the *Tower*; her Huſband found Means to eſcape, but ſhe died there, on the 27th of *September*, 1615.

Walden, in *Eſſex*.

The Stroke of Death's inevitable Dart
Hath now, alas! of Lyfe bereft the Heart
Of Syr *Thomas Awdley* of the Garter Knyght,
Late Chancellour of *Englond* undyr owr Prynce of Myghte,
Henry the eighth worthye of hygh renowne,
And made by him Lord *Awdley* of this towne.
Obiit Ultimo *Aprilis*, A. D. 1544. *Henrici* 36ti
Cancellariatus ſui 13. Ætatis 56.

Thomas Awdley was Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and made Lord Chancellor of *England* on the Reſignation of Sir *Thomas More*, in 1532: And at the ſame Time the King conferred on him the Honour of Knighthood. He had Grants of ſeveral lucrative Things from *Harry* the 8th, and ſeems to have gone through all his dirty Work with a great Deal of Ala-

crity.—During his laſt Illneſs he ſent the Seals to the King, who delivered them, with the Title of Keeper, to Sir *Thomas Wriotheſly*, during the Chancellor's Indiſpoſition. This is a Circumſtance no Hiſtorian but Mr. *Rymer* takes notice of. — He bequeathed to the King 100 Pounds in Return, as he expreſſes it in his Will, *for all the Reputations and Benefits he had received from him.*

Roſcius hic ſitus eſt triſti *Molierus* in urna,
Cui genus humanum ludere, ludus erat.
Dum ludit mortem, Mors indignata jocantem
Corripit, et nimium fingere ſæva negat.

Moliere, on whom theſe Lines were made, was taken ill while he was playing the Part of a dead Man on the Stage, in one of his own Comedies; was carried home, and died in a few Hours. He was born, according to *Bayle*, about the Year 1620. He went through his School-Learning under the Jeſuits in *Clermont* College, and was deſigned for the Bar; but after he had made an End of his Study of the Civil Law, he pitched upon the Profeſſion of a Comedian: Wherein he ſucceeded, and wrote ſeveral exquiſite Plays. He died on the Seventeenth of *February*, 1673.—The Inſcription in *Engliſh* is thus:

'Within this melancholy Tomb confin'd
'Here lies the matchleſs Ape of human Kind;
'Who while he labour'd with ambitious Strife
'To mimick Death as he had mimick'd Life,
'So well or rather ill perform'd his Part,
'That Death, delighted with his wond'rous Art,
'Snatch'd up the Copy to the Grief of *France*,
'And made it an Original at once.'

Lyons.

Lyons.

D. O. M.

Iſabella Andreina, Patavina, mulier magnâ virtute prædita, honeſtatis ornamentum, maritaliſque pudicitiæ decus, ore facunda, mente fæcunda, religioſa, pia, Muſis amica, et artis ſcenicæ caput, hic reſurrectionem expectat.

Ob abortum obiit 4. *Idus Junii* 1604 annum agens 42.

Franciſcus Andreinus mæſtiſſimus poſuit.

In Engliſh:

'*Iſabella Andreini*, of *Padua*, a Woman remarkable for Virtue, Honour, and conjugal Fidelity, elegant and ingenious; religious and devout; a Friend to the *Muſes*, and Head of the theatric Art; lies here in Expectation of the Reſurrection.

'She died of a Miſcarriage, *June* 10, 1604. Aged 42.

'This Monument was erected by *Francis Andreini*, her afflicted Huſband.'

Iſabella Andreini (ſays the learned Author of the *Hiſt. and Crit. Dictionary*), was one of the beſt Actreſſes of *Italy*; and a compleat Poeteſs. The Academicians of *Padua* thought it an Honour to them to admit her into their Society. Cardinal *Cinthio Aldobrandini*, Nephew to *Clement* VIII. had a great Eſteem for her, as appears by many Poems, which ſhe compoſed for him, and by the Epiſtle Dedicatory of her Works. She went into *France*, and was graciouſly received by their Majeſties, and Perſons of the firſt Quality at Court. The Death of this Lady ſet all *Parnaſſus* in Tears. Nothing but funeral Elegies

appeared in *Latin* and *Italian*, and many of them were prefixed to her Poems, in the Edition of *Milan*, 1605.

Auguſtines, Paris.

Hic jacet Nobilis Vir Reverendus in Chriſto Pater Dominus Petrus *Quiqueranus*, Epiſcopus *Senecenſis*, filius Domini *Anthonii Quiquerani* Equitis et Baronis *Bellojocani* illuſtriſſimi in *Provincia*: cujus Libri tres de *Laudibus Provinciæ* extant diſciplinarum ac rerum cognitione efflorescentes: Obiit anno *Domini* 1550. *Kalen. Septembris* 15. annos natus 24.

Dum juvenilis honos prima lanugine malas
Veſtit, et in calido pectore fervet amor,
Me rapuit, quæ cuncta rapit, mors invida doctis:
Hei mihi, cur vitæ tam brevis hora fuit?
Cur brevis hora fuit? Rerum ſic volvitur ordo,
Alternatque ſuas Tempus et hora vices.
Si fera longævæ tribuiſſent fata ſenectæ
Tempora, venturis poma dediſſet ager.
Flos periit, periere ſimul cum cortice fructus,
Aridaque ante ſuos poma fuere dies.
Nemo tamen lacrymis nec triſtia funera fletu
Tædet, cur? volito docta per ora virum.

In Engliſh:

'Here lies the Reverend Father in Chriſt *Peter* '*Quiqueran*, Biſhop of *Senez*, Son of *Antony Quiqu-* '*eran*, Knight and Baron of *Beaujeu*, in *Provence*: 'Who left behind him three Books *on the Praiſes of* '*Provence*, full of Learning and Knowlege; he died 'in the Year 1550 (the 15th of the *Kalends* of *Septem-* '*ber*), in the 24th Year of his Age.

'Why

'Why was I snatch'd so soon, and why my Date
'Of Life so short? Such are the Laws of Fate.
'If to old Age Heav'n had prolong'd my Years,
'A fruitful Crop had bleſt my ſtudious Cares.
'But ſince the Flow'r is cropt before its Time,
'The Fruit's decay'd and wither'd in its Prime.
'Let none lament with Tears my Death, or blame
'My Loſs: I live in an immortal Name.'

This young Biſhop, by his Book *De Laudibus Provinciæ*, ſeems to have employed himſelf in quite another Thing than the Government of his Dioceſe. He did not ſtudy the Diſeaſes of the Soul, and the Method of curing them. His Curioſity led him to enquire into the Properties of Plants, Minerals, and Animals. He fed a large Number of Beaſts, was a great Hunter, and extremely fond of Cock-fighting.

St. John of Lateran, Paris.

Quintinus Doctor, librorumque Helluo ſummus,
Dum nulla dapis alterius tentatur Orexi,
Dumque fidem pro quâ calamo pugnavit et ore
Fortiter, affligi videt, acrius et dolet, ex hoc
Orbe, invitis, non invitus, migrat amicis.
Obiit nona *Aprilis* 1561.

In Engliſh:

'*Quintin*, whoſe eager Appetite deſir'd
'Cart loads of Books, nor other Food requir'd,
'Seeing the Faith, for which he ſpoke and writ,
'Oppreſs'd, in Grief reſolv'd the World to quit.
'Willing he died; not ſo each weeping Friend;
'For all lament the learned *Quintin*'s End.
'He died the 9th of *April*, 1561.'

This same learned Professor died rather of Grief for the abusive Reflections that were made upon him; as he was continually persecuted for the Harangue he made in the Name of the Clergy, during the Assembly of States at *Orleans*, in 1560. In this Speech he demanded, that those of the new Religion should be proceeded against with the utmost Severity.

Heic resurrectionem expectat
Godfridus Hermant Bellovacus,
Eruditione clarus, famâ celebris, virtute præstantior,
Rector quondam Academiæ *Parisiensis*
Strenuusque defensor,
Doctor et Socius *Sorbonicus*,
Hujus Ecclesiæ Canonicus,
Amans disciplinæ si quis unquam sanctioris
Excelsi vir ingenii, stupendæ Doctrinæ, facundiæ mirabilis.
Debebantur majora.
Oblata recusavit modestia singulari.
Impendit
Doctis elucidata illustrium Patrum gesta,
Piis Sacras in *Matthæum et Marcum* exercitationes,
Civibus urbis hujus et Diocesis historiam,
Omnibus seipsum, verbo, conversatione, charitate.
Super impendit
Egenis sua omnia.
Repentinâ morte ereptus non improvisâ
Parisiis ictu sanguinis exanimatus viâ publicâ
A. R. S. MDCXC. XI *Julii*. Ætat. LXXIII.
Ad sacelli hujus cancellos tumulum designavit sibi
Dignum cum *Ambrosio* ratus requiescere sacerdotem
ubi offerre consueverat.

In English:

'Here lies, expecting the Resurrection, *Godfrey* '*Hermant*, born at *Beauvais*, famous for his Learn-

'ing

'ing, but more ſo for his Piety; ſome time Rector 'of the Univerſity at *Paris*, and its ſtrenuous De- 'fender. Doctor and Fellow of the *Sorbonne*, and 'Canon of this Church; a Lover of the holy Diſci- 'pline, if ever Man was ſo. Of an elevated Genius, 'prodigious Learning, and admirable Eloquence. 'Though he deſerved greater Honours, he, with a 'ſingular Modeſty, refuſed thoſe that were offered to 'him. To the Learned he gave his *Lives of the Holy* '*Fathers*; to the Pious, his *Sacred Exercitations on* '*Matthew and Mark*; to his Fellow-citizens, the '*Hiſtory of this City and Dioceſe*; to all Men, him- 'ſelf, in Word, Converſation, and Charity: And 'to the Poor, all his Poſſeſſions. He was ſnatched 'away by a ſudden, tho' not an unexpected, Death; 'being ſeized with a violent Bleeding in the Streets of '*Paris*, of which he died there, in the Year of our 'Lord 1690, 11th of *July*, in the 73d Year of his 'Age. He was buried near the Rails of this Chapel, 'as he had deſired, being of St. *Ambroſe*'s Opinion, 'that a Prieſt was worthy Reſt where he had uſually 'offered.'

Godfrey Hermant lies buried in *Beauvais* Cathedral: But this Epitaph is not on his Tomb. — A Canon, who was his Relation, ſays a certain Writer, had made him an Epitaph, and the Chapter approved of it; but ſome falſe Brother, having given Notice of it to the Jeſuits, they cauſed it to be ſuppreſſed by an Order from Court, at the ſame time that in the Sight of all *Paris*, and the Scandal of the Church, a Chapel was profaned by *Lully*'s Mauſolæum.

This Writer had publiſhed a Piece againſt the *Jeſuits*, in 1643, when they preſented a Requeſt to the King to be incorporated into the Univerſity of *Paris*.

On Admiral Blake.

Here lies a Man made *Spain* and *Holland* ſhake,
Made *France* to tremble, and the *Turks* to quake;
Thus he tam'd Men, but if a Lady ſtood
In's Sight, it rais'd a Palſy in his Blood;
Cupid's Antagoniſt, who on his Life
Had Fortune as familiar as a Wife.
A ſtiff, hard, iron Soldier; for he
It ſeems had more of *Mars* than *Mercury*;
At Sea he thunder'd, calm'd each raging Wave,
And now he's dead, ſent thundering to the Grave.

Dr. *Bates*, who was Phyſician to King *Charles* I. the Protector *Oliver*, and to King *Charles* II. ſpeaks thus of *Blake*. He became famous by many Actions abroad, for he humbled the Pride of *France*, reduced the *Portugueſe* to Submiſſion, broke the Strength of the *Dutch*, and drove their Fleets out of the Sea, ſubdued the Pirates in the *Mediterranean*, and twice triumphed over the *Spaniards*, blameable only in this, that he joined himſelf with the Regicides.—*Clarendon* tells us, *Blake* was the firſt Man that declined the old Track, and made it manifeſt that the Science might be attained in leſs Time than was imagined, and deſpiſed thoſe Rules which had been long in Practice; to keep his Ship and his Men out of Danger; which had been held in former Times a Point of great Ability and Circumſpection, as if the principal Art requiſite in the Captain of a Ship had been to be ſure to come home ſafe again. He was the firſt Man who brought the Ships to contemn Caſtles on Shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were diſcovered by him to make a Noiſe only, and to fright thoſe who could be rarely hurt by them. He was the firſt that infuſed that Proportion of Courage into the Seamen, by making them ſee by Experience, what

what mighty Things they could do, if they were reſolved, and taught them to fight in Fire as well as on Water; and though he hath been very well imitated and followed, he was the firſt that gave the Example of that kind of naval Courage, and bold and reſolute Atchievements.

He died in the very Entrance into *Plymouth Sound*, in *Auguſt* 1657, and was buried in the Abbey at *Weſtminſter*: but when all the Bodies of the Regicides and Rebels were ſome years after taken from thence and buried in a Pit, *Blake*'s was with great Decency interred in *St. Margaret*'s *Church-yard*.

Kilmarnock Church, *Scotland*.

Here lies yat godly, noble, wiſe Lord *Boyd*,
Who Kerk and King and Commons all ecor'd,
Which were, while they this jewel all enjoyd,
Maintain'd, govern'd, and council'd by that Lord.
His antient Houſe ſo oft peril'd he reſtor'd,
Twice Six, and Sixty Years he liv'd; and fine,
By Death the third of *January* devor'd,
In anno thrice five hundred, eighty nine.

After many Services done to the Queen of *Scotts*, this Lord *Boyd*, by Mr. *Scott*'s Account, was employed in the fatal Affair of the intended Marriage between *her* and the Duke of *Norfolk*, and was one of her Commiſſioners upon all Occaſions, and in all Meetings with her Opponents, till the Year 1571, when the Earl of *Morton*, at that Time Regent, found means to make him and the Earl of *Argyle* deſert the Queen's Party; and at the ſame Time the Earl of *Argyle* was divorced from his Lady, and married to the

the Lord *Boyd*'s Daughter. After this his Lordſhip acted as one of the Regents Commiſſioners in the Treaty of *Perth*, and was one of the Lords that ſubſcribed the Articles of that Treaty. In 1578 he was appointed one of the Commiſſioners to treat with the *Engliſh* about ſuppreſſing the Incurſions of the Borderers. In 1581, he with ſome other Lords, joined in a Confederacy to remove the Duke of *Lenox*, who was a Papiſt, from Court; in order to this, they ſeized the King and confined him at *Ruthven* Houſe, where they in a manner compelled him to baniſh the Duke; but Lord *Boyd* had afterwards like to have loſt his Life for this, and was obliged to go over to *France*; from whence returning in 1585, he was pardoned, and was the ſame Year with the Earl of *Bothwell* and another, ſent Embaſſador into *England* to conclude a League in Defence of the Proteſtant Religion, and for a firm and laſting Peace between the two Realms, which they concluded and ſigned. He died, as mentioned in his Epitaph, in 1589.

Naturâ Thomas *Chalonerus*, et arte valebat,
Utilis et patriæ vir fuit ille ſuæ.
Publica cum Magnâ ſuſcepit munera laude,
Laude pari Libros ſcripſerat ille domi.
Sic patriæ vixit magno, dum vixit, honore,
Sic patriæ magno concidit ille malo.

In Engliſh:

Nature and Art in *Chaloner* combin'd,
And for his Country form'd the Patriot's Mind.
With Praiſe deſerv'd his public Poſts he fill'd;
And equal Fame his learned Labours yield.

While

While yet he liv'd, he liv'd his Country's Pride,
And firſt his Country injur'd when he dy'd.

Dr. WALTER HADDON,
Maſter of Requeſts to Queen Elizabeth.

Sir *Thomas Chaloner* was a gallant Soldier, an able Stateſman, and a very learned Writer in the XVIth Century. He was born about the Year 1515, and died on the 7th of *October*, 1565.

St. Helen's, Biſhopſgate.

OMnibus *Chriſti* fidelibus ad quos hoc præſens ſcriptum pervenirit; Sciatis, me *Julium Dalmare*, alias *Cæſarem*, Militem, utriuſque Legis Doctorem; *Elizabethæ* Reginæ Supremæ Curiæ Admiralitatis Judicem, et unum e Magiſtris Libellorum; *Jacobo* Regi a privatis Conciliis, Cancellarium Scaccarii, Scriniorum Magiſtrum, hac præſenti Chartâ meâ confirmaſſe, Me annuente Divino Numine, naturæ Debitum libenter ſolviturum, quamprimum Deo placuerit. In cujus rei memoriam, Manum Meam, et Sigillum appoſui. Datum 27 *Februarii*, 1635

Irrotulatur Cælo.

In Engliſh:

'To all Chriſtian People to whom this preſent 'Writing ſhall come; Know ye, that I, *Julius Dal-* 'mare, alias *Cæſar*, Knight, Doctor of Laws, Judge 'of the High Court of Admiralty, and one of the 'Maſters of Requeſts to Queen *Elizabeth*; Privy 'Counſellor to King *James*, Chancellor of the Ex- 'chequer, and Maſter of the Rolls, have confirmed 'or granted by this my preſent Writing, That I will, 'with the Divine Aſſiſtance, willingly pay my Debt 'to Nature, whenever it ſhall pleaſe God. In Wit-

'neſs

'neſs whereof, I have ſet my Hand and Seal, dated 'the 27th of *February*, 1635.

'It is enrolled in Heaven.'

Sir *Julius*'s Monument was deſigned by himſelf, being in Form of a Deed, and made to reſemble ruffled Parchment, in Alluſion to his Office, as Maſter of the Rolls. He was, ſays *Fuller*, a Man of great Gravity and Integrity, and remarkable for his extenſive Bounty and Charity to all Perſons of Worth, or that were in want: So that he might ſeem to be Almoner General of the Nation. He made his Grants to all Perſons double Kindneſſes by his Expedition. He was, ſays *Lloyd*, very cautious of Promiſes, leſt falling into an Incapacity of Performance, he might forfeit his Reputation, and multiply his certain Enemies, by his Deſign of creating uncertain Friends. He dy'd *April* 20, 1639, aged 79 Years.

Grey Friers, Edinburgh.

Thou Paſſenger, that ſhalt have ſo much Time
To view my Grave, and aſk what was my Crime;
No Stain of Error, no black Vice's Brand
Was that which chas'd me from my native Land.
Love to my Country, twice ſentenc'd to die,
Conſtrain'd my Hands forgotten Arms to try.
More by Friends' Frauds my Fall proceeded hath,
Than Foes; tho' now they thrice decreed my Death.
On my Attempt, tho' Providence did frown,
His oppreſs'd People God at length ſhall own.
Another Hand, by more ſucceſsful Speed,
Shall raiſe the Remnant, bruiſe the Serpent's Head.
Tho' my Head fall, that is no tragic Story,
Since going hence, I enter endleſs Glory.

Theſe

These Lines are on the Monument of the Earl of *Argyle*, who was beheaded at *Edinburgh*, *June* 30, 1685. It is asserted, that this noble Person wrote the Lines foregoing, upon the Day before his Execution; that in that Light they may be considered, as a very strong Instance of the Quiet of his Conscience, and of the Serenity of his Mind. But besides this, they may be read to another End; for in them we plainly see his Sentiments of the Cause in which he died, and that to his very last Moment he remained persuaded that he had done nothing contrary to the Laws of his Country, or consequently to the Laws of God.

St. Andrew's Chapel, in the Church of *St. Roch*, *Paris*.

A La Gloire de Dieu.

Ici repose le corps d' Andre Le Nostre, Chevalier de l' Ordre de S. Michel, Conseiller du Roi, Controlleur General des Batimens de sa Majesté, Arts & Manufactures de France, et proposé à l' embellissement des Jardins de Versailles et autres Maisons Royales. La Force et l' etendue de son genie le rendirent si singulier dans l'art de Jardinage, qu'on peut le regarder comme en ayant inventé les beautés principales, et porté toutes les autres a leur derniere perfection. Il repondit en quelque sorte, par l' excellence de ses ouvrages, a la grandeur et a la magnificence du Monarque qu'il a servi, et dont il a eté comblé de bien faits. La France n'a pas seule profité de son industrie, tous les Princes de l' Europe ont voulu avoir de ses eleves, et il n'a point eu de concurrent qui lui fut comparable. Il naquit en l'annee 1625. & mourût dans le mois de Septembre de l'annee 1700.

In Engliſh thus:

'To the Glory of God.

'Here reſts the Body of *Andrew Le Notre*, Knt. 'of the Order of *St. Michel*, Counſellor to the King, 'Controller General of the Buildings, and of the Arts 'and Manufactures. Maſter of the Gardens of *Ver-* 'ſailles, and other Royal Palaces. The Force and Ex- 'tent of his Genius rendered him ſo ſingular in the Art 'of Gardening, that one muſt imagine he invented 'its principal Beauties, and carried the others to their 'greateſt Perfection. He contributed in ſome ſort, 'by the Excellence of his Works, to the Grandeur 'and Magnificence of the Monarch whom he ſerv- 'ed, and who heaped the greateſt Honours on him. '*France* did not alone profit of his Induſtry; all the 'Princes of *Europe* entertained his Pupils; but 'there has been none comparable to himſelf He was 'born in the Year 1625, and died in the Month of '*September*, in the Year 1700.'

Clarâ Progenie, et Domo vetuſtâ,
(Quod nomen tibi ſat meum indicavit)
Natus, contegor hac, Viator, urnâ.
Sum *Bellaius*, et Poeta, jam me
Sat noſti, puto, non bonus Poeta,
Hoc verſus tibi ſat mei indicarint.
Hoc ſolum tibi, ſed queam, Viator,
De me dicere, me pium fuiſſe,
Nec læſiſſe pios, pius ſi ipſe es,
Manes lædere tu meos caveto.

In Engliſh:

'Deſcended of an antient and honourable Houſe, 'which my *Name* will tell you, here I reſt *Bellay*,

'the

'the Poet, but not a good one, as my Verſes may 'tell you. This only I *can* ſay, in my own Com- 'mendation; I was an honeſt Man, and I always 'loved honeſt Men; therefore, Paſſenger, if thou 'art honeſt thyſelf, diſturb not my Aſhes.'

Joachim de Bellay lies buried in *Notre Dame*, but has not this Epitaph on his Grave. He compoſed it himſelf, as the Reader eaſily will perceive. He was much eſteemed at the Courts of *Francis* I. and *Henry* II. One may obſerve great Eaſe and Sweetneſs in his Verſes, which got him the Name of the *French Catullus*. He boaſted to have been the firſt that wrote Odes in his Language. He was a Canon of *Notre Dame*, and died of an Appoplexy in 1560, aged 37, being then intended for the Archbiſhoprick of *Bourdeaux*.

Bath Abbey.

Here lyes the body of *Mary* third Daughter of *Richard Frampton* of *Moreton* in *Dorſetſhire*, Eſq; and of *Jane* his Wife, ſole Daughter of Sir *Francis Cottington* of *Founthill* in *Wilts*, who was born *January* the 1ſt 1676-7, and died after ſeven weeks ſickneſs on the 6th of *7ber.* 1698. This Monument was erected by *Cath. Frampton*, her ſecond Siſter, and Executreſs, in teſtimony of her Grief, Affection and Gratitude.

Below this Marble Monument, is laid
All that Heav'n wants of this celeſtial Maid.
Preſerve, O ſacred Tomb, thy Truſt confin'd,
The Mold was made on purpoſe for the Mind:
And ſhe would loſe, if at the latter Day,
One Atom could be mix'd, of other Clay.

Such

Such were the Features of her heav'nly Face,
Her Limbs were form'd with ſuch harmonious Grace,
So faultleſs was the Frame, as if the whole
Had been an Emanation of the Soul,
Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd,
And, like a Picture, ſhone in Glaſs anneal'd:
Or like the Sun eclips'd, with ſhaded light,
Too piercing elſe to be ſuſtain'd by Sight.
Each Thought was viſible that roll'd within:
As through a chryſtal'd caſe the figur'd Hours are ſeen.
And Heav'n did this tranſparent Veil provide,
Becauſe ſhe had no guilty Thought to hide.
All white, a Virgin Saint ſhe fought the Skies,
For Marriage, tho' it ſullys not, it dyes.
High tho' her Wit, yet humble was her Mind;
As if ſhe could not, or ſhe would not find
How much her Worth tranſcended all her Kind.
Yet had ſhe learn'd ſo much of Heav'n below,
That when arriv'd ſhe ſcarce had more to know:
But only to refreſh the former Hint,
And read her Maker in a fairer Print.
So pious, as ſhe had no Time to ſpare,
For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to Pray'r.
Yet in ſuch Charities ſhe paſs'd the Day,
'Twas wondrous how ſhe found an Hour to pray.
A Soul ſo calm, it knew not Ebbs and Flows,
Which Paſſion could but curb, not diſcompoſe,
A female Softneſs, with a manly Mind:
A Daughter duteous, and a Siſter kind:
In Sickneſs patient, and in Death reſign'd.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Here

Here lieth to *digeſt*, *macerate*, and *amalgamate* with clay,
In *Balneo Arenæ*,
Stratum ſuper Stratum,
The *Reſiduum*, *Terra Damnata*, and *Caput Mortuum*
Of *Boyle Godfrey*, Chemiſt,
and M. D.
A Man, who in this earthly *Laboratory*
Purſued various *Proceſſes* to obtain
Arcanum Vitæ
Or the Secret to live;
Alſo *Aurum Vitæ*
Or the Art of getting, rather than making Gold.
Alchemiſt-like,
All his Labour and *Projection*,
As *Mercury* in the Fire, *evaporated* in *Fumo*,
When he *diſſolved* to his firſt Principles,
He *departed* as poor
As the laſt Drops of an *Alembic*.
For Riches are not poured
On the *Adepts* of this World.
Though fond of News, he carefully avoided
The *Fermentation*, *Effervescence*,
and *Decrepitation* of this Life.
Full ſeventy Years his *exalted Eſſence*
Was *Hermetically ſealed* in its *Terrene Matraſs*.
But the radical Moiſture being exhauſted,
The *Elixir Vitæ* ſpent,
And *exſiccated* to a *Cuticle*,
He could not *ſuſpend* longer in his *Vehicle*,
But *precipitated gradatim*,
Per Campanam,
To his Original Duſt.

May

May that Light, brighter than *Bolognian Phoſphorus*,
preſerve him from the *Athanor*, *Empyreuma*, and
Reverberatory Furnace of the other World,
Depurate him from the *Fæces* and *Scoria* of this,
Highly *rectifie* and *volatilize*
His *ætherial* Spirit,
Bring it over the *Helm* of the *Retort* of this Globe,
Place it in a proper *Recipient*,
Or *Chriſtalline* Orb,
Among the Elect of the *Flowers of Benjamin*
Never to be *ſaturated*
Till the general *Reſuſcitation*,
Deflagration, *Calcination*,
And *Sublimation* of all Things.

St. Edmund's, Sarum.

Here lieth the Body of Mr. *Richard Phelps*,
Gent. and late Alderman of this City,
Anno Domini 1654. Mayor thereof,
Who departed this Life *April* the 23d. 1662.
Aged . . . . .

And is he dead! and ſhan't the City weep?
That it no longer ſuch a Saint could keep.
Surely when Death ſhall thus lay Hold upon
The Pillars of the Houſe, the Building's gone.
Well may we fear and dread what God is doing,
That Flames are kindling, while our LOTS are going.
The Righteous is taken away
From the Evil to come.

Saliſbury

Saliſbury Cathedral.

Henricus Hyde, Eques Auratus
Laurentii Hyde, Eq. Aurat. ex agro *Wiltonienſi*,
Gentis *Anglicanæ* quatuor plus minus luſtra
In *Peloponneſo* Conſul,
Eccleſiæ ibidem fundator,
Carolo II. *Magnæ. Brit.* Regis,
Apud *Turcarum* Imperatorem
Internuntius.
Vir
Arduis admotus et par negotiis,
In Manus ſacrilegas Perduellium
Weſtmonaſterii conſidentium
Invidorum perfidiâ traditus;
Defenſæ reus Majeſtatis
IV. *Nonas Martias*
MDCL.
Securim qua periit deoſculatus
Invidendo plane Martyrio (*Caroli* I. ad inſtar)
Auſpicatiſſime baptizatus,
Exulantis *Caroli* victima,
Redituri vates,
Excelſo evectus pegmate,
Animo longe excelſiori
Hymno iſto Evangelico
Orationem inchoavit,
Finivit vitam,
Gloria Deo in Excelſis,
In terris Pax.
Hominibus Εὐδοξία;
Aº. Ætatis XLV.

This is on Sir *Henry Hyde*, who ſuffered for his Royal Maſter, as the Epitaph informs us, in 1650.

On the *Cambridge* Carrier, who ſickened in the Time of his Vacancy, being forbid to go to *London*, by reaſon of the Plague.

Here lies old *Hobſon*, Death hath broke his Girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the Dirt,
Or elſe the Ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a Slough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a Shifter, that if Truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any Time this ten Years full,
Dodg'd with him betwixt *Cambridge* and the *Bull*.
And ſurely Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly Courſe of Carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his Journey's End was come,
And that he had taen up his laſteſt Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlain,
Shew'd him his Room where he muſt lodge that Night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the Light;
If any aſk for him, it ſhall be ſaid,
HOBSON *has ſupt, and's newly gone to Bed.*

JOHN MILTON.

On the ſame.

Here lieth one who did moſt truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move.
So hung his Deſtiny never to rot
While he might ſtill jog on and keep his Trot,
Made of Sphere-metal, never to decay
Untill his Revolution was at ſtay.

Time

Time numbers Motion, yet (without a Crime
'Gainſt old Truth) Motion number'd out his Time:
And, like an Engine mov'd with Wheel and Weight,
His Principles being ceas'd, he ended ſtraight.
Reſt that gives all Men Life, gave him his Death,
And too much Breathing put him out of Breath;
Nor were it Contradiction to affirm,
Too long Vacation haſten'd on his Term.
Meerly to drive the Time away he ſicken'd,
Fainted and died, nor would with Ale be quicken'd.
Nay, quoth he, on his Swooning-bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I mayn't carry, ſure I'll ne'er be fetch'd:
But, now, though the croſs Doctors all ſtood Hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make ſix Bearers.
Eaſe was his chief Diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He died for Heavineſs that his Cart went light.
His Leiſure told him that his Time was come,
And lack of Load made his Life burthenſome,
That e'en to his laſt Breath, (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſt to Death, he cry'd more Weight;
But had his Doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he ſpent his Date
In Courſe reciprocal, and had his Fate
Link'd to the mutual Flowing of the Seas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his Wain was his Increaſe:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gone,
Only remains this Superſcription.

JOHN MILTON.

Jacobins Convent, *Paris.*

Francois Sire de Crequi
Marechal de *France*, General des Armees
du Roi, Gouverneur de *Lorraine*,
decedé le 4 de *Fevrier* 1687.
Dame *Catherine de Rougé*,
Son Epouſe decedée le 5 d' *Avril* 1713.

Orbi cui domitus non ultima meta fuiſſet,
Hic metam agnovit; quid vos ſperabitis ultra,
Victores! lachrymas: hunc Rex, hunc *Gallia* flevit;
Sed flet, et æternum flebit pro conjuge conjux,
Donec, quod poſuit triſti tumulata ſepulcro,
Tam charo cineri ſeſe cinis ipſa maritet.

This is on the Monument of Marſhal *Crequi*, and his Lady. *Santueil*, whom I have already mentioned, wrote it, and *Perrault* put it into *French* as follows:

Celui, dont le grand cœur par la gloire animé
Ne ſe borna jamais, eſt ici renfermé
Son trepas fut ſuivi des regrets les plus tendres,
Et ſon Epouſe en pleurs attend cet heureux jour,
Ou la mort en melant leurs precieuſes cendres,
Les joindra pour jamais comme a fait leur amour.

St. Roch, Paris.

Dans ſa concavité, ce modeſte Tombeau
Tient les os renfermès de l'un et l'autre Frere.
Il leur etoit uſe d'en avoir un plus beau,
Si de leurs propres mains ils l'euſſent voulu faire.

Mais

Mais il importe peu de loger noblement,
Ce qu' apres le trepas un corps laiſſe de reſte,
Pourvu que de ce corps quittant le logement ;
L'ame trouve le ſien dant le ſejour celeſte.

This is on the Grave of the two Brothers, *Francis* and *Michael Anguier*. They imitated the Saints in their Piety, and equalled the moſt celebrated Sculptors in their Art. *Francis* died at *Paris*, *Aug.* the 8th, 1669, and *Michael* died in the ſame City, *July* 11, 1686.

The Senſe of the Epitaph is this:

'This modeſt Marble contains within its Hollow 'two Brothers: had they built their own Monument 'it would have been a more beautiful one. But lit-'tle avails it to lodge pompouſly what Death has left 'of them, ſince their Souls, quitting their terreſtrial 'Manſions, are now received into the Seats of the 'Bleſt.'

Saliſbury Cathedral.

Over the Figures of *Death* and a *Traveller*.

Traveller.

Alaſſe, Death, alaſſe a bleſsful thyng that were
Yf thou wolldyſt ſpare us in our luſtyneſs
And cum to wretches that be ſoe of hevy chere
When thay ye clere to ſlake there dyſtreſſe
Crewelly wemith the ſeygh wayle and wepe
To cloſe there yen that after ye doth clepe.

Death.

Graſtles galante in all thy luſte and pryde
Remember that thaw ſhalte gyve due

Death ſhold fro thy body thy Sowle devyde
Thou mayſt not hym aſcape certaynly
To ye dede bodyes caſt down thyne ye
Be holde thayne well conſidere and ſee
For ſuch as thay ar, ſuch ſhalt yow be.

Abbey Church, *Bath.*

Here lies Doctor *John Dauntſey* by Name,
Whoſe harmleſs Life, whoſe Saint-like Death, whoſe laſting Fame,
With Judgment good in Phyſic bore,
Approved to Poſterity ſhall this engraving over laſt evermore.

Chriſt-Church, Dublin.

~~Nate ingrate, mihi pugnanti terga dediſti,~~
Non mihi, ſed Genti, Regno quoque Terga dediſti.

This is on the Tomb of *Strongbow*, Earl of *Cheſtow*, and his *Son*. It alludes to the following Story. When *Strongbow* was marching to *Wexford*, through the Barony of *Idrone*, to relieve *Fitz Stephens*, he was briſkly aſſaulted by *O Rian* and his Followers; but *O Rian* being ſlain by an Arrow ſhot at him by *Nichol* the Monk, the reſt were eaſily ſcatter'd and many of them ſlain. It was here that *Strongbow*'s only *Son*, a Youth about ſeventeen Years old, frighted with the Numbers and Ululations of the *Iriſh*, ran away from the Battle, and made towards *Dublin*; but being informed of his Father's Victory, he joyfully came back to congratulate him; but the ſevere General having firſt reproached him with Cowardice, cauſed him to be immediately

immediately executed, by cutting him off in the Middle with a Sword; ſo great an Abhorrence had they of Daſtardlineſs in thoſe Days, that in Imitation of the old *Romans*, they puniſhed it with a Severity, which, how commendable ſoever it may be in a General, was nevertheleſs unnatural in a Father.

St. Edmund's, Sarum.

Richardus Vennard.

Yf yt be lawfull for a rurall Penne
To write of Matters touchyng heavenlye Power
Or to renew a great complainte for them
Whoſe vertuous Deedes have gained in happy howre
A Place with God then give me leave to tell
Of ſuch a loſſe whoſe lyke hathe nere befell;
Anne Venard ſhee whoſe Corps interred here,
Whoſe ſoule in bliſſe, whoſe Vertues live on Earth
A Mother thrice, yea thrice a Mother deare
Whoſe godly lyfe abridged by fatall death
Makes me complayne: and from a ſighing hearte
Doe with that peace (thoughe not by my deſerte)
Whilſte ſhe did lyve: her vertues likewiſe lyvde
Now ſhee is deade, they are again reviv'd:
Each one that knew hir ſayd, ſhee liv'd to dye
And yet nowe deade hir Praiſe they ratifye
This me contents: Hope ſayes that we ſhall meete
With all joy in throane of heavenlye ſeate.

Mors mortis morti mortem niſi morte dediſſet,
Æternæ vitæ janua clauſa feret.
An. 1586.

Abbey Church, *Bath.*

Infra breve Mortalitatis ſpeculum
Exuviæ *Johannis* jacent
Johanni Archiep. *Londin.* natorum.....
Anima poſt XII. peregrinationis annos
Tanquam Columba ex corporis arca 9 *Maii*
1683.
Ad cælum evolavit.

Ingenious Soul ſo young, thy heavenly fire
No longer could be ſatiate with deſire,
But muſt aſcend t' enjoy the ſpheres above,
Into the boſom of thy God, thy love,
Whom thou ador'dſt in feeble houſe of Clay,
But now art fled to thy etherial day:
Thy heav'nly Manſion that's prepar'd for thee
By gracious Saviour from Eternity;
And haſt left us behind, thy Parents dear,
Our loſs condoling with parental Tear;
Our Leſs thy Gain, and yet it may be ours,
Aſſiſted by thy God, thy God of Pow'rs.

This is on a young Son of a Biſhop of *London*, whoſe Soul, ſays the *Latin* Inſcription, after 12 Years Peregrination, flew like the Dove from the bodily Ark to Heaven on the 9 of *May*, 1683.

—— Church, *Lancaſhire*.

This Monument is to the ſacred and eternal Memory of Sir *Nicolas Shireburn*, and his *Lady*.

Sir *Nicolas Shireburn*, of *Stonyburſt*, Bart. was Son of *Richard Shireburn*, Eſq; by *Iſabella* his Wife, Daughter of *John Ingleſby*, of *Sawkeland*, Eſq; Sir *Nicolas*

Nicolas Shireburn had by his Lady, whoſe Name was *Catherine*, third Daughter and Co-heir to Sir *Edward Charleton*, of *Haſleſide*, in *Northumberland*, Bart. by *Mary*, eldeſt Daughter and Co-heir of Sir *Edward Widdrington*, of *Carlington*, in *Northumberland*, Bart. Three Children: The Eldeſt, *Iſabella*, died the 18th of *October*, in the Year 1688, and is buried at *Rothburgh* in *Northumberland*, in the Choir belonging to *Carlington*, where Sir *Nicolas* then lived: A Son, named *Richard*, who died *June* 8th, 1702, at *Stonyhurſt*: Another Daughter named *Mary*, married *May* 26th, 1709, to *Thomas* Duke of *Norfolk*.

Sir *Nicolas Shireburn* was a Gentleman of great Humanity, Sympathy, and Concern for the Good of Mankind; and did many good charitable Things while he lived: He particularly ſet his Neighbourhood a ſpinning of Jerſey Wool; and provided a Man to comb the Wool, and a Woman who taught them to ſpin, whom he kept in his Houſe; and allotted ſeveral Rooms he had in one of the Courts of *Stonyhurſt* for them to work in; and the Neighbours came to ſpin accordingly. The Spinners came every Day, and ſpun as long a Time as they could ſpare, Morning and Afternoon, from their Families. This continued from *April*, 1699, to *Auguſt* 1701. When they had all learned, he gave the neareſt Neighbours each a Pound or half a Pound of Wool, ready for ſpinning, and a Wheel to ſet up for themſelves, which did a vaſt deal of Good to that North Side of *Ribble*, in *Lancaſhire*.

Sir *Nicolas Shireburn* died *Dec.* 16th, 1717.

This Monument was ſet up by the Dutcheſs Dowager of *Norfolk*, in Memory of the beſt of Fathers and Mothers: and in this Vault deſigns to be interred herſelf, whenever it pleaſes God to take her out of this World.

Lady *Shireburn* was a Lady of excellent Temper, and fine Sentiments; ſingular Piety, Virtue, and

Charity; conſtantly employed in doing Good, eſpecially to the diſtreſſed Sick, and poor Lame, for whom ſhe kept an Apothecary's Shop in the Houſe. She continued as long as ſhe lived doing great Good and Charity. She died *January* 17th 1727. Beſides all other great Charities, which Sir *Nicolas* and Lady *Shireburn* did, they gave on *All-Souls Day*, a conſiderable deal of Money to the Poor: Lady *Shireburn* ſerving them with her own Hands that Day.

Verſes making Part of an Epitaph to be engraved on the Monument of a Lady.

Huſh'd be each ruder Breath! within this Shrine,
A Maid once thought immortal and divine,
Lies lock'd in icy Death's abhorred Arms,
While the lean Monſter banquets on her Charms.
Pale, pale thoſe Lips; dark, dark thoſe Eyes are grown;
Theſe Triumphs, Horror's King! are all thy own.
Her *Virtues*, Tyrant, mock thy feeble Dart,
'Tis not in *Thee* to kill that glorious Part.
Her Virgin Soul, ne'er fix'd on earthly Things,
Angels bear hence to Heav'n on Golden Wings.
Yet ſhall *All* mourn!—The Good their Loſs deplore;
The *Wicked* weep—that *Envy* is no more.

Nettlebed, Oxfordſhire.

Here lies Father & Mother, & Sifter and I,
Wee all died within the ſhort ſpaſe of one ſhort Year.
They be all buried at *Wimble* except I,
And I be buried here.

Les

Les *Saints Innocents, Paris.*

Cy gift *Yolande Bailly,*
qui trepaſſa l'an 1514. le 88e an de
ſon age, le 42. de ſon veuvage,
laquelle a vis, ou pu voir devant
ſon trepas deux cents quatre-vingts-
-quinza Enfans iſſus d' elle.

In Engliſh:

'Here lies *Yoland Bailly,*
'Who died in the Year 1514, aged 88,
'And in the 42d Year of her Widowhood:
'Who ſaw, or might have ſeen, before her Death,
'Two hundred and ninety-five
'Of her own Offspring.'

St. Martin, Paris.

Poſtellus poſtquam peragravit plurima paſſus
Pro pietate polos *Pariſiis* Petiit.
Obiit ſexto Septembris 1681.
Mærens ponebat—*Adrianus Tartrier*
Medicus.

This is on *Guillaume Poſtel,* famous for his Learning and Humour. The two Lines have nothing remarkable but the Alliteration: He died at *Paris* in *September,* 1681: and had a Monument with the above Inſcription erected to his Memory by Dr. *A. Tartrier.*

Les *Saints Innocents, Paris.*

Nicolaus Faber, peccator,
Non unus ex multis, hic jacet;
quid de me dici verius, aut a me quid
melius non video.
Agnoſco, bone Jeſu, tu ignoſce;
ad hoc enim natus es, ad hoc paſſus,
ad hoc tremuiſti, ut per te ſecuri eſſemus.
Vixit Annos 68.
Menſes quatuor, dies tres.
Devixit
anno 1612.

In Engliſh:

'I, *Nicolas Le Fevre*,
'A moſt ſingular Sinner, lies here.
'What can be ſaid truer *of* me,
'Or what better *by* me, I know not.
'I confeſs, ſweet *Jeſus*; and, O! do thou pardon!
'For this wert thou born, and for this didſt thou
'ſuffer,
'That we might be ſaved by thee.
'He lived 68 Years, 4 Months, and 3 Days.
'He died in the Year 1612.'

Nicolas le Fevre, was one of the moſt knowing and judicious Critics that *France* can boaſt. He was born at *Paris*, *June* 2. 1544. He was Preceptor to *Henry de Bourbon*, Prince of *Condè*; then of *Louis* the Dauphin, who reigned afterwards under the Name of *Louis* 13. *Le Fevre* lived in Retirement with all the Elegance of a Courtier, and at Court with the Candour and Simplicity of an Anchorite.

Qui

Qui jacet hic multum ſcripſit, proſâque metroque;
Atque latens ſparſit nomen in orbe ſuum.
Præclaras artes coluit, ſed firmius unam,
Illam præcipuè quæ bene obire docet.

This Epitaph *Stephen Carneau* wrote for his own Tombſtone: But it is not on his Grave. He lies in the Convent of the *Celeſtines*, of which he was a Monk. He wrote, among other Things, *The OEconomy of the little World*; *or*, *The Marvels of God in the human Body*. This Poem proves that the Author had a great Knowledge of Anatomy. In 1655 he compoſed a divine Poem *on Penance and Grace*, where he has faithfully given the Sentiments of *St. Auſtin* on that Matter. This Poem contains 3000 Verſes, and is yet in Manuſcript in the Library of his Monaſtery. This learned and pious Monk died *Sept.* 17, 1671. He alſo wrote a *French* Epitaph for himſelf in the Stile of the former.

Cy giſt qui s'occupant et de Vers & de Proſe
A pu quelque renom dans le Monde acquerir;
Il aima les beaux Arts, mais ſur toute autre choſe
Il medita le plus ſur l'art de bien mourir.

Theſe Inſcriptions ſay that the Perſon deceaſed buſied himſelf greatly in Verſe and Proſe, and that by his Labours he acquired ſome ſmall Portion of Fame. That he loved the fine Arts, but chiefly applied himſelf to that glorious one which teacheth a Man how to die well.

Qui

Qui eſt ce corps, que ſi grand Monde ſuit ?
Las ! c'eſt *Budè* an cerceuil etendu !
Que ne font donc les cloches plus grand bruit ?
Son bruit ſans cloche eſt aſſez repandu :
Que n'a-t-on plus en torches dependu,
Suivant la mode accoutumee en ſainte ?
Afin qu'il ſoit par l'obſcur entendu,
Que des Francois la lumiere eſt eſteinte.

This was written by *Melin de St. Gelais* on the great *William Budè*, who lies buried in the Church of *St. Genevieve* at *Paris*. The manner of his Funeral was according to his own Order. The Senſe of the Lines above is thus :

'Who is this thus followed by all *Paris* ? *Budè* 'in his Hearſe. Why do not all the Bells toll out 'then ? His Fame will announce his Death without 'that. But why are there not Torches, as uſual on 'theſe ſolemn Occaſions ? Why, that we may under-'ſtand the Light of *France* is out.'

However, Men think ſo differently, that this Manner of Sepulture approved by *St. Auguſtin*, got *Budè* the Suſpicion of *Calviniſm*. He died *Aug.* 26. 1540. *Salmon Macrin* wrote the following on his Death, the Senſe of which is much the ſame with that of *St. Gelais*.

Budæus voluit mediâ de nocte ſepulcro
Inferri, et nullas prorſus adeſſe faces.
Non factum ratione caret, clariſſima quando
Ipſe ſibi lampas, luxque coruſca fuit.

On

On the Marchioneſs of Wincheſter.

This rich Marble doth interr
The honour'd Wife of *Wincheſter*,
A Viſcount's Daughter, an Earl's Heir,
Beſides what her Virtues fair
Added to her noble Birth,
More than ſhe could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told; alas! too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort Time of Breath,
To houſe with Darkneſs and with Death.
Yet had the Number of her Days
Been as compleat as was her Praiſe,
Nature and Fate had had no Strife
In giving Limit to her Life.
Her high Birth, and her Graces ſweet,
Quickly found a Lover meet;
The Virgin Quire for her requeſt
The God that ſits at Marriage Feaſt;
He at their Invoking came
But with a ſcarce well-lighted Flame;
And in his Garland as he ſtood,
Ye might diſcern a Cypreſs Bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely Son,
And now with ſecond Hope ſhe goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her Throws;
But whether by Miſchance or Blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
And with remorſeleſs Cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both Fruit and Tree:
The hapleſs Babe before his Birth
Had Burial, yet not laid in Earth,
And the languiſht Mother's Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.

So

So have I ſeen ſome tender Slip,
Sav'd with Care from Winter's Nip,
The Pride of her Carnation Train,
Pluckt up by ſome unheedy Swain,
Who only thought to crop the Flow'r
New ſhot up from vernal Show'r;
But the fair Bloſſom hangs the Head
Sideways as on a dying Bed,
And thoſe Pearls of Dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging Tears
Which the ſad Morn had let fall
On her haſtning Funeral.
Gentle Lady, may thy Grave
Peace and Quiet ever have;
After this thy Travel ſore
Sweet Reſt ſeize thee evermore,
That to give the World Encreaſe,
Short'ned haſt thy own Life's Leaſe;
Here beſides the Sorrowing
That thy noble Houſe doth bring,
Here be Tears of perfect Moan
Wept for thee in *Helicon:*
And ſome Flowers, and ſome Bays,
'Fore thy Hearſe to ſtrew the Ways,
Sent thee from the Banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy vertuous Name;
Whilſt thou, bright Saint, ſitt'ſt high in Glory,
Next her, much like to thee in Story,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdeſs,
Who, after Years of Barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd *Joſeph* bore,
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next Birth, much like thee,
Through Pangs fled to Felicity,
Far within the Boſom bright
Of blazing Majeſty and Light,
There with thee new welcome Saint,
Like Fortunes may her Soul acquaint,

With

With thee there clad in radiant Sheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

JOHN MILTON.

Notre Dame, Paris.

Hic jacet
Immortali ver Memoriâ dignus,
D. D. *Antonius Uyon d' Herouval,*
Eques,
Regi a Conſiliis, et in ſuprema rationum curiâ
Auditor,
Generis ſplendore apud *Veliocaſſes* clarus,
Pietate, innocentia, ac doctrina commendabilis,
Qui abſtruſa veterum actorum monumenta
Multo labore inveſtigavit,
Sedulâ curâ congeſſit,
Sagaci judicio indagavit,
Benignâ liberalitate communicavit,
Gloriam quippe mereri potius ducens quam conſequi,
Alienis ſervire commodis quam propriis,
Rem ornare publicam, quam privatam augere;
Sub bene multorum, hujus ævi ſcriptorum nomine
Reconditioris Antiquitatis theſauris ætatem noſtram
Locupletavit.
Natus XVIII. *Kal. Octob.* M.DC.IV.
Obiit III. *Kalend. Maii* M.DC.LXXXIX.

Antoine Uyon d' Herouval had the Office of *Auditeur de Comptes.* He never publiſhed any thing in his own Name, but gave great Aſſiſtance to the Gentlemen at work on the *French* Hiſtory. This his Epitaph is turned upon, beſides duly celebrating his Learning, Integrity, and Meekneſs. He rather, ſays the Writer of it, choſe to deſerve Fame than to poſſeſs it, was always more ready to ſerve others than himſelf, and

and greatly preferred the Advantage of his Country to his own private Emolument.

Notre Dame, Paris.

Paulus Æmilius
Veronenſis
huſus Eccleſiæ Canonicus, qui præter
Eximiam vitæ ſanctitatem quanta
quoque doctrina præſtiterit, index atque
teſtis erit hiſtoria de rebus geſtis
Francorum poſteris ab eodem edita.
Obiit anno Domini 1529.
die 5. Menſis *Maii*.

Paul Emile, Monk of this Church, and Author of an Hiſtory of *France*. He was of *Verona*, and one of the greateſt Wits of his Time. *Louis* XII. who knew his Merit, carried him to *France* and gave him a conſiderable Penſion. He was 30 Years compoſing his Hiſtory, in ten Books. He copied *Gaguin*, made new Diſcoveries, and obſerved the chronologic Order in his Work, which none of their Hiſtorians had done before him.

Norwich Cathedral.

Here *William Inglott*, Organiſt doth reſt,
Whoſe Art in Muſick this Cathedral bleſt,
For Deſcant moſt, for Voluntary all,
He paſt on Organ, Song and Virginall.
He left this Life at Age of Sixty-ſeven,
And now 'mongſt Angels all ſings Sᵗ. in Heaven,
His

His Fame flies far, his Name ſhall never die,
See Art and Age here crown his Memorie.
Non digitis, Inglotte, tuis terreſtria tangis,
Tangis nunc digitis Organa celſa poli.
Anno Dom. 1621.

Buried the laſt Day of *December* 1621.

This erected the 15 Day of *June*, 1622.

Norwich Cathedral.

Depoſitum
Johannis Spendlove
Præbendarii,
Julii 8. Anno Dⁿⁱ,
1666.
Dean *Suckling*'s Daughter,
Prebend *Spendlove*'s Wife,
For a far better
Chang'd this preſent Life,
March the 21ſt. 1656.

Convent of the *Grands Carmes*, *Paris*.

Hic jacet *R. Pater Vincentius*
La Ruelle Carmelita Attrebatenſis,
qui obiit 28. *Aprilis* ann. 1634.
Ætatis ſuæ 64.
Vincitur, et vincit, ſuperat, ſuperatur et ipſe,
Orci victor abit, dum nece victus obit.
Dum capitur tumulo, cælum capit, et nece raptus
Hunc rapit, et rapitur, dum capit, hic capitur.
Requieſcat in Pace.

St. Eſ-

St. Eſtienne du Mont, Paris.

Paſſant, qui que tu ſois, arrete et conſidere,
Qui giſt ſous ce Tombeau :
Tu ſcauras que *Thognet*, par un ſecret myſtere,
Ce Monde abandonna pour en prendre un plus beau.
Son art, et ſon ſcavoir garantiſſoient les hommes
Bien ſouvent de Mourir.
Mortels penſez a vous, dans le ſiecle au nous ſommes,
Puiſque *Thognet* n' eſt plus, qui pourra vous guerir.

This *Thognet* was an eminent Surgeon. He died *Dec.* 29. 1642. This Inſcription tells us of his great Knowledge in his Profeſſion, and adviſes Mankind to be careſul of their Health for the future, ſince *Thognet*, who alone vanquiſhed all Diſtempers, is now no more.

Mickleton.

S. E.
Hoc Cenotaphium
Danvers Graves Armigero,
Filio *Ricardi Graves* Armigeri natu minimo :
Adoleſcenti
Et Cognatis et Amicis, imo et Patriæ ſuæ
deſideratiſſimo.
Qui
Honorabili Mercatorum cum Indis Orientalibus negotiantium
Societati,
Per Quindecim annos
Bombaiæ, *Gomeroni*, *Balſoræ* et *Spahanæ*,
inter mille pericula et labores,
fortiter ac fideliter operam navavit.
A *Perſis* tumultuantibus

Semel

Semel atque iterum opibus ſuis ſpoliatus
et in vitæ diſcrimen ſæpiſſime perductus.
In *Perſiam* denique
Res mercatorias ſummâ cum poteſtate adminiſtraturus,
Denuo legatus,
Et in Patriam ſuam jamjam rediturus,
Heu! rerum humanarum incertos exitus!
Gomeroni, in Sinu *Perſico*,
Febre correptus
Occubuit.
A. D. MDCCLII. Æt. ſuæ.....

In Engliſh thus:

Sacred
To the Memory
Of *Danvers Graves*, Eſquire,
Youngeſt Son of *Richard Graves*, Eſquire,
A Youth
Deſervedly lamented by his Relations, his Friends,
and even his Country.
Who
As a Factor to the *Honourable Eaſt India Company*
For 15 Years
Bombay, *Gombroon*, *Baſſora*, and *Iſpahan*,
Managed their Affairs,
With the greateſt Reſolution and Fidelity,
Amidſt a Thouſand Dangers and Diſtreſſes,
Being more than once plundered,
And many Times in Danger of his Life,
From the rebellious *Perſians*.
At length
Being ſent again into *Perſia* as chief Agent,
And now ſoon to return into his native Country,
(Such, alas! is the uncertain Event of human Affairs!)
He was ſeized with a Fever,
and died

At

At *Gombroon*, in the Gulph of *Perſia*,
In the Year 1752.
Aged .....

Deſigned for a Monument in *Scotland*.

To the immortal Memory of
Sir *Peter Halkett*, Baronet, of *Pitfirrane*,
And Colonel of one of his Majeſty's Regiments of Foot.
Who was ſlain in that unfortunate Conflict in *America*,
In the Year 1755;
Unfortunate indeed to *England*, and the more ſo,
As by this gallant Commander's Death, it tore from her
One ſo capable of wiping off her Diſgrace.
Had he himſelf commanded in Chief,
Thus, it is moſt likely *he* would have fallen:
But then, we may well believe,
Unleſs from that *one* Circumſtance,
Britain would never have remembered the Day with Sorrow.
After repeated Efforts to rally his Men
He received a Shot from the Enemy in his *Head*;
And a ſecond pierced his *Heart*;
That loyal and manly *Heart* always ready to execute
The greateſt Action which the *Head* could plan.
It was from a *Bed of Sickneſs*, againſt all the Prayers
And Intreaties of his Friends, and Family,
That he led his Regiment to the Field,
Where he now lies,
In the *Bed of Honour*.
This is erected by the R. H.
Lady *Amelia Halkett*,
Not as an Addition to his Glory,
(Vain were that Thought!)
But as a Teſtimony, ſmall as it is,

Of

Of the conſtant and unfeigned Love
She bears to the Memory
of
The beſt of Huſbands and of Men.

Worceſter Cathedral.

Here lieth the Bodies of *John Moore*, and *Anne* his Wife,
Father and Mother to *Thomas Moore*, who here lyeth
With *Mary* his Wife, alſo *John Moore* and *Margaret*,
Their Siſter here lyeth; Here borne, Here bred,
Here buried *December* Anno 1613.

St. Margaret's, Weſtminſter.

Depoſitum
Georgii Hickes, S. T. P.
Non ita pridem Coll. Linc. Oxon. Socii,
Et Eccleſiæ Cathedral. Wigorn.
Decani,
Qui obiit 15. die Decembris
Anno { Domini MDCCXV.
{ Ætatis LXXIIII.

In Engliſh:

'The Remains of Dr. *George Hickes*, late Fellow 'of *Lincoln* College, *Oxford*, and Dean of the Cathe-'dral Church of *Worceſter*. He died the 15 Day of '*December* in the Year of our Lord 1715, and of his 'Age the ſeventy-fourth.'

George Hickes, D. D. was born in the Pariſh of *Kirby Wick*, in *Yorkſhire*, *June* 20, 1641. He was created

created Doctor of Divinity, *Dec.* 17. 1679, by virtue of the Letters Patents of the delegated Power of the Chancellor, which ſay: 'That he hath been ſeveral 'Years Attendant upon the Duke of *Lauderdale*, in his 'Majeſty's Service in the Kingdom of *Scotland*. That 'he hath done remarkable Service to the Church of '*England*, during his Abode in that Kingdom, and 'hath received ſeveral Marks of Honour from the 'late Archbiſhop of *St. Andrews*, and the Clergy of '*Scotland*, &c.' He was, at the Preſentation of Archbiſhop *Sancroft*, inſtituted Vicar of *Allhallows Barking*, in *London*, 22 *Auguſt*, 1680, which he reſigned in 1686, for the Rectory of *Awchurch*, commonly called *Allchurch*, given to him by Dr. *Thomas*, the Biſhop of *Worceſter*, was inſtalled Dean of *Worceſter* Church 13 *October* 1683, but upon the *Revolution*, not complying with the Meaſures then taken, he was deprived of his Preferments, tho' he vigorouſly oppoſed the Proceedings againſt him.—He was well verſed in our *Saxon* and *Engliſh* Antiquities, the firſt of which he has given the World ſufficient Demonſtration of in his *Antiquæ Literaturæ Septentrionalis Theſaurus*, printed at *Oxford* in 1705, 3 *Vol. Folio*. And no leſs was his Skill in primitive Eccleſiaſtical Antiquity, as is viſible to any curious Reader of his Works. The Epitaph I have given above was ordered by himſelf in the 6th Page of his laſt Will.

——— *Cumberland.*

Why look ye, d'ye ſee now who lies here,
Sure, and ſure, the Body of *John Tragere*.
Who ne'er in all his Lifetime thought fit
To marry his Daughter to *Nicklas Kirkit*.

St. Bennet's,

St. Bennet's, Paul's-Wharfe, London.

Here lies one *More*, and no *More* than he.
One More, and *no More!* how can that be?
Why one *More*, and no *More* may well lie here alone:
But here lies *one More*, and that's *More* than *one*.

———, ———.

O! cruel Death, why wert thou ſo unkind
To take my Huſband and leave me behind?
Thou ſhouldſt have taken both of us, if either;
Which would have been more grateful to the Survivor.

New Church, *Amſterdam.*

Ruiteri hoc cinerem victoris et oſſa Sepulcro,
Aſſerta æquoreo *Marte* recondit humus.
Tantillum exuvias ſpatii complectitur omnes,
Funere de tanti quas tulit urna viri.
Nil tamen egiſti, Mors importuna, Triumphum
De Te perpetuum Fama ſuperſtes aget.
In titulos *Europa* parum eſt, ſcit *Americus* orbis,
Africa laurigeri ſcit decus ora ducis.
Vix capit Oceanus, vix Sol Orienſque, cadenſque,
Tot palmis gravidum, tot ſpoliiſque manum.
Maxima quod ſi quem virtus ſacravit Olympo,
Hanc Animam æthereâ fas jubet Arce frui.

This is on the Tomb of *Michael de Ruyter.* There are alſo two other Latin Inſcriptions on it; one is very long, and in Proſe, containing an Account of all his Actions: The other in Verſe, in the ſame Style with the above.

above. He raiſed himſelf from a Cabin-boy to the high Rank of Admiral, by his Merit alone, and was an equally good Soldier, Pilot, Sailor, and General. Mr. *Engel de Ruyter* his Son was wont to ſay, that his Father, and the *French* Admiral Monſieur *de Queſne*, mutually apprehended being forced to engage, and as they greatly eſteemed and feared each other, they kept a ſecret Correſpondence, and informed one another of all their Motions, ſo that they might not meet. But at laſt the Wind, and *de Ruyter*'s bad Fate, triumphed over all their Precautions. *De Ruyter* was at *Ivica*, an Iſland on the Coaſt of *Spain* in the *Mediterranean*. He received Intelligence that Mr. *du Queſne* was in *Sicily*, and that he was prepared to ſail towards *Naples*. The Wind which was North-North-Weſt, abated ſuddenly, ſo that Monſ. *du Queſne* could not get out from *Sicily*. *Ruyter*, on the other Hand, had a Southerly Wind which drove him to *Meſſina*, from whence the Wind would not let *du Queſne* ſtir; ſo that he was at Anchor when the other firſt came in Sight. He put to Sea inſtantly, taking Advantage of a ſmall weſterly Breeze, and came up with the *Dutch* Admiral, who could not retire out of his Way. They met, and mutually made a terrible Fire for more than two Hours, without loſing one Point of Wind, or making either of them one wrong Step in the whole Management of their Fleets. This was on the 22d of *April*, 1676. At laſt the *Dutch* Admiral's Veſſel committed a Blunder that made *du Queſne* believe that *Ruyter* was dead, or at leaſt wounded; being perſuaded that had he been himſelf in a Condition to command, he would have kept to the Wind, and advanced Broadſide, and not expoſed his Stern ſo much in coming up as he did: For when Mr. *du Queſne* ſaw him do it, he could not help crying out to his Men, that *Ruyter* was certainly killed; upon which they redoubled their Fire, and would have come immediately to boarding: But

the *Dutch* retreated, and Mr. *du Queſne*, very well ſatisfied with that Day's Work, did not purſue them far. He was much diſtreſſed, his Ship being pierced through and through in ſeveral Places; almoſt all his Maſting being ſhattered, and all his Tackling broke; and beſides he ſaw there was a vaſt Number of Dead and Wounded: He therefore returned to *Meſſina*, and the brave Admiral *de Ruyter* died of his Wounds on board his Veſſel in the Road of *Syracuſa*.

St. Mary's, Beverly, Y.

Here two young *Daniſh* Soldiers lie;
The one in Quarrel chanc'd to die:
The other's Head by their own Law,
By Sword was ſever'd with a Blow.
December 23, 1689.

Beverly Minſter.

Epitaphium *Roberti Leedes*, Armigeri,
~~Quod ipſe ante obitum preſcripſit.~~
Roberti Leedes quod erat,
et
Quod futurum ſperat.

In Engliſh.

The Epitaph of *Robert Leedes*,
Writ, 'fore his Death, 'mongſt other Deeds.
What was of this good Squire,
And
What his Hopes require.

Rippon Cathedral.

Here lyeth *John James* the old Cook of *Newby*, who was a faithful Servant to his Maſter, and an upright, downright honeſt Man.

Banes among Stanes,
do lie fou-ſtill,
Whilk the Soul wanders
E'en where God will.
1707.

St. Peter's, Leeds.

Thomas Crabtree, 1680.

Short was my Stay in this vain World,
All but a ſeeming Laughter;
Therefore mark well thy Words and Ways,
For thou com'ſt poſting after.
Ætatis ſuæ 19.

Selby, Yorkſhire.

Here lies the Body of poor *Frank Rew*.
Pariſh-Clerk, and Grave Stone Cutter.
And this is writ to let you know,
What *Frank* for others us'd to do,
Is now for *Frank* done by another.
1706.

—— Foreſt

——— Foreſt in *Calabria*.

Primus in hac, *Chriſti* fundator Ovilis, Eremo
Promeruit fieri, qui tegor hoc lapide.
Bruno mihi nomen, genitrix *Germania*, meque
Tranſtulit ad *Calabros* grata quies nemoris.
Doctor eram, Præco Chriſti, vir notus in orbe:
Deſuper illud erat, gratia, non meritum.
Carnis vincla dies *Octobris* ſexta reſolvit,
Oſſa manent tumulo, Spiritus aſtra petit.

—*Bruno* (on whoſe Tomb is the Inſcription above, only ſignifying that he was a *German*, a great Doctor, and that he died on the 6th of *October* without mentioning the Year) was of a noble and rich Family of *Cologne*, and was at *Paris*, when a Canon of a Cathedral there died with great Reputation of Sanctity: The Funerals of this pretended Saint were celebrated with great Magnificence, and attended with a vaſt Concourſe of People: Our Gentleman of *Cologne* was one of the forwardeſt in the Funeral Pomp, and preſſed himſelf into the neareſt Place to the Body of this Canon, while they were ſinging the *de Profundis*. And lo! he, who it was thought would one Day be canonized, all on a ſudden thruſt away the Lid of his Coffin, and raiſing himſelf up three Times, cried with a horrible Voice: 'That, by the juſt Judgment of 'God he was accuſed—judged—and condemned.'—*Bruno* on this ſold Part of his Eſtate, and with ſix Companions whom he had induced to take the ſame Reſolution, went to the Biſhop of *Grenoble*, and obtained of him an Hermitage ſituate amidſt wild Rocks, in *Dauphiny*, in the very ſame Place where the grand *Chartreuſe* now ſtands. But thinking his Fame was too great there, he retired into a Foreſt in *Calabria*, where he died in great Holineſs, and where the Count of *Calabria*, who loved and eſteemed him infinitely,

took care to have him buried in a moſt pompous manner. *Maſon* and *Guy Patin* refute this Story entirely: But the *Chartreuſe* affirm it ſtill.

Seligenſtad Abbey.

Enhardus fueram Regum qui clarus Amore;
Cui *Caroli* magni filia nupta fuit.
Quæque ſub hoc mecum tumulo concluſa quieſcit,
Ad ſuperos donec nos tuba rauca vocet.
Hoc ego conſtruxit devoto pectore Templum,
Fratribus et largas contuleramus opes.
Corpora ſanctorum ſummâ tumulatâ ſub arâ
Congreſſi, vivo quæ mihi *Roma* dedit.

Eginhard, or *Enhard*, as he is called in the Inſcription, was a young Man who by his Knowledge merited to be Secretary to the Emperor *Charlemagne*. Being well made and handſome, the Princeſs *Emma*, the Emperor's Daughter, fell in Love with him, and their Correſpondence went to ſuch a Length, that the Father perceiving it, commanded *Eginhard* to be put to Death. But having obſerved his Daughter carrying him out of the Palace on her Back to ſave him, he pardoned them both, and conſented to their Marriage. Theſe Lovers coming to *Seligenſtad* where *Charlemagne* had given them Lands for their Subſiſtence, founded the Monaſtery, where they lie buried, in 816. *Emma* died *Aug.* 3. 820. Her Huſband then renounced the World, and became firſt Abbot of his own Convent, where he wrote ſeveral Books, which teſtify his Learning. He made his own Epitaph, which mentions only what I have been ſaying, and that he enriched the Church with ſome Relicks of *St. Peter* and *Mark*, which he had ordered to be brought from *Rome*.

On

On Henry Fielding, *Eſq;*

I.

Turn hither, Man'! within this Tomb.
In Peace doth *Fielding* reſt,
This muſt in time be *Stanhope*'s Doom;
Know then, all Wit's a Jeſt.

II.

Learning and Senſe refin'd ſhall here
Britannia's Loſs deplore,
Humour's gay-ſelf ſhall drop a Tear;
And Vice ſhall crouch no more.

III.

Now may ſhe rear her ſhameleſs Head,
And throw her Lures abroad,
From Earth her conſtant Foe is fled,
To Virtue and to God.

Here lieth old Beck, who ſold Fruit at the Croſs,
~~And now ſhe's departed, we ſhall have a Loſs;~~
She was a good Wife, and a kind loving Mother,
And all Things conſider'd, we've ſcarce ſuch another.

On a young Lady.

Had cruel Death, whoſe *Harveſt* is each Hour,
But ſtopt a while to view *this lovely Flow'r*,
In Pity he had turn'd his Scythe away,
And left her ſtanding till another Day;
But ruthleſs he *mow'd* on, and ſhe, alas!
Too ſoon fell *with'ring* with the *common Graſs*.

EM. COLLINS.

Epitaph on a young Gentleman.

If ever Parent ever Child was dear
Here, as you ſtop, you'll drop the tender Tear,
Here mourn whom, bleſt with Senſe, good Nature, Truth,
Death ſeiz'd, too early ſeiz'd, in Bloom of Youth,
Religion guided with her brighteſt Rays,
And Virtue guarded to the Throne of Grace.

Hence let a Mother's Tears inſtruct the Mind,
And weep Memento Mori to Mankind.

On Margaret Scott.

Stop, Paſſenger, until my Life you've read;
The Living may get Knowledge by the Dead.
Five times Five Years I liv'd a Virgin Life;
Ten times Five Years I was a virtuous Wife;
Ten times Five Years I liv'd a Widow chaſte;
Now, tir'd of this mortal Life, I reſt.

I,

, from my Cradle to my Grave, have ſeen
Eight mighty Kings of Scotland, and a Queen.
Four times Five Years the Commonwealth I ſaw:
Ten Times the Subjects roſe againſt the Law.
Twice did I ſee old Prelacy pull'd down;
And twice the Cloak was humbled by the Gown.
An End of *Stuart*'s Race I ſaw: No more!
I ſaw my Country ſold for Engliſh Ore.
Such Deſolations in my Time have been;
I have an End of all Perfection ſeen.

St: Thomas's, Sarum.

To the Memory of *Lucy Hippiſley*, aged 6 Years,
Daughter of *Robert Hippiſley*, Eſq;

O born to bleſs and—die, in Temper mild,
In Senſe a Woman, tho' in Age a Child,
In whom Love, Innocence, and Beauty ſhin'd,
Clear from thoſe Clouds of Vice which ſhade the Mind.
Beheld—admir'd—and loſt, thy Parents Pride
Who never gav'ſt them Grief but when you died,
Juſtly bewail'd by Earth, preſerv'd by Heaven
Wherein a better happier State is giv'n!
This laſt ſad Mark of my fond Love receive,
The only Mark of Love I now can give,
Who to thy Memory conſecrate this Stone
And ſpeak thy Mother's Sorrows in my own.

R. H.

All Saints, Hertf.

Here lyeth under this Ston *William Wake*
And by him *Jone* his wyff and make

Somtym Yeman of *John* Duc *of Bedford* Hous,
And lat Surveyor with King *Henry* the fixthe was.
Gentylman made he was at the holy Grav;
On gwos Sowls, Almighty God, mercy have.

St. Laurence's, Hertf.

Henricus tumulo hoc jacet Maynus
Qui cum ſervierat Deo potenti
Devote, variiſque eum bearat
Cælorum Dominus bonis fluenter
Cum vitam patientiâ ſtupenda
Longam tranſierat Senex peracto
Tandem circuitu occidit quiete.
Sic dulci radio cadit ſerenus
Sol cum finierit ſuos labores.
Ob. May 2. 1605.

St. Laurence's, Hertf.

Scire cupis Lector cujus lapis iſte ſepulti eſt
En lege ſubmiſsâ ſed lege voce precor
Se ſolum nota latuit pietate modeſtus
Erubuitque ſuis conſcius eſſe bonis.
Unde hæc vera licet ſi norit forte verendum
Ne fugiat marmor vel cinis ipſe loquax.

In memoriam pii et eruditi viri *Edmundi Staunton*, S. T. P. qui ob. *Jul.* 14. 1671. æt. 71.

This Doctor *Staunton* was one of thoſe ſilenced by the *Bartholomew* Act. The Inſcription was done by Dr. *Simon Ford*. According to *Clark* and *Wood* he was Rector of *Buſhey* two Years, almoſt re-built the Parſonage Houſe, thence removed to *Kingſton* in *Surry*.

Surry. In 1643 he was one of the Assembly of Divines, and in 1648 made President of *Corpus Christi* College, *Oxon*, by the Parliamentary Visiters for his Zeal in the good old Cause. He was upon the Restoration deprived of his usurped Dignity for Dr. *Newlin* who had been ejected. *Rickmersworth* was his next Place, where being silenced by the Act, he went to *Bovingdon*, and preached there in a Meeting-house till his Death.

Remesley, Hertf.

Here lies interred under this Stone,
Richard Sadleir, once of this Parish one.

Subworth.

Here lieth
The Honble *Henry Lumley*, Esq;
Only Brother to *Thomas* Earl of *Scarborough* who was in
Every Battle, and at every Siege, as Colonel, L^t. Colonel, or
General of the Horse, with King *William*, or the Duke of *Marlborough*,
In 20 Campaigns in *Ireland*, *Flanders*, and *Germany*,
Where he was honoured, esteemed, and beloved by our own
Armies, by our Allies, and even by the Enemies for his
Singular Politeness and Humanity, as well as for all his
Military Virtues and Capacity.
He sat long in Parliament, always zealous for the
Honour of the Crown, and for the Good of his Country.

And knew no Party, but that of Truth, Juſtice, and Honour.

He died Governor of the Iſle of *Jerſey*,
the 18th of *Octob.* 1722.
in the 63d Year of his Age.

On a Father.

At length thy Soul has reach'd the Land of Peace;
Thy Pains are ended and thy Sorrows ceaſe.
Heav'n has thee now; we will not then repine;
Heav'n has thee now; and all its Joys are thine.
—Yet, ah! 'tis more than human Frailty can,
We hail the Saint, but muſt deplore the Man.
Here ſhall be heard the Widow's piercing Groan;
While Orphan's Tears wear out the hallow'd Stone.
Theſe ſeek thee gather'd to the mighty Dead:
—Bleſt Turf! on which ſuch holy Dews are ſhed!
Oh! may ſome Friend, when *my* Life's Courſe is run,
By the dear Father lay th' unworthy Son *.

* *N. B.* This belongs to the Epitaph on Mr. *John Hackett*, in the firſt Volume, and was omitted by Miſtake.

Brent Pelham, Hertf.

Tantum Fama manet *Cadmi*, Sanctique *Georgi*,
Poſthuma Tempus edax olla ſepulcra vorat.
Hoc tamen in Muro tutus qui perdidit anguem,
Invito poſitus Demone *Shenkus* erat.

Nothing of *Cadmus*, nor *St. George*, thoſe Names
Of great Renown, ſurvives them but their Fames,
Time

Time was ſo ſharp-ſet as to make no bones
Of theirs, nor of their Monumental Stones.
But *Shonk* one Serpent kills, t'other defies,
And in this Wall, as in a Fortreſs lies.

This Inſcription is on an ancient Monument of Stone, wherein a Man is figured, and about him an Eagle, a Lion, and a Bull, all having Wings; and the fourth of the Shape of an Angel, as if they ſhould repreſent the four Evangeliſts. Under the Feet of the Man is a Croſs Fleurie, and under the Croſs a Serpent. He is thought to have been the Lord of an old decayed Houſe, well moated, not far from this Place, called *O Piers Shankes.* He lived *Anno a Conqueſtu* 21.

Allhallows, Breadſtreet.

Hic ſitus exanimis *Stocki* ſub pulvere truncus,
Quem quondam agnovit paſtorem Eccleſia fidum,
Iſta ſuum nunc ſancta tenent habitacula ſanctum,
Quo MagnVs *Pan* Ducit oVes oViumque magiſtros.

Thy liveleſſe Trunk, O reverend *Stocke*,
Like *Aaron's* Rod, ſprouts out againe,
And after two full Winters paſt,
Yeelds Bloſſomes and ripe Fruit amaine.
For why this Work of Piety,
Performed by ſome of thy Flocke,
To thy dead Corps and ſacred Urne
Is but the Fruit of this old *Stocke.*

St. Bartholomew, Exch.

Here lyes a *Margarita*, that the moſt excell'd,
Her Father *Wyts*, her Mother *Lichterveld*,
Rematch'd with *Methorta*, of Remarke for Birth,
But much more gentle for her genuine Worth;
Wyts (tireſt) Jewell, ſo her Name beſpeakes,
In pious, prudent, peaceful, praiſefull Life,
Fitting a *Sara* and a *Sacred*'s Wife,
Such as *Saraina*, and her ſecond *Hil*',
Whoſe Joy of Life, Death, in her Death, did kill.

Quam piè obiit, puerpera, die 29. *Junii*, Anno ſalutis, 1615. Ætatis 39. Pignus amoris, ſignum honoris, ac Mæroris, poſuit, *Rob. Hill.* Compoſuit *Jo. Syl.* Uxor felix. Loquitur poſt funera virtus.

From my ſad Cradle, to my ſable Cheſt,
Poor Pilgrim, I did find few Moneths of Reſt.
In *Flanders*, *Holland*, *England*, *Zealand*, all,
To Parents, Troubles; and to me did fall.
Theſe made me pious, patient, modeſt, wiſe;
And though well-borne to ſhun the Gallants guiſe.
But now I reſt my Soule, where Reſt is found,
My Body here in a ſmall Piece of Ground,
And from my *Hill*, that *Hill* I have aſcended,
From whence (for me) my Saviour once deſcended.

Live ye to learn that dye you muſt,
And after come to ſudden Judgment juſt.
Maritus Maſtiſſimus.
Thy Reſt gives me a reſtleſſe Life,
Becauſe thou wert a matchleſſe Wife;
But yet I reſt in Hope to ſee,
That Day of Chriſt and then ſee thee.
Margarita, a Jewell.

I like a Jewell toſt by Sea and Land,
Am bought by him, who weares me on his Hand.
Margarita, Margareta.
Margarita beat, ſed *Margareta* beavit.
O utinam poſſit dicier iſta beat.

One Night, two Dreames made two Propheticals,
Thine of thy Coffin, mine of thy Funerals.
If Women all were like to thee,
We Men for Wives, ſhould happy be.
Margarita, ſurreptus eſt, mons exaruit.

Chriſt Church, London.

Time's Triumph on the Death of Mr. *Robert Rogers*, who deceaſed anno 1601. in the Manner of a Dialogue between Time, Death and *Rogers*.

Death.

Stand; fairly encountred both; grave, ſovereigne *Time*,
Borne of Eternity, Age's Father,
Prince of all Power! all Pow'rs on Earth are thine;
Thou doeſt my Ruines' trueſt Records gather;
Lend thy Conſent, thy helping Hand to mine;
And *Death* will make Time's Sovereignty as great
As the three Siſters, Ladies of ſterne Fate.

Time.

Impartial *Death*, Honour's reſpectleſſe Foe,
Grimme, meager Caytiſe, wherefore doſt thou come?
Muſt Virtue's Children to thy Slaughter goe,
In thy Bloud-yawning Cell to find a Roome?
Can none but they quench thy bloody Thirſt?

Death,

Death.

No.

Rogers I come for: *Time* thou canſt not ſave him;
This Dart muſt ſtrike him, and grim Death will have him.

Rogers.

Death, wellcome; all by thee, I know muſt end;
Nor do I care for longer Life than this;
I thanke thee, thou haſt ſtaid ſo long, kind Friend,
Sweete *Time* be patient, pardon mine Amiſſe,
If I have Time miſpent; alas, we all offend.
If, ſaid I; yes, 'tis certaine, ſure I have;
For which Offence, deare *Time*, I Pardon crave.

Time.

Death, grant me this (ſweet) doe not kill him,
Till I returne but from the Deſtinies.

Death.

I cannot ſtay a Moment.

Rogers.

O! will him,
Grave *Time*, to ſtrike me then, I *Death* deſpiſe.

Death.

There lie thou dead.

Time.

Thou canſt not ſpill him:
Time ſhall erect a Trophy of ſuch Fame,
That, while *Time* lives, dye ſhall not *Rogers'* Name.

Time's

Time's Epitaph.

Give me an Adamantine Pen, and Leafe of Braſſe,
To character his Name, whoſe like nere was.
A ſingle Life he led, loving to all,
The poor Man's Succour, the Relief of Thrall:
Vertue's Example, Guide to eternal Life,
In Carriage courteous, all devoid of Strife,
Here lyeth he interr'd, *Rogers* his Name,
Time's only Sonne, eterniz'd by Fame.
Ougly Detraction, flye; and black Oblivion, hence;
Whilſt *Rogers*' Duſt lyes here, *Time* will his Fame commence.

Weſtminſter Abbey.

To the Glory of the Lord of Hoſts, here under reſteth Sir *Richard Bingham*, Knt. of the ancient Family of the *Binghams* of *Bingham-Melcomb* in the County of *Dorſet*; who from his Youth was trained up in military Affairs, and ſerved in the Time of Queen *Mary* at St. *Quintins*, in the Weſtern Iſles of *Scotland*; in the Time of Queen *Elizabeth*, at *Leith* in *Scotland*; in the Iſle of *Candy* under the *Venetians*; at *Cabo Chrio*, and the famous Battle of *Lepanto* againſt the *Turks*; in the Civil Wars of *France*; in the *Netherlands*; and at *Smerwick*, where the *Romans* and *Iriſh* were vanquiſhed.

After, he was made Governor of *Connaught*; where he overthrew the *Iriſh-Scots*; expelled the traiterous *O Rourke*, ſuppreſſed divers Rebellions, and that with ſmall Charges to her Majeſty, maintaining that Province in a flouriſhing Eſtate by the Space of thirteen Years. Finally, for his good Service, was made Marſhal of *Ireland*, and General of *Leinſter*; where, at *Dublin*, in an aſſured Faith in *Chriſt*, he ended this tranſitory Life the 19 *June*, *an. Dom.* 1598. ætat. 70.

New

New Chapel, *Broadway*, *Weſtminſter*.

On Jane, Catharine, *and* Catharine Squire.

The Grandame, ſhe full fourſcore Years and two,
Wrought in this Vineyard: Left ſhe nought to do
For you, my Babes, who had but juſt began
To tread the Winepreſs, and your Work is done?
Yet bleſs'd be *Jeſus*, who will freely pay
You even with thoſe who wrought out all the Day.
In his ſafe Arms, I leave your Souls, who ſaid,
Bring ſuch to me, of ſuch my Kingdom's made.
20 *May*, 1674. *Hugh Squire.*

On William Squire.

Bereav'd I am of thoſe; there was left one,
But now he, tho' my *Benjamin*, is gone:
And I muſt die, whoſe Lot 'tis now to have
My gray Hairs go with Sorrow to the Grave.
God is my Comfort ſtill, when none ſurvive;
The News may come, *Joſeph* is ſtill alive.
If not, yet God can turn all to the beſt.
Therefore, my Soul, return unto thy Reſt.

St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

The ſacred Corps of *Sarah*, Wife of *Henry Goodricke*, Daughter of *William Bodenham*, Knight, and was interred at the South End of this Seat, towards the Pulpit. Buried the 6th of *June*, anno 1616.

The Bearer's Sorrow ſable Lions ſhew,
Like to that Lion which did overthrow

The

The Man of God; and charg'd alike do stand,
Grand Guardants here, to check the up heav'd Hand
Unweeting Weights, or ignorant shall lay
Upon her hallowed Corps, that here did pray.
A sacred Temple 'twas, wherein did shine
Her Maker's Glory, Humane and Divine.
Sweet Commerce sanctify'd with Zeal mov'd there
In Beauties Fabrick its own proper Sphere;
For which it towr's above the Sight of Eye,
God's Temples must ly low, that tower so high.

Joanni Calvino
Genevensi Ecclesiastæ,
In publico Cæmeterio *Genevensi*,
Nullo Sepulcri apparatu condito;
Carmen επι μικτον.

Romæ ruentis Terror ille maximus,
Quem mortuum lugent Boni, horrescunt Mali.

Ipsa a quo potuit Virtutem discere Virtus,
Cur adeo Exiguo ignotoque in Cespite clausus,
Calvinus lateat, rogas?

Calvinum assidue comitata *Modestia* vivum,
Hoc Tumulo Manibus condidit ipsa suis.

O Te beatum Cespitem, tanto Hospite!
O! cui invidere possent cuncta Marmora!

This was written in Memory of the famous *John Calvin*, by *Theodore Beza*. This great Man was interred in a Churchyard out of the City; and his Ashes yet lie without a Tomb or an Epitaph. 'Tis not that he had forbidden it in his Will, as Mr. *Spon*, and others have

have written; for theſe are the Words of his Will: 'I deſire that my Body, after my Deceaſe, may be 'buried, according to the common Cuſtom, in Ex-'pectation of the Day of a bleſſed Reſurrection.' He ſpecifies nothing elſe. The Reaſon then why they have not erected any Monument to him, is perhaps, becauſe his Brother, who was as poor as himſelf, could not make ſuch an Expence; but beſides, it is probable that the Seigniory of *Geneva*, who would willingly have been at that Charge, if convenient, judged it proper to affect nothing that was beyond the common Simplicity. There is a pretty Turn in *Beza*'s Encomium:

Why (ſays the Traveller) does that Man
from whom Virtue's ſelf might learn Virtue,
lie thus poorly interred?

Modeſty, ſays the Encomiaſt, who always accompanied him, when living, here inhumed him with her own Hands.

St. Mark's, Venice.

Majeſtas quam ſuſpicis,
Viator,
Frontis *Fran. Mauroceni* D. M. Pro. refert.
Hic Ille, at non Ille unus,
Lingua et calamo diſerte multiplex,
Mente et manu impigre omnigenus,
Moderandis Provinciis ter magnus,
Imperandis armis ter major.
Maturandis conſiliis terque quaterque maximus:
Feltria, *Tarviſium*, *Brixia* teſtes,
Palma, *Candia*, iterum *Candia*,
Pervicacium cæde feliciter cruenta

E Jovis monte importato in Forum fonte,
Veneto ſumptu, auſu;
Immortaliter ſed hilariter *Romano* irrigua
Virtus benigniori ſemper imbre recreata.
Fato iraſcere ſero te adventaſſe et abi.
Obiit H. an. æt. XXCII. ſal. Hum.
M.DC.XLI.

St. John the Evangeliſt, Naples.

Illa Thori benefida Comes, Cuſtoſque pudici,
Cuique et acus placuit, cui placuere Coli.
Quæque focum caſtoſque Lares ſervavit, et aræ,
Et Thura, et Lacrymas, et pia ſerta dedit.
In prolem ſtudioſa parens, et amabilis uni
Quæ ſtuduit caſto chara placere viro,
Hic poſita eſt *Ariadna:* roſæ, violæque niteſcant,
Quo poſita eſt *Syrio* ſpiret odore locus:
Urnis crocum Dominæ fundat, diſtillet Amomum,
Ad tumulum, et cineri ſparſa Ciliſſa fluat

Quinquennio poſtquam, Uxor, abiiſti, dedicatâ prius Ædiculâ, Monumentum hoc tibi ſtatui, tecum quotidianus ut loquerer, nec ſi mihi non reſpondes, nec reſpondebit deſiderium tui, per quod ipſa mecum ſemper es: Aut obmuteſcet memoria, per quam tecum non loquor. Ave igitur, mea *Hadriana*; ubi enim oſſa mea tuis miſcuero, uterque ſimul bene valebimus. Vivens tecum vixi. An. XXIX. D.XXIX. Victurus poſt mortuus æternitatem æternam. *Joannes Jovianus Pontanus, Hadrianæ Saxonæ*, uxori opt. ac bene merentiſſ. P. quæ vixit Ann. XLVI. Menſ. VI. obiit. *Kalend. Mart.* Ann. M.CCCC.LXXXX.

This pathetic Inſcription is on the Monument of *Hadriana*, Wife to *J. J. Pontanus*. Like his other

other Epitaphs, the Beauty of this would be entirely loſt in being tranſlated.

St. Maria del Popolo.

Johannes Baptiſta Giſleñus, Romanus,
Sed orbis potiuſquam Viator
Cum *Sigiſmundi* III. *Uladiſlai* IV.
ac *Johannis Caſimiri* I.
Poloniæ et *Sueciæ*, Regum,
Architectus non uno in Capitolio fuit,
Omnia bona ut mala ſecum tulit
Domum hic quærens brevem, alibi æternam,
Satis edoctus floribus et pomis,
Vitam non modo caducam eſſe, ſed fluxam;
Ea ſeſe vivens expreſſit imagine,
Quam non niſi pulvis et umbra fingeret,
Memor vero hominem e plaſticâ natum
Hanc artis ſuæ veſtigia fixit in lapide,
Sed pede mox temporis conterenda;
Ita mortis ſuæ obdureſcens in victoria,
Ut illam captivam ac ſubjectam fecerit:
Picturæ, ſculpturæ, et Architecturæ,
Triplici in pugna nullis daturus pugnam
Judex non integer ſciſſus in partes.
Anno MDCLX. ſuam agebat LXX mum
Cum hæc inter rudimenta præluderet,
Peregit tandem extremum an. MDCLXXII.
A Te nec plauſus exactus nec planctus.
Sed in aditu In exitu
Ave. *Salve*.

In Engliſh

John Baptiſta Giſleni, a Native of *Rome*, but rather a Citizen of the World, having been the Architect of ſeveral capital Buildings to *Sigiſmund* III. *Uladiſlaus* IV.

IV. and *John Caſimir* I. Kings of *Poland* and *Sweden*, carried his good and ill Qualities with him, ſeeking an Habitation of a ſhort Duration here, but an eternal Manſion in the next World.—Taught by the ſhort-lived Flowers, Fruit, &c. which he ſo well imitated, that this Life is ſhort and continually running to Decay, he carved his Image when living, and being ſenſible that he was but meer Duſt and Shadow, he made uſe of Stone, as a more durable Material for this Specimen of his Art; but even this will ſoon be deſtroyed by all-devouring Time. Grown bold by this Victory over Death, he took him Priſoner, and fixed him in Stone *. He equally excelled in Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, ſo that a Connoiſſeur would be dubious in which of theſe Arts he was the greateſt, while he deſerved the Palm in all the three. He firſt ſketched out this Performance as an Amuſement in the Year 1660, when he was in the 70th Year of his Age, and finiſhed the Courſe of his Life in 1672. Reader, he requires neither thy Applauſe nor thy Tears, but the bare Salutation of an *Ave* at thy Approach, and a *Salve* at thy Departure.

* Alluding to the Figure of a Skeleton in Marble on his Tomb.

Solyhull, Warwickſhire.

For that divers of
His Anceſtors
Since 1514
And that many
Of his neareſt Relations
lie here interr'd
To protect henceforth
the Quiet of their Bones

that

that have long unguarded lain
Freely beneath in truſt are plac'd
6 Guardian figur'd ſtones
This Debt of Honour fitly paid
By *J. Holbech* of
Whitehal, Eſq; 1745.

Cathedral of *Spoleto*.

Deriandro ſe ripoſa che givocho il Suo,
E mangio quel d' Altrui.
Qui dentro è morto Lucio Tonelli ;
di ſopra vive.
Vitam ego te geminam Vixi vivente : fuiſti
Supra hanc quam vivo, Tu, quia vita mihi.
Morte tua Exanimis vivam, nam conditur una hic
Maxima tecum Animæ Pars, *Theonora*, meæ.
Theonoræ Burſinæ
Conjugi Chariſſ. *Severus Minervius* Poſuit.

St. John the Evangeliſt, Naples.

Liquiſti Patrem in Tenebris, mea *Lucia*, poſt quam
È Luce in Tenebras, filia, rapta mihi es
Sed neque tu in tenebras rapta es, quin ipſa tenebras
Liquiſti, et medio lucida ſole micas.
Cælo te natam aſpicio ; num, Nata, Parentem
Aſpicis ? An fingit hæc ſibi vana Pater ?
Solamen mortis miſeræ, te, Nata, ſepulcrum
Hoc tegit, haud Cineri ſenſus ineſſe poteſt.
Si qua tamen de te ſuperat pars, Nata, fatere
Felicem, quod ſe prima juventa rapit.
At nos in tenebris vitam luctumque trahemus,
Hoc pretium Patri, Filia, quod genui.

Muſæ,

Muſæ, Filia, luxerunt te in obitu, at lapide in hoc luget te Pater tuus, quem liquiſti in ſquallore, cruciatu, gemitu. Heu! heu! Filia, quod nec morienti Pater ad fui, qui mortis cordolium tibi demerem; nec ſorores ingemiſcenti collacrymarentur miſellæ; nec Frater ſingultiens, qui ſitienti miniſtraret aquulam; nec Mater ipſa, quæ collo implicita, ore animam acciperet, infeliciſſima; hoc tamen felix quod haud multos poſt annos reviſit, tecumque nunc cubat. Aſt ego felicior, qui brevi cum utraque edormiſcam eodem in Conditorio. Vale Filia. Matri friges centi cineres interim caleface, ut poſt etiam refocilles meos.

Johannes Jovianus Pontanus L. Martiæ, Filiæ dulciſſ. P. quæ vixit Ann. XIIII. Menſ. VII. D. XII.

Nothing can be more tenderly or happily expreſſed than this Epitaph by *J. J. Pontanus* on his Daughter. Unhappy Parent, that I am, ſays he, I was not preſent to take off ſomewhat from thy Pains in Death; thou hadſt no Siſters weeping round thee; no ſighing, no ſorrowing Brother to adminiſter the Cup of Water to thy parched Lips; and O wretched Mother, ſhe was not there to hang on thy neck, and catch thy flying Breath.—

She died at 14 Years of Age.

Antwerp Cathedral.

Connubialis Amor de *Mulcibre* fecit *Apellem.*

In Engliſh:

'Love tending to Marriage metamorphoſed
'*Vulcan* into *Apelles.*'

This ſhort Epitaph is on the Grave of a famous Smith, called *Quintin Mathys*. This Anvil-beater became enamoured of a Painter's Daughter, and he had the good Fortune to touch her Heart; he was handſome, witty, and ingenious; and beſides was Maſter of a good Fortune for a Man of his Profeſſion; but the Painter would by no means be perſuaded to give his Daughter to a Blackſmith. The old Man's Obſtinacy did not diſhearten *Quintin*; his Love animating him, taught him to overcome that Difficulty by exchanging his Hammer for a Pencil. In a little Time he equalled and even ſurpaſſed the beſt Painters in *Antwerp*; after which he received the dear Reward of his Labours. This generous Lover died *Anno* 1529. and was buried at the Foot of the Cathedral in the Outſide near the great Gate.

St. Bartholomew, Piſa.

Hoc in Sarcophago, non quidem ſpernendo, *Henrici* olim *Lucemburgenſis* Comitis, et poſthac, Septimi hujus nominis *Romanorum* Imperatoris oſſa contientur: quæ, ſecundo poſt ejus Fatum anno, 1315, XXV Sextilis, *Piſas* tranſlata, ſummo cum Honore et Favore, hoc in Fano ad hunc uſque Diem collocata permanſere.

The Emperor *Henry* VII. was murdered at the Altar by a poiſon'd Euchariſt, at *Buonconvento*, the twenty-fourth of *Auguſt*, which is the Feaſt of *St. Bartholomew*. He was carried to *Piſa* about two Years afterwards, as is mentioned in the Epitaph, and placed in a Tomb of Braſs, mightily adorned with Baſſo-relievos, very magnificent, in the Chapel dedicated to the ſame Apoſtle *Bartholomew*. But during the laſt Wars with the *Florentines*, this brazen Tomb was

was deſtroyed, and turned into Money. The Tomb which they have placed in the Room of the former, is on Marble near the Church Door, which is on the Side of the Leaning Tower. They took Care not to explain the *Futum* here expreſſed; and two of their Reaſons, among the reſt, were: firſt, becauſe few People are ſo wicked as to boaſt of their Crimes, as *Charles* the IX did in full Parliament, of having ordered that famous and horrible Maſſacre; (alſo perpetrated the Day of *St. Bartholomew*, 1572.) and as ſeveral other Murderers of Princes have ſhameleſsly done. But in the ſecond place, becauſe it is a Thing altogether abſurd, to pretend to have fixed Poiſon upon Accidents without any Subſtance; which contributes towards making the pretended Tranſubſtantiation, not only falſe but abſurd. To comfort this poor Prince, they ſing every Year a Maſs, by way of an extraordinary Ceremony on *St. Bartholomew*'s Day.

Baptiſtery, Florence.

Joannes quōdam Papa * XXIII.
Obiit *Florentiæ* Anno Dnī 1419:
† 11. *Kalendas Januarii.*

This is the plain and dry Epitaph of *Balthaſar Coſſa*, Pope and no Pope; who after he was depoſed in the Council of *Conſtanee*, died at *Florence*, and was buried as above. His brazen ‡ Statue is lying upon the Tomb, under a Pavilion of Marble.

* Si domandò *Giovanni* XXII. detto il XXIII. *Paol. Tronci*, *Annal. Piſ.* p. 503. 'Tis obſervable that ſince the Suppreſſion they have newly intended to make of the She Pope *Joan*, who was *John* VIII, their Writers have been in a perpetual Confuſion about the *Popes Johns*, concerning the Number of them.

† Many Authors have ſaid the twenty-ſecond of *December* which was the ninth *ante Kalendas Jan.*

‡ By *Donatelli*; as well as thoſe of *Hope* and *Charity*, of Marble. The *Faith* is by *Michelozzi*.

After this Pope had made his firſt Eſcape from *Conſtance*, before he was ſolemnly depoſed there, he fled to *Friburgh* in *Switzerland*; where he was arreſted and put in Priſon. It may not be improper to cloſe this Volume with a Copy of Verſes ſaid to be made by him during his Confinement;

Balthaſar Coſſa Neap. Poſteritati
S. P.

O me felicem, vel ſi non *Papa* fuiſſem!
Vel ſi *Papa* forem, ſicuti *Papa* fui!
Vel ſi *Papilio* fierem nunc ut volitare
Poſſem per campos, et celerare fugam!
O Fortuna levis! Fortuna volabilis, Aura
Mobilior! Quis te Cæcus amare poteſt?
Heu! Ego ſceptra gerens ſolio ſplendente ſedebam;
Nunc mihi qua ſedeam nil niſi ſella tripes.
Me modo Turba Deum blando ſermone vocabat;
Nunc quod ego ſacius ſum Cacodæmon, ait.
Claviger Ætherei Palatia ſacra colebam;
Carcere nunc clauſus ſum ſine Clave miſer.
Tempora cingebat Gemmis radiansque corona,
Triplex: Pileolus nunc mihi ridiculus.
Me ſacri Bipedes humeris geſtare ſolebant;
Nunc, ut Ariſtoteles, ſors jubet ire pedes.
Signa Crucis prolata manu Plebs æqua rogabat;
Turpia nunc mittit Cornua pro cruribus.
Ad Proceres cum ferre oculos quandoque placebat,
Hoc ipſis Favor et Gratia dulcis erat.
Nunc, O Fata! oculos ad me ſi Janitor Antri
Dignatur clemens flectere, quam bonus eſt!

Servorum

Servorum cum ſervus eram, Dominus Dominorum;
Captivus nunc ſum captus ab Hoſte fero.
Me lautis Dapibus ſaturabat Menſa redundans;
Nunc, niſi ſobria mens, ſobria menſa datur
Dulcia me quondam recreabant Pocula Bacchi,
Potio Ranarum nunc rubefacta venit.
Obona Poſteritas, lege quæſo Carmina noſtra;
Et Fati inſtabilis ſis memor uſque mei.
Nos tamen haud credas Animo cecidiſſe; regreſſum
Sors habet: et Spero quod meliora Dabit.

END *of the* SECOND VOLUME.

INDEX

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

A.

Page

AMYMONE — 29
Dr. Lancelot Andrews, Biſhop of Wincheſter 56
Elias Aſhmole — 65
Ludovico Arioſto — 66
The Reverend Thomas Alleſtree — 105
Dr. Atterbury, Biſhop of Rocheſter — 106
Mr. Aikman and his Son — 108
Prince Arthure — 153
All you that told Lies of my Mother and me — 215
Aſk not who ended here his Span — 231
Monſieur Arnaud — 234
John Duke of Argyll — 239
Peter Aretine — 245
Joſeph Allein — 268

B.

Baſilius Beſler — 1
Samuel Bridger — 12
George Brooke — 37
Robertus Byrkes — *ibid*
Richard and Elizabeth Brooke — 40

INDEX.

Samuel Butler — 90
Beneath this Stone, fair Ladies, lies — 95
John Barber, Esq; — 107
J. B——d, Esq; — 134
Geo. Bollen, Dean of Litchfield — 143
Dr. Isaac Barrow — 89
Mrs. Aphra Behn — 151
Rebecca Berry — 195
Lord Balmerino — 211
John Boyer and his Wife — 218
Nell Bachellor — 213
Johnny Bell — 221
Thomas Bowrman — 226
M. A. Bragadini — 233
John Bainbridge — 240
Charles de Bourbon — 244
Godfrey of Bouillon — *ibid.*
Admiral Brakel — 246
Lady Eleanor Bohun — 249
Lord Aubrey Beauclerk — 254
Anthony de Bek, B. of Durham — 256
Edmund Duke of Buckingham — 273
Jane Belle — 274
Anne Burton — 277
William Bird — 280
Cecil Lord Burleigh — 286

C.

Richard Cumberland, Bishop of Peterborough — 23
——Colman — 26
Cloe — 27
Francis Chartres — 35
Cy gist ma femme fort bien — 36
Abraham Cowley — 38
Henry Compton, Bishop of London — 54
Ursula Coxee — 56
Miss Kitty Congreve — 60
The Honourable Philip Carteret — 63
William Cawoode, Prebend of York — 65
John Chamberleyn — 96
Colonel Charles Cavendish — 135

William

William Cambden — 138
Iſaac Caſaubon — 139
William Cavendiſh, Duke of Newcaſtle — 141
Clement Cottrell, Eſquire — 16
——Cole — 94
King Charles the Firſt — 96
Abraham Cowley — 146
James Cragges, Eſquire — 148
Sir James Campbell — 154
Meric Caſaubon — 162
Mrs. Ellen Campion — 167
Mrs. Elizabeth Corbett — 178
Mrs. Cromwell — 186
John Caxton and Joan his Wife — 192
Dr. William Cole — 194
Erneſtus, Archbiſhop of Cologn — 198
King Charles I. — 200
John a Comb — 204
Annibal Carrache — 205
Francis Chartres — 222
John Caſy — 226
Richard Colwell — 231
Emperor Charles the Sixth — 254
Vincent Corbet — 265
John and Joan Creſſey — 273
Charles — King of Spain — 274
Sir Robert Cotton — 278
William Congreve — 281

D.

The Honourable Robert Digby and his Siſter Mary — 13
Sir Antony Denny — 27
Thomas Dobbes — 52
Captain John Dunch — 70
Mr. Demar — 74
Delia — 96
John Dryden — 109
Dr. James Duport — 132
Lady Mary Digby — 44
Mary Drew — 108
Lady Venuſia Digby — 166

INDEX.

John Lord Digby — 170
Sir John Davenant — 172
Charles Earl of Dorset — 175
John Dewberry — 177
Michael Draiton, Eſquire — 254
Lodovico Dolce — 245
Sir Edward Denny — 271
Henry Donne and Joan — 284

E.

King Edward the 5th and the Duke of York — 77
Richard Eedes, Dean of Worceſter — 80
Elizabeth, Queen of England — 87
Equal as Age advanc'd her Virtues grew — 133
Eſt. Eſt. Eſt. — 58
Elizabeth — 114
Edward I. K. of E. — 171
Deſiderius Eraſmus — 244
Edward the Confeſſor — 248
Effen Uyt — 250
Anne Dutcheſs of Exeter and Sir Thomas Sellynger her Huſband — 269

F.

Sextus Perpenna Firmus — 31
Captain Richard Fox — 39
Odet de Foix, Viſcount Lautrec — 61
Mr. John Flin — 115
Mr. David Fordyce — 120
Anna Fowler — 134
Sir Palmes Fairborne — 145
Hieronymo Fugger — 197
Remigius de Feſchamp — 238
Franciſco Feſcari — 241
— Ferretus — 244
John Foſter and his Wife — 252
Elijah Fenton — 267

G.

Sidney, Earl of Godolphin — 13
Heſter Goldsborough — 51
Galiena — 60
— Garrard — 86

Sir

INDEX.

Sir Edward Giles and his Lady — — — 114
Mrs. G. — — — — — 121
Dr. Thomas Graves, Prebendary of Peterborough — 131
Humphrey Gosling — — — — 137
Peter Gunning, Bishop of Ely — — — 53
Marion Gray — — — — 166
John Gay — — — — 192
Leo Charles Sapieha de Grodek — — — 208
Catharine Gray — — — — 217
Walter Garden — — — — 219
G ——— — — — — 222
Robert Grove — — — — 237
Adam Grafton — — — — 253
J. Gardiner, D. D. — — — 259
Philip Gray — — — — 265
Roger Gardiner — — — — 274
Barbara Griffith — — — — 288

H.

Sir Charles Harbord — — — — 15
John Hackett, Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry — 17
Master John Higden — — — — 20
——— Holt — — — — — 26
Hector, a Dwarf — — — — 29
Thomas Hall — — — — — 30
The Honourable ——— Howard, Esquire — — 40
Henry the 5th, K. of E. — — — 69
Henry the 1st, K. of E. — — — *ibid.*
Robert Huntington, Esquire, and his Son — — 72
Thomas Hardwicke, Esquire, and his Wife — — 76
Here lies a Head that often ach'd — — — 81
Otwell Hill, Dr. of Laws — — — 86
Rolland Hill — — — — 106
John Hewet and Mary Drew — — — 108
Here lies a Youth who fell a Sacrifice — — 112
Mr. John Hackett — — — — 122
The Rev'd Henry Hammond — — — 129
Here he lies beside a witch — — — 86
William Hireland — — — — 154
Mrs. Isabell Harington — — — 176
Margaret Countess of Hennenberg — — 190

Mr. A. H. — 195
Agnes Halke — 196
Here lies a *round Woman* who thought very odd — 222
Earl of Halifax — 230
How ſtrangely fond of Life poor Mortals be! — 267
Elizabeth Hereicke — 276
Here reſts his Head upon the Lap of Earth — 280
Here Innocence and Beauty lie; whoſe Breath — 282
Peter Heiwood — 285

I.

Henry Jernegan, Eſquire — 121
Paulus Jovius, Biſhop of Nocera — 188
Ben Jonſon — 218
Iſaac the Exarch — *ibid.*
Henry Jenkins — 230
Mrs. Jones — 252

K.

Lady Mary Kyngeſtone — 125
Thomas Knowles — *ibid.*
Sir Godfrey Kneller — 143
Walter Knyght — 144
Dr. Keil — 151
Mrs. Mary Kendall — 171
John Knapton — 218
St. Killian, St. Colonat, and St. Totnam — 247
John Kite, Archbiſhop of Armagh — 270

L.

William Lambe — 12
Lettice, Counteſſe of Leyceſter — 24
William Lawes — 77
Sir Peter Lely — 95
Katherine Dutcheſs of Lancaſter — 103
Lucy Lyttelton — 111
Elizabeth Lucar — 123
Livy, the Hiſtorian — 127
Robert Lee, Eſquire — 137
Alexander Layton — 213
Anne Littleton — 217

INDEX.

Earl of Leceſter — 220
William Lawrence — 229
Pope Lucius 3. — 250
P. C. Lotho — 251
Hugh Lupe — 257
Henry Lord Laware — 266

M.

Mary Queen of Scots — 6
Sir John Mandevill — 43
Robert Middleton and Johan his Wyf — 50
Henry Duke of Montmorency — 62
James Murray — 70
John Milton — 113
John Duke of Marlborough — 126
Mary Queen of Scots — 130
Sir Albertus Moreton and his Lady — 146
John Meurſius — 180
Sir George Mertins and his Wife — 186
John Duke of Mirandola — 187
Carlo Maratti — 205
Prince Madoc — 210
John Mills — 211
M. A. Muretus — 226
John Moor, S. T. P. & M. D. — 236
J. Marcello — 242
Cardinal Mazarine — 258
A. M. Martinozzi, P. of Conti — 262
Lord Mount Caſhel — 268
Joe Miller — 279
Robin Maſters — 283

N.

Richard Nordell — 41
Prince William Naſſau — 49
Dr. John Nalſon — 52
Peter of Navarre — 61
Dr. Thomas Nevill — 85
Not far remote lies a lamented Fair — 10
Sir Iſaac Newton — 115
Alexander Nevil — 160

M. Noſtra-

INDEX.

M. Noſtradamus —— —— —— 189
Lady Elizabeth Nevill —— —— —— —— 197
Maſter Newbery —— —— —— —— 200
Duches of Norfolk —— —— —— 207
M. Sempronius Nicocrates —— —— —— 227

O.

Admiral Opdam —— —— —— —— —— 97
On me, perhaps in gay Purſuits employ'd —— —— 153
Sir Thomas Overbury —— —— —— 201
Jone Only —— —— —— —— 220
Lucretia Marchioneſs of Obizzo —— —— 233
Of gentleſt Manners ever form'd to pleaſe —— —— 281

P.

Matt. Prior —— —— —— —— 3
Robert Purſglove, Biſhop of Hull —— —— 4
Thomas Parr —— —— —— —— 26
Boſavern Penlez —— —— —— —— 31
Jon Pickering —— —— —— —— 42
Daniel Pulteney —— —— —— —— 48
Ropert Papworth and William his eldeſt Son —— 79
John Philips —— —— —— —— 99
Claudius Phillips —— —— —— —— 125
Mary Pawſon —— —— —— —— 134
—— Palmer —— —— —— —— 146
S. P. —— —— —— —— —— 150
Captain Valentine Pyne —— —— —— —— 184
Johanna Parry —— —— —— —— 187
Jane Parker —— —— —— —— 194
Elizabeth Poodde —— —— —— —— 197
Henry Purcell —— —— —— —— 212
Mr. Poulteney —— —— —— —— 218
Richard Philips and Anne his Wyfe —— —— —— 222
—— Paganus —— —— —— —— —— 228
—— Proculus —— —— —— —— —— 243
Charles Patin —— —— —— —— —— 251
Tom Page —— —— —— —— 284

R.

John Ray —— —— —— —— —— —— 46

John

INDEX.

John Randal — 85
Roſalind — 127
Mr. Rogers, junior — 157
Admiral Rooke — 158
Nicholas Rowe, Eſquire, and Charlotta his Daughter 173
Edmund Earl of Richmond — 177
Peter Randolph — 212
Samuel Rutter, Biſhop of Sodor and Man — 257
Ripe in Virtue green in Years — 282

S.

Dr. Robert South — 20
Richard Skypwith, Gentylman — 28
Suidgerus, Biſhop of Bamberg — 33
Dr. Thomas Spark — 54
Daniel Saul — 72
Saunders Scott — *ibid.*
Captain Thomas Stone — 73
John Sherry — 74
Stay, Bachelor, if you have wit — 75
The Earl of Stafford — 97
Sir James Sooty — 128
Grace Scott — 140
Little Stephen — 38
William Shakeſpear — 148
The ſame — 181
Sebba, King of the Eaſt Saxons — 184
Thomas Sutton, Eſquire — 185
Sir Philip Sidney — 190
Thomas Saffin — 195
Johannes Duns Scotus — 198
Zadock Shermendine — 204
J. Sanſeverini and his two Brothers — 211
William Strutton — 212
Tom Shorthoſe — 218
Maiſter Antony Sutton — 220
Edmund Spenſer — 223
Humphry Summerſet — 225
Monſieur de Santueil — 234
Richard Savage — 260
John Sprong — 275

Sir

Sir George Speke — 278
Dr. Stratford — 283
R. Scarlet — *ibid.*
Hadgi Shaughſware — 284
Simon Street — 285

T.

Sir William Trumbal — 33
'Tis not the Tomb in Marble poliſh'd High — 50
Urſula Tindall — 56
J. J. Trivulcio — 62
Jacob Tonſon — 71
Philip Tilney — 105
The World's a City full of crooked Streets — 115
Francis Thomſon — 120
Suſanna Turner — 124
Robert Trappis, his Wyff and Chyldren — 133
John Trotplaid — 92
Thomas Teniſon, Archbiſhop of Canterbury — 104
Time was, I ſtood where thou doſt now — 146
Simon Tayler, Eſq; — 199
Chriſtopher Smith, *alias* Thumb — 215
John Thorne — 253
Thomas Turner, D. of Canterbury — 263
Simon Tree — 275
To the dark and ſilent Tomb — 276
Thomas Truerdale — 286

U.

Raphael Urbin — 2
Urſula Upcher — 56
Under this Marble or under this Hill — 70
Underneath this ſable Hearſe — 73
Ulric, Prince of Denmark — 178

V.

Mr. George Vertue — 97
Sir Francis Vere — 214
Virgil — 232

Dr.

INDEX.

W.

Dr. Edward Wright — 34
William Wray — 37
The R. H. Thomas Winnington, Esq; — 64
John Wynal — 71
William Weft — 74
The Rev'd Henry Warton — 92
William Wickham, Bp. of Winchester — 104
John Wellington's 6 Children — 126
Sir Hasey Wever and his Lady Dame Joan — 153
Lieutenant-General Withers — 156
William the 3d. K. of E. — 167
Richard Beauchampe, Earl of Warwick — 176
Nicholas Walſh, Biſhop of Oſſory — 179
Dr. Thomas Warton — 182
Catharina Whitenhall — 197
John Weaver — 207
Dr. Walker — 212
William Wheatly — 219
Sir William Walworth — *ibid.*
K. William the 3d. — 239
What Beauty would have lovely ſtil'd — 264
Lady Whitmore — 269
When the old Flaming Prophet climb'd the Sky — 272
Sir Chriſtopher Wren — 280

Y.

Ye Sons of Induſtry learn hence to know — 144

On a Lady that was blind long before ſhe died — 26
——a young Clergyman — 42
——a Drunkard — 59
——a Husband and Wife — 79
——an Infant — 124
——a Letter-Founder — 126
——a Lady of Pleaſure — 34
——a young Gentleman who died of Love — 107
——a Miſer — 216
——The Parſon of a Pariſh — 217

On

INDEX.

On a Gentleman who died by taking Cantharides — [illegible]
——an Infant — — — — — — — [illegible]
——a Boy — — — — — — — [illegible]
——the blind Man of Adria — — — — 245
——a Child killed by its Mother — — — 261
——a Father, Mother, and Brother — — — *ibid.*
——a young Lady — — — — — — 267
——a Wood-cutter — — — — — 275
——one who would not be buried in Westminster-Abbey — — — — — — 283

INDEX

TO THE

SECOND VOLUME.

A. Page.

EDmund Arnold — 10
Lady Anne — 13
The Rev. Richard Alleſtree — 60
Cardinal William Alan — 65
St. Auguſtine — 97
Petronius Antigenides — 122
Mary Angel — 126
Cornelia Annia — 144
Monſieur Arnauld — 162
The Rev. Adrian Amboiſe — 164
—— Accurſius, and his Son Francis — 167
Biſhop Aylmer, — 172
Sir Thomas Audley, — 175
Iſabella Andreini — 177
Earl of Argyle, — 187
Francis and Michael Anguier, — 196

B.

Thomas Byron, and his Daughter Joanna — 5
Gilbert Burnet, Biſhop of Saliſbury — 8
John Brigge — 12
Sir William Bowyer — 28
John Booker — 29

Lucie

INDEX.

Lucie Quinbie Bromfield, 35
Joſhua Barnes 38
Sir Thomas Browne 53
Thomas Bodley 55
Hermolaus Barbarus 61
Sir Nicholas Bacon 75
Robert Burton 77
James Barker 90
James Bayly 102
Felix Adam Blechſmidt 103
Dr. Richard Buſby 122
Antony Burleigh, Eſq; 131
—— Berkley. 133
John Boniface 152
Richard Bontfant 154
Katryn Burlton *ibid*
Lewis de Brezè 162
Francis Beaumont 168
Queen Bérenicè 169
Cardinal Beaufort, 170
Cardinal Bambridge, 174
Admiral Blake 182
Lord Boyd 184
Joachim de Bellay 188
Yolande Bailly 202
William Budè 206
Bruno the Hermit 221
Sir Richard Bingham 233
Theonora Burſina 240

C.

Portia Capycia 4
Sir Allen Cotten 25
Ælia Lælia Criſpis 43
Thomas Churchyard 47
Roger Crabb 50
John Croker 57
Henry Croft 60
Sir George Croke 72
Richard Corbet, Bp of Norwich 110
Cervia 112

Chry-

INDEX.

Chryſanthes and Lopidia — 113
Claudia — 121
Thomas Chevers, his Wife and Son — 125
Geoffrey Chaucer — 129
Lady Cecil — 130
Petrus Compater — 147
Avary Cornburgh and his Wife — 155
Dr. John Crowland — *ibid*
Sir Marmaduke Conſtable — 159
Polydorus Caſamicus — 165
Sir Thomas Chaloner — 185
Marſhal Crequi, — 196
Stephen Carneau — 206
Thomas Crabtree — 229
John Calvin — 235.

D.

Dante — 17
Sir William Dugdale — 58
Albert Durer — 64
Dr. Donne — 74
Samuel Daniel — 109
Charles de St. Denis — 127
Duſeris and Philætius — 157
Dyſchera and Philonicus — *ibid*
Sir Julius Dalmare, alias Cæſar — 185
Dr. John Dauntſey — 198

E.

Ethelred, King of the Britons — 26
John Earle — 67
Edward the Black Prince. — 139
Paul Emile — 210
Eginhard. — 222

F.

——Ferrers — 7
Thomas Flatman — 31
Flavius and Lucius — 52
Thomas Farnabie — 73

INDEX.

Raphael Fabretti — 81
T. Claudius Faustus — 112
Sempronius Frutus — 121
Sir James Fullerton — 130
St. Francis — 141
David Fletcher — 161
Mary Frampton — 189
Nicolaus La Ferre — 204
Henry Fielding, Esq. — 223

G.

Sir Fulke Greville — 2
John Gill — 9
John of Gaunt — 30
Sir John Guildford — 132
Dr. Boyle Godfrey — 191
Danvers Graves — 212
Sarah Goodricke — 234
John Baptista Gisleni — 238

H.

Hon. Simon Harcourt — 15
Elizabeth Lady H. — 20
Henry Prince of Wales — 48
Christopher Henley — 50
Jane Hardress — 81
J. H. — 83
Margaret Hill — 89
Francis Hollis — 96
Jane Hansby — 126
Dr. Anthony Horneck — 137
Henry Prince of Wales — 143
Sir Thomas Hanmer — 148
Walter de Henche — 155
Dr. Godfrey Hermant — 180
Sir Henry Hyde — 193
Hobson — 194
The same — *ibid*
Antoine Uyon d' Herouval — 209
Sir Peter Halkett — 214

Dr.

INDEX.

Dr. George Hickes — 215
Lucy Hippisley — 225
Margaret Hill — 230
Emperor Henry the 7th — 242

I.

Benjamin Jonson — 1
Peninnah Juckes — 7
— Judocus — 53
William Inglott — 210
John James — 226
Pope John 23d. — 243

K.

— King — 153

L.

Margaret Countess of Levenox — 19
Lucas Lucius — 30
Laura — 34
Gerard Langbaine — 55
Justus Lipsius — 65
Lucretia — 67
William Lily — 72
Cromwell Lea — 79
Gyraldius Lilius — 143
Robert Leedes — 219
The Hon. Henry Lumley — 227
Lucia, Daughter to J. J. Pontanus. — 240

M.

John Milne — 12
Sir John Mason — 21
Antony Munday — 23
Harry Marten — 59
John Maghi — 66
Thomas More — 77
John Baptista Marino — 80
Jasper Mayne — 87
Thomas May — 114
— Maddox and his Wife — 120

Andrew

INDEX.

Andrew Marvell — 150
Joseph Myonet, his Sister, and Mother — 161
Moliere — 176
John Moore, and his Family — 215
—— More — 217
Henry Mayne — 226
Francisco Maurocení — 236
Quintin Mathys — 241

N.

William Norman, Bishop of London — 57
Ferdinando Nicholls — 114
N. — 126
Andrew Le Noſtre — 187

O.

John Owen — 44
John Oldham — 54

P.

Richard Pendrell — 7
Katherine Prettyman — 24
Philocaptá — 43
Petrarch — 33
Father Paul of Venice — 39
Joannes Jovianus Pontanus — 52
Richard a Preene — 59
Roderigo Nunez de Palma — 61
Angelo Politian — 63
John Parkhurſt — 78
William Prude, Eſq; — 83
William Prynne — 85
Vavaſor Powell — 116
Bernardino Paſſerio — 146
St. Peter Martyr — 158
Alexander and Editha Pope — 160
Mr. Richard Phelps — 192
William Poſtel — 203

Q.

Peter Quiqueran, Biſhop of Senez — 178
— Quintin — 179

R.

William Biſhop of Roſchild — 36
Thomas Ravis — 70
Richard III. K. of England — 91
Sir John Roe — 143
Vincent La Ruelie — 211
Admiral Ruyter — 217
Frank Row — 220
Robert Rogers — 230

S.

Frederick Duke of Schomberg — 3
Lady Sedly — 9
Priſcilla Spurrell — 14
John Smith — 27
John Stow — 30
Sueno K. of Denmark — 35
William Shakeſpear — 37
Margaret Sandes — 80
John Selden — 88
Edward Stables — 90
Thomas Shadwell — 95
John Sheffylde, D. of Bucks — 107
Frances, Dutcheſs of Suffolk — 117
Adrian de Saravia — 119
Arnaldo Sanza — 151
Suſanna — 158
Dukes of Suffolk and Lorrain — 165
Lady Arabella Stuart — 174
Strongbow Earl of Chepſtow and his Son — 198
Sir Nicholas Shireburn, and his Lady — 200
John Spendlove and his Wife — 211
On Margaret Scott — 224
Dr. Staunton — 226
Richard Sadleir — 227
O Piers Shonkes — 228

INDEX.

Dr. Stocke — 229
W. J. C. & C. Squire — 234
Hadriano Saxona — 237

T.

— Trehearne — 5
John Thurlo — 8
— Thornton — 9
Torquato Taſſo — 14
Admiral M. H. Tromp — 16
— Tarlton — 59
Theodora — 62
Thomas Thornhurſt — 84
Dr. Trapp — 91
Thomas Thynne — 138
— Thognet — 212
John Tragere — 216

U.

Sir Henry Unton — 111

V.

Sir John Vanbrugh — 13
Gerard John Voſſius — 51
Anne Venard — 199

W.

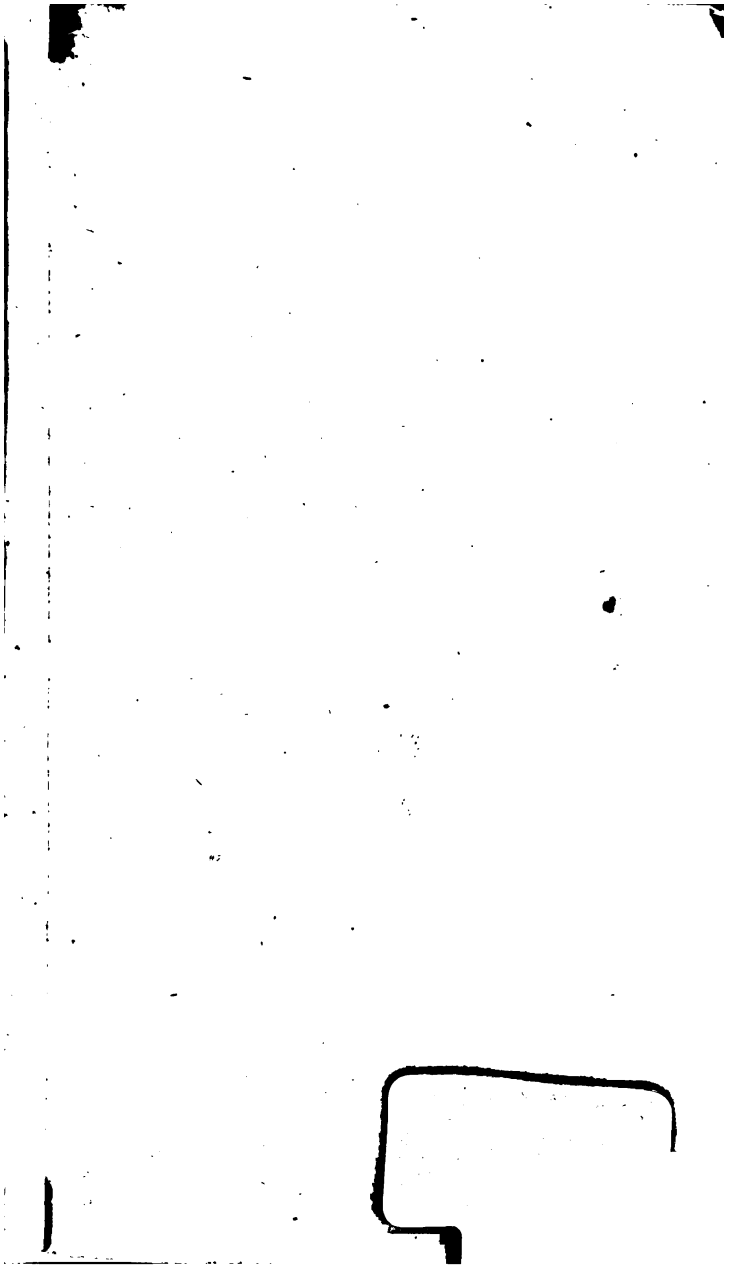
Thomas Wayte, Eſq; — 10
Richard Whittington — 25
John Watts — *ibid*
Edmund Waller — 45
— Woodgate — 70
Sir Nicholas Wotton — 99
Francis Walſingham — 134
Richard Wood — 153
Marchioneſs of Wincheſter — 207
William and Joan Wake — 225

Z.

St. Zeno, and his 12,200 Soldiers. — 145

On

INDEX.

On a Lady —— 11
— Miſs **** —— 13
— a Country Maiden —— 19
— a Family —— 20
— an indolent Man —— 50
— a Country Girl who was drowned —— 51
— a Perſon killed by Fireworks —— 61
— an Abbot of St. Alban's —— 88
— a Man —— 93
— a Woman —— 94
— a Soldier —— 104
— ſaunt'ring Jack and idle Joan —— 105
— a Virgin Lady —— 144
— a Perſon unknown —— 146
— a Father —— 148
Death and a Traveller —— 197
On a Biſhop of London's Son —— 200
— a Lady —— 202
— —— —— 202
— a Husband —— 217
— two Daniſh Soldiers —— 219
— a Fruitwoman —— 223
— a Lady —— 224
— a young Gentleman —— 224
— a Father —— 228
— Squire Holbech's Anceſtors —— 240

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